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Behind the recent wave of anti-Semitic vandalism is a more heartening story

YOUNG GERMANY LIVES DOWN THE SWASTIKA

By Norbert Muhlen

Last Christmas Eve 18 year old Klaus Rath, a schoolboy in Cologne, was on his way home from midnight Mass when he came to a sudden stop A swastika and slogans of hate had been daubed on the new Jewish synagogue The shocked boy tried to rub off the Nazi symbols, then called the police Within 24 hours the smear artists had been caught They were two ex-convicts with records of fraud and forgery

The Christmas Eve outrage provoked world-wide Press attention and set off a chain reaction In the following six weeks 36 places of worship and cemeteries—Jewish, Catholic and Protestant—were vandalized in Germany Places of worship were defaced in Britain, Austria, France, Sweden, Belgium, Australia and the United States

So great was the world's concern over a possible revival of Nazism that scant attention was paid to the way the Germans themselves reacted The Bonn parliament voiced unanimous indignation, the West German Press decried the incidents. But the most vigorous protests came

from young Germans in their teens and early 20's.

After daubings appeared on walls and shop windows in West Berlin, 40,000 youths of that city joined in a mass demonstration of "fury and shame."

"We invite the rats to leave their holes," their spokesman said, "so that we can reply to their swastikas not only with words, but with our fists." Youths in Frankfurt and other German cities staged similar protests. The student body of the University of Mainz demanded that all Nazi adherents be excluded from German universities.

But of 234 people arrested in the five weeks following Christmas as authors of anti-Jewish incidents, only a small number were found to have been inspired by Nazi beliefs. A few had been encouraged by Communist agents to stir up unrest. Astonishingly, the majority admitted to no political convictions at all. According to police records, the culprits were mostly *Halbstarke*—"half-strong ones," as Germany's wayward youth are called. These are always eager to flaunt their contempt for law and the public. When they read of the *furor* which the swastika at Cologne had aroused, they seized on this tempting new way of making themselves heard.

According to German police authorities, only 3,000 people are enrolled in neo-Nazi youth groups. In contrast, the non-partisan German Federal Youth Ring, comprising the leading youth organizations, has a membership of six million. Recently it declared, "German youth has nothing in common with these transgressors. It desires to eradicate all remnants of Nazism." West Berlin's Mayor, Willy Brandt, says: "Our young people, by their demonstrations, have proved that we did not pass through our past experiences in vain."

On my travels in Germany during recent years I have seen the beginnings of a transformation in the attitude of Germany's new generation. In a Ruhr cinema I heard a documentary newsreel of an old Hitler speech drowned by the contemptuous laughter and booing of a teenage audience. In a small Bavarian inn I saw local boys challenge a middle aged stranger who wore high boots (symbol of Hitler's storm troopers) and played an old military march on the juke-box. One boy asked him in a threatening tone: "Were you one of those concentration-camp guards?"

After Hitler's fall, even the most optimistic occupation official dared not hope for full reform of "Hitler's children."

"It will take much more than one generation to remove the poison,"

NORBERT MUHLEN, born in Bavaria and now living abroad, has been going to Germany as a reporter for the past 15 years. During this time he estimates that he has interviewed over 3,000 average Germans who thought he was another average German. He is the author of *The Return of Germany*.

a Munich teacher warned me then. Yet today it is this new generation of young people, many of them Nazi educated, who are showing unmistakable signs of opposition to Hitler's teachings What is causing the change?

In the first ten post war years, the experts seemed right Germany's youngsters were sullen, resentful, confused But since the mid 50's the young people, witnessing democracy at work, have enjoyed the fruits of political and economic freedom Even more important, in the past three years a sequence of remarkable events decisively tipped the balance

In 1957 the Ministers of Justice of the ten West German states decided, at the urging of a gradually rising tide of public opinion led by newspaper editors, to make a clean sweep of the Nazis who had committed crimes against their fellow men Many had not yet been brought to justice because they had gone "underground" under assumed names or had only recently been released from Russian captivity or Allied prisons But according to German statutes of limitation, unless the Nazi Criminals faced their judges within the next few years, they could not be prosecuted So the legal heads of Germany set up a central authority called the "Office for Preparation and Coordination for Prosecutions of Wartime and Concentration Camp Crimes"

'There are murderers among us!" became the slogan of this



movement. Since 1958, West German courts have been trying case after case. What they brought to light stirred the conscience of Germans—chiefly of young Germans who had never known the extent of the alleged crimes. But now they watched the trials of such men as "Iron Gustav" Sorge and "Pistol Willy" Schubert, two chief jailers of Sachsenhausen concentration camp.

From the evidence of 150 witnesses, the court established that Sorge had murdered 67 prisoners and instigated the murder of 20 others; Schubert had killed 46, and ordered the killing of eight more.

Some of these defendants might have evaded justice for ever if the German authorities had not pursued them in a dogged man hunt. Soon to be tried is Dr. Werner Heyde, who played a major role in Hitler's programme of exterminating the mentally sick patients of South German state hospitals. Charged with killing thousands, he escaped from jail in 1947 before the Allies could try him. For four years he remained in hiding, and then established himself in the North German town of Flensburg as a general practitioner under the assumed name of Fritz Sawade. Last November the pursuers closed in on him and he had to give himself up to the police.

Many others, long safe, have been tracked down. Recently Christian Mohr, a former Secret State Police chief at Darmstadt, was arrested after 12 years in hiding and made to face trial. So was Karl Chmielewski, a 56-year-old former S.S. captain who had been in charge of Mauthausen extermination camp. He had adopted another name after the war. Only when he was arrested for fraud under his new alias was his identity revealed. The German prosecutor charged him with torturing and killing more than 1,000 captives from many nations, but to shorten the trial he was prosecuted for only 175 murders.

By the end of 1959 some 200 trials had been held, and 200 more are scheduled for this year.

These criminal courts became the classrooms of young Germans who listened in horror to the revolting disclosures. In contrast to the Allied "war criminal trials," which many Germans discounted as victors' justice, no one doubted the new findings. Now German judges were trying their own countrymen according to German law.

It was the voice of one victim, however, which roused the hearts of young Germans most deeply. The voice belonged to Anne Frank, a German-Jewish girl who died 15 years ago in Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.* Since 1958 I have met few youngsters in Germany who do not know of the diary she wrote—today Germany's best-selling book. Close on two million people in

* See "The Girl Who Was Anne Frank," The Reader's Digest, November 1957

West Germany have seen the play based on it. Anne Frank has become the contemporary heroine.

In March 1957, a Hamburg University student visited the mass grave where she lies buried, and found it in a neglected state. He reported this to his friends, and several Sundays later 2,000 Hamburg youngsters travelled by bus, bicycle and on foot to place flowers on the grave. "We must keep alive and honour the memory of this martyr of our history," a participant told me on the bus-ride back. Last year the number going on this pilgrimage had grown to 8,000.

Other former concentration camps are visited by young pilgrims. Last November, several hundred went to Dachau, one of Hitler's deadliest camps, to deposit wreaths with the legend: "In mourning and shame."

German children now ask their parents and teachers: "How could all this have happened in our country?" Next comes the searching question: "What did *you* do in the Nazi years?" These questions have initiated a further great step on the young Germans' road towards rehabilitation. Many grown-ups had preferred to keep them in the dark about the past.

Today young Germans are demanding that they be taught all about the Nazi chapter of their history. Last summer the executive council of the League of Protestant Students in West Germany published an appeal "not to conceal what happened in the past. Only by being fully informed can the youth of our nation be protected from being misled again."

The appeal is beginning to be answered. In West Berlin, tape recordings of Anne Frank's diary as well as Hitler's speeches are now used as classroom material. All the state Ministers of Education in West Germany have decreed that history teachers must shed ample light on Germany's darkest period. Interior Minister Gerhard Schroeder has said that the government plans to form a commission of German historians, political scientists, teachers and theologians to advise on educatting German youth about the Nazi regime.

Young Germans have shown by moving deeds what they think of the Nazi past. Since 1958, a group of young Protestants have been active in their *Aktion Suhnezeichen*, or Action under the Sign of Expiation. They help people who once suffered at Nazi hands. They have assisted in the building of a recreation centre in the Netherlands, and are planning the construction of a home for Jewish aged in Cologne. Their most ambitious plan is to send some German boys to Israel for a year to work as unpaid farm hands.

When hooligans last August toppled tombstones in the Jewish cemetery in the town of Rheda, more than 100 local boys and girls restored the cemetery "to make good

for this disgrace." In Borghorst, children volunteered as guardians and gardeners of the Jewish cemetery, "as a token of atonement for the guilt of the past."

What has completed the new cast of young German minds in a mould of freedom has been the dictatorship and persecutions which they have witnessed in the Soviet-ruled third of their own country. As young Germans see it, the fellow Germans who continue to flee from East to West Germany—143,917 last year—are living proof of the totalitarian evil. Nazis and Communists, one German boy told me, "are identical twins who wear shirts of different colours."

After Carlo Schmid, vice-president of the West German parliament, decried the recent neo-Nazi outrages, he added: "Yet perhaps they serve a purpose. For sometimes the sleeping hounds of hell must be awakened to remind us with their barks how close we are to damnation." While young Germans pay freedom's price of vigilance, the past has little chance to return.

Condensed from Saturday Night

To the Bitter End

DURING THE International Geophysical Year two airline stewardesses arrived at a polar scientific station on the only commercial plane ever to land in the Antarctic.

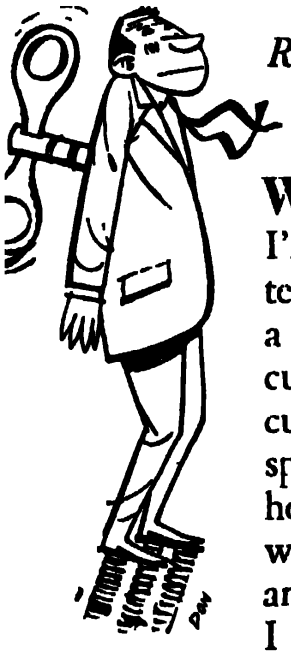
The girls, ravishing in furs, were being wined and dined in the mess. But there were some men missing, and they were found sitting glumly in their quarters, smoking, drinking coffee and obviously resentful. Their reason? They wanted to be able to say that, from the time they left civilization until they returned, they hadn't seen a woman! —George Dufek

Pride and Prejudice

MOTORING enthusiasts tell the story of the Rolls-Royce owner who broke a front spring as he was driving through the Alps. After limping into the nearest Swiss town, he explained his problem by phone to Rolls-Royce. The next day a company representative appeared, replaced the spring, and the owner purred on his way.

Back at home, realizing that no bill had come from Rolls, he called to ask them to check their records for "Swiss repair of broken spring." A few minutes later, a most correct Rolls executive was on the phone. "There must be some mistake, sir. There is no such thing as a broken spring on a Rolls-Royce." —*Tide*

Cool, Calm and Collapsed



Report from a man who tried to relax

By Corey Ford

Who says I'm tense? I'm perfectly calm, I tell you. I'm as cool as a cubercum I mean a cucumber. I can lift a cup of coffee without spilling it, provided I hold on to my wrist with the other hand, and when I go to bed I sleep like a top. (Sometimes I spin all night.) I've been reading a book on how to relax, and I'm completely cucumbered I mean cured.

It's this undo-it-yourself fad that's sweeping America these days. We're all wound up tight, the doctors warn. The accelerated pace of modern living and the effects of the war (all those sergeants yelling "'Tension!") are causing people's nerves to snap like garters.

The way to get hold of yourself is to let yourself go. Don't worry about being worried. Be loose.

The trouble is that the looser I try to be, the tighter I get. I've taken all the doctors' cures to give me peace of mind, and now I'd like to give them a piece of my own. It isn't the tension that makes people tense. It's this effort to relax that's tying us all in knots.

My friends got me started. Not that I really had anything to be alarmed about, they assured me. It was just that several of my contemporaries had keeled over recently without warning and, after all, a person of my age shouldn't push too hard. I ought to have a few good years left in me yet, if I was careful. "Take it easy," they suggested. "Stop thinking about your work, or you'll get ulcers."

So I stopped thinking about my work and started thinking about ulcers instead. The more I thought, the more I became aware of little symptoms I'd never noticed before. There was a fluttering sensation

in the pit of my stomach, for instance, and my pulse sounded funny. The following morning I nicked myself while shaving. My friends couldn't have been more pleased if I'd cut my throat.

"Better take a day off," they advised. "Stay at home and read the papers, and don't even answer the phone. Put everything out of your mind."

I finished the papers, and it was only 8.30. I read them a second time, including the society notes and small ads, and looked at my watch again. Nine o'clock. Everybody else would be getting to work about now. I wandered aimlessly around the room, emptying ash trays, straightening pictures, then stole another glance at my watch. Nine-thirty. Might be a good chance to catch up on some correspondence. But that would be too much like working. Still 9.30.

The phone rang suddenly. I started to reach for it, then gritted my teeth and counted the rings: six, seven, eight. Suppose someone was ill, or the building was on fire? The phone stopped ringing just as I snatched up the receiver. All I got was the dialling tone.

I began to circle the room faster and faster, snapping my fingers and waiting for the phone to ring again. "Relax," I muttered to myself. Perhaps a breath of fresh air would help. "Relax!" I yelled at the lift boy, and I set off down the street at a brisk stride, gradually increasing to a jog-trot. My knees were knocking as I galloped into the club, and I had to brace both elbows on the bar. "What you need," my friends told me, "is to relax. You're nothing but a bundle of nerves. Look how you're gripping that glass."

I loosened my grip, and the glass shattered on the floor. They glanced at one another significantly.

"A clear case of nervous tension," one said. "Now, here's a little book that cucumbered me. It's called *How to Relax.*" I noticed that he kept getting up and sitting down, and drumming his fingers as he talked. "Before I read it, I'd jump three feet in the air if someone said 'Boo!'" I said "Boo!" and he jumped four feet in the air. "I've gained a whole foot," he said delightedly, "since I read that book."

The jacket blurb was unnerving enough. "How close to the BREAKING POINT are you?" it demanded in large, black type. My fingers fairly flew as I opened the book at the first chapter, entitled "Passive Relaxation: The Secret of Mental Peace." Passive relaxation, the explanation explained, is not what you *do*. It is what you *don't* do when you stop doing something.

To make the whole thing even clearer, there was a drawing of a very thin man, wearing only a pair of polka-dot underpants, lying on five soft pillows in an attitude which seemed to me about as relaxed as that of a shady banker awaiting the arrival of the auditors.

"You *too* can find Mental Peace," the caption urged, "if you will learn to Let Your Muscles OUT."

I had a little trouble locating enough pillows, but I added a copy of *Who's Who* and a telephone directory, and arranged myself on top of them, holding the book overhead in order to follow the instructions. "First, unlock the forehead." I smoothed the furrows in my brow. "Now the ears." I let my ears out. "Now the jaw." I unlocked my jaw. "Now the back." My spine was as limp as a lily—but at about this point I discovered that my jaw was locked again, and in addition I had developed such a crick in my neck that I had to bang on the floor for my wife to come and help me up. "What are you doing?" she asked, opening the door. "I'm *not* doing," I explained. She shut the door quietly.

The next chapter was called "How to Woo Sleep." "Put everything out of the mind," the book said, "by closing the eyes and concentrating on a small black object, such as a punctuation mark." Well, I shut my eyes and concentrated on a full stop (.). The trouble was that I kept thinking of other stops until I had a whole row of them (. . . . .).

I tried to concentrate on a comma (,) instead, but for some reason it hopped up and turned into an apostrophe ('). Meanwhile, the full stop kept wandering back and forth in my mind until suddenly it halted under the apostrophe and made an exclamation mark (!). I sat bolt upright, shouting "What!"

"Everyone should learn to breathe," the final chapter stated. This seemed like pretty good advice, because there are lots of times when breathing comes in handy. "The proper method," the lesson began, "is to inhale *all the way!*" This was vividly illustrated by the same man in polka-dot underpants following Step One: "Bend over from the waist with the arms dangling loosely between the thighs, fill the lungs with air and *ho-o-old* it." I propped the open book on the bureau, filled my lungs with air and he-e-eld it.

"Step Two: Force the air up UP UP out of the diaphragm into the upper chest." I clenched my fists and forced the air up up up until it was crammed under my collarbone.

"Step Three: Still holding your breath, go into a slump. Sag for all you're worth. Relax the muscles completely." I could practically feel my tension slipping away. My face was growing black, my knees sagged lower and lower, my body slumped forward and my head collided with the corner of the bureau as I toppled on to my face . . .

The doctor said later that there was nothing to be alarmed about. My stitches should be out in a couple of weeks, and what I really needed was a nice long rest.

"Relax, that's all," he told me. "Put everything out of your mind. Just let yourself go."



Flight 108—to Murder

A Reader's Digest First Person" Award

By Terrence Flahiff

This tale of horror is told by an eminent Canadian lawyer who barely escaped being a victim of one of the blackest crimes in aviation history

SAFE IN our comfortable hotel room in Quebec City's Château Frontenac, my wife and I stared at each other in mounting alarm The radio was announcing *"Canadian Pacific Airlines Flight 108 from Quebec City to Bate*

Comeau is overdue It is feared that the aircraft may have crashed in the vicinity of Ste Anne de Beaupré"

The colour left Françoise's face Only a short time before, we had been on Flight 108, travelling from Montreal to Quebec I had been booked to continue on to Baie Comeau, a river town 270 miles north east, but had let Françoise persuade me to get off and spend the week end with her in Quebec Meanwhile, of the 19 passengers who took off for Baie Comeau, more than half were friends or acquaintances of ours

What could have happened?

The day of the flight—Friday, September 9, 1949—was bright and sunny The plane had been behaving beautifully We touched down at Quebec that morning about ten, and eight passengers disembarked Among the seven who took our places aboard the plane was Rita Morel Guay, a plump 28 year old Quebec housewife and mother

Madame Guay, we learned later, was happy in the thought that after many stormy months of estrangement she and her jewellery salesman husband had just become reconciled She was flying to Baie Comeau to pick up two suitcases of jewellery which he had stored in a warehouse on a previous trip.

Three days earlier, at the Canadian Pacific Airlines' office in the Château Frontenac, her husband had bought her a round-trip ticket on Flight 108, plus a 10,000 dollar life insurance policy Then he had taken her out for a gay evening to dinner and the theatre.

At 10 45 a m. on Friday, a few minutes after its take off for Baie Comeau, Flight 108 was clearing the northern tip of Ile d'Orléans. Suddenly, several people 3,000 feet below on the sun deck of the cruise steamer *St Lawrence* saw a puff of smoke dart from the left side of the plane The stricken aircraft veered sharply away from the river, passed above two railwaymen who were working on the Canadian National Railways track at the riverside, and disappeared inland

The two workmen ran to a track side telephone, near the prominent "Mile 40" marker, meaning 40 miles from Quebec It would later make a good starting point for search planes

Towards 4 p m , anxious to find out what might have happened to my friends aboard 108, I visited the airline office on the main floor of the Château Frontenac Relatives and airline officials crowded round the ticket counter, waiting for news Each hour lessened their hope There was subdued sobbing, from men and women alike. Perhaps the most pitiful sight was a slim, rather dapper young French-Canadian father who approached the Canadian Pacific desk, holding his pretty four-year-old daughter by the hand

His wife, Mme J Albert Guay, had been on Flight 108, he told the

hard-pressed clerk. Was it true that the plane was missing?

The clerk nodded sadly. The husband put his face in his hands and collapsed in a chair. The small girl was weeping her heart out, pressing her face into her father's sleeve. She was the only child in the foyer, and the spectacle of her grief was so heart-rending that the hotel management offered the father and daughter a room and airline officials summoned a priest to comfort them.

Some time after 4 p.m., a search plane reported sighting the flash of metal in a small clearing just below the crest of a 2,600-foot peak called Cap Tourmente. A party of six police and airline officials, whom I joined in case I could help with identification, drove the 24 miles to St. Joachim. There we crowded on to a small, petrol-driven railway maintenance car for the run to the "Mile 40" marker. This marker, with an approximate direction reported by the search plane, provided our first bearing.

It was dark on the densely forested mountainside, and we hadn't climbed 400 yards before one man dropped out because of a heart condition. Shortly afterwards, two others had to drop out from exhaustion. The woods were too thick for us to see anything 50 feet away. But, almost magically, a full September moon appeared from behind a cloud at about 11 o'clock, and somebody yelled, "Hold it!"

There was the plane—Flight 108. Silver, ghostly, beautiful. The DC-3's back was broken.

From where we stood, the soft whiteness of the full moon played like a great floodlight on the aluminium fuselage. The tail assembly, driven straight into the ground and rising 30 feet in the air, looked like a silver cross. We stood, listening. There was nothing to hear. Then, as we began to move forward, I stumbled over a fallen tree and fell face down on something soft.

Instantly a confusion of memories and impressions came to mind. From a country boyhood, the smell of burnt spun sugar candy came back to me. Then I recalled, during the war, standing beside artillery guns. The spent explosive from the shell casings had the same heavy, sweetish odour that I was smelling now.

I had fallen next to the body of a boy, with my face in the dew-moistened fur collar of his windcheater. Trapped in the wet fur, as though to serve a purpose, was the sweet, burnt-sugary smell of high explosive.

We got back to Quebec, dead-tired, at 2 a.m. Later that day the foyer of the Château Frontenac bristled with police.

An airline official introduced me to two alert and powerful-looking gentlemen, Jean Bélanger and Jules Perrault, top investigators for Canadian Pacific. As a former Crown prosecuting lawyer I felt I could recognize a good detective. These

two, I sensed immediately, ranked with the best.

When I told them of the smell I had noticed on the mountainside, they heard me out in detail. Perrault, his eyebrows raised enquiringly, had the look of a man who was filing away a special card for future reference.

Investigation of the wreck established that nothing mechanical had been wrong with the plane. The engines had run until impact. Fuel still remained in the tanks. There had been no fire. The controls were in order. Nothing in the plane's operating equipment—batteries, fire extinguishers, circuits—had caused an explosion. Experts found that some sort of blast had gone off just behind the pilot, in the left forward (No. 1) baggage compartment.

This was a fact of great interest to the Canadian Pacific investigators. No. 1 compartment was empty when the plane arrived from Montreal; everything that was in it when the plane crashed had been put aboard at Quebec. The investigators, in checking the airline copy of Flight 108's cargo manifest, could account at the scene of the crash for everything loaded at Quebec except one 28-pound parcel marked "FRAGILE" and addressed to Adrien Plouffe in Baie Comeau.

Now came the key findings. First, the baggage agent at Quebec airport vaguely remembered that the parcel had been delivered by a short, stout woman dressed in black who arrived and left in the same taxi. Second, Bélanger's men found that no Adrien Plouffe lived in Baie Comeau.

On Wednesday morning, September 14, the coroner's inquest announced its verdict: "Death by accident—caused by explosion of unknown origin, although not from an integral part of the aircraft."

That night at the Château Frontenac, Perrault caught my eye from across the foyer and sauntered casually towards the airline counter where we could talk privately. "That smell you noticed," he said. "It's turning into another, a stronger, smell now." He told me why.

Bélanger's team had located the taxi-driver who had taken the woman in black to the Quebec airport. He said he would recognize her.

Meanwhile, Perrault, in checking the backgrounds of Flight 108's passengers, had stopped at the name of Rita Morel Guay. Because he knew nothing of her he checked with the local police. Their records showed an arrest the previous June of an Albert Guay, for threatening a waitress named Marie-Ange Robitaille with a revolver. Guay, it turned out, had been intimate with the shapely brunette 19-year-old. When Madame Guay learned that her husband was keeping a Quebec flat for the girl, she left him and moved with their child into the home of her mother.

Soon afterwards, when Marie-Ange also left Guay and returned to her parents, Guay had gone to the restaurant where she worked and threatened her with the gun.

As for the "woman in black," Marie-Ange told the police, the description could only fit Guay's great friend, Mme Marguerite Pitre, who lived in Monseigneur Gauvreau Street.

On Thursday, the taxi-driver was posted discreetly outside Madame Pitre's house, but she happened to remain indoors. Both she and Guay were now being watched, but cautiously.

As far as these two or the public knew, official interest was over, and the plane crash would soon retreat from the news as a deplorable but inexplicable mystery.

Then, fortunately or unfortunately, the frustrated taxi-driver talked to a reporter from *Le Canada,* of Montreal. The newspaper broke a sensational story that night under the banner headline: "Who Is the Woman in Black?"

Guay somehow did not learn of this story during the week-end. On Sunday, in fact, he managed a date with Marie-Ange and told her that "after a decent interval" they would be married. Guay learned only on Monday of the police hunt for *Madame le corbeau*—the Crow, the woman in black. He rushed to Madame Pitre's house with a bottle of sleeping pills, plus a line of persuasive talk such as few salesmen anywhere in the world would think of attempting.

The police knew that she was directly responsible for the destruction of Flight 108, Guay told her. He urged her to commit suicide in order to escape punishment. While she was about it, she should leave a note explaining that Guay himself had been her intended victim, that she thought it was he, not Madame Guay, who was taking the plane.

Before taking a moderate overdose of pills, Madame Pitre told a friend about Guay's advice. The friend passed the news indirectly to Bélanger and Perrault. Discharged from hospital a few days later, Madame Pitre was questioned in her home by the police. She readily admitted having taken the parcel to the airport—but only as a favour to Guay, who had told her it contained a statue.

The news that the hunt for the woman in black had ended, and that Madame Pitre was talking to the police, was broadcast on Friday the 23rd, just two weeks after the fatal crash. Guay heard it over his mother-in-law's radio and pounded the table.

"*La maudite salope* (damned slut)!" he shouted in rage, and stormed out.

A warrant had already been issued for Guay's arrest. Now the police picked him up.

Chafing in Quebec Men's Jail through that week-end, Guay talked at some length to a sympathetic

cellmate—who had been provided by the authorities for just this purpose.

Among other things, Guay said that a watchmaker named Généreux Ruest, a brother of Madame Pitre, had fashioned a timing mechanism for the parcel in which the police were now taking such an interest.

Guay, Ruest and Madame Pitre had worked together in a Quebec munitions factory during the war, he explained. Later Ruest had repaired watches and jewellery for him.

Confronted and questioned in his cluttered repair shop on Monday, shifty-eyed Ruest admitted having made a timing mechanism at Guay's request. He insisted, however, that all he knew was what Guay had told him—he wanted to "blow up tree stumps on his place in the country."

Guay had no place in the country.

Private and public investigators, working side by side, had done a superb job so far. Now Captain J. A. Matté, chief of detectives of Quebec Provincial Police, enlisted the aid of Dr. Lucien Gravel, a professor of chemistry at Laval University. Gravel designed and constructed a detonating mechanism from familiar materials such as could have been used in Guay's fateful parcel.

When this device was demonstrated in court and other evidence was presented by the Crown, Guay was ordered to stand trial for "having killed and assassinated Rita Morel (Guay), your wife."

Curiously enough, it fell to the lot of my wife's father—Albert Sévigny, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, Province of Quebec—to preside over Guay's trial. It began on February 24, 1950, in the grim stone Palais de Justice on the terrace high above the St. Lawrence River, where Guay had watched the doomed plane disappear into the north-east five months earlier.

The Crown's preparation of its case had not been easy. It was not enough that scientific investigators and police experts were certain that Guay was guilty, nor to prove, as Dr. Gravel had done at the preliminary hearing, that the plane *could* have been dynamited. The prosecution had to prove that the plane actually *had* been dynamited.

For four months Dr. Gravel and experts of Quebec Province's Medico-Legal Laboratories in Montreal sifted the wreckage until traces of burnt dynamite and fragments of a dry-cell battery which was not part of the plane's equipment were found. Canadian Pacific hired chemists to make more than 2,000 tests of fragments of damaged clothing and suitcases from the aircraft. Then similar clothing was purchased and packed in similar suitcases and blown up by petrol, TNT and other explosives.

Only dynamite, it was shown, produced the identical chemical and

physical effects that were found in the debris at the scene of the crash.

The scientific evidence against Guay was overwhelming.

As a witness I testified merely to the unexceptional character of the flight from Montreal to Quebec, and to the evident fitness of the crew.

At the 13-day trial's end, Chief Justice Sévigny spent three hours scrupulously instructing the French-speaking jurymen, warning them clearly that if they had any reasonable doubt of the defendant's guilt they were to find him innocent. The jury took just 17 minutes, probably the shortest time ever recorded in a Canadian murder trial, to return to the courtroom with the verdict: *"Coupable!"*

The Chief Justice ordered Guay to stand while sentence to be hanged was pronounced.

"Your crime," he said to Guay, "is a crime of infamy. For what you did, there is no name!"

From his death cell Guay managed to strike twice again. Now it was not a forbidden lust and a dead wife's 10,000-dollar life-insurance benefit that he was after. He sought revenge.

At the outset of his difficulties with the law, Guay had warned Madame Pitre and her brother, "Remember, if you talk to the police you will have me to deal with." So, as he awaited execution, he wrote a minutely detailed 40-page document which helped to seal the doom of his two partners in crime. Both were duly convicted.

Today, as we see newspaper stories of other ghastly "murders by plane," Françoise and I remember the words that Guay heard in guilty silence the day my father in-law pronounced his doom.

"Rien n'échappe à la justice de Dieu!" the judge thundered to the jury, to Guay and the world. *"Nothing escapes the justice of God!"*

Street Scenes

IN NEW YORK'S fashionable Sutton Place and other chic thoroughfares a school bus picks up its blue-blooded pupils. The sign on the bus says "Barney's School for Dogs," and from its windows peer out some of the town's most precious pups on their way to obedience classes. —N. R.

THOUSANDS of cars were stuck in the jam during the evening rush hour. One stalled motorist, spotting a cart's steady progress along a side street behind a sway backed nag, remarked to his passenger, "Y'know, you just can't tell—is he 50 years behind, or six months ahead?" —Jack Sterling

THE ENVY of all pedestrians is a friend of ours who has constructed a little gadget that he carries in his pocket. It makes exactly the same sound as a car horn, and whenever a motorist honks at him, he takes out the gadget and honks back vigorously. —Albert Morehead

Bold and imaginative techniques
are helping to preserve our precious gift of sight

New Vistas in Eye Surgery

By Robert O'Brien

Spot-Welding a Detached Retina

Of all eye tissue the retina is the most delicate. It can never be replaced, for it is actually an extension of brain tissue. The function of the retina is to register images on its sensitive nerve endings and transmit them along the optic nerve to the brain, where they are converted into sensations of sight

Less than 50 years ago detachment of the retina, often brought on by falls or blows, almost inevitably led to blindness. Even today thousands of people lose their sight because of it, and many others undergo complicated retinal-detachment surgery every year.

A detachment usually starts as a minute rip in the retinal tissue The victim may see a swarm of black specks, tiny flickering lights or quivering pulses of light. If the condition is not treated immediately, vitreous fluid may seep through and get behind the retina, forcing a section to peel loose This makes a blind spot and, though the victim sees, part of what he sees is blotted out Eventually, more fluid may seep through the rip until the whole retina is loose

Today eye specialists command an amazing new tool for sealing holes in the retina before they become advanced—the Meyer Schwickerath light coagulator, developed in Germany. It shoots a brilliant beam through the pupil of the eye The eye's own lens focuses it on the retina, and in a second or two the concentrated beam painlessly spot-welds the hole.

Vitreous Implant

Another remarkable technique injects donor vitreous into the eye chamber of the advanced detachment victim after sealing the retinal

Condensed from Farm Journal

hole. The injected vitreous presses the loose retina back against the choroid, just as pumping air into a football presses the bladder back against the leather. In a gratifying percentage of cases the retina is reattached and remains securely in place. This delicate operation, called vitreous implant, is restoring sight to eyes that had been written off as hopeless.

Dr. John Harry King, an American eye surgeon, has contributed to vitreous-implant surgery a process that reduces vitreous to a powder. Removed from a donor eye, fresh vitreous is freeze-dried, then dehydrated in a vacuum machine. This yellowish dust can be stored, transported without refrigeration and, when needed, reconstituted into its natural state by simply mixing it with distilled water or saline solution—for all practical purposes, "instant" vitreous!

Cat Corneas for Human Eyes

NORMALLY the human body cannot tolerate tissue grafts from animals. But last year, in an operation known medically as a heterograft, Dr. King successfully grafted corneas—the transparent, five layer tissues which protect the front of the eyes—from cats to the eyes of two voluntary patients whose own corneas were being destroyed by disease. The cat corneas saved the patients' sight.

These grafts, admittedly, were radical experiments, performed in the hope that some day animal tissues may contribute to man's struggle against blindness.

Dr. King's research programme has also developed a process to dehydrate human corneas for partial-thickness grafts of corneal tissue.

The problem is that fresh corneas must be stored under refrigeration, and for no longer than 72 hours. Dr. King's dehydrated corneas can be kept indefinitely—in glass vacuum tubes at room temperature—and sent anywhere. They can be rehydrated and ready for grafting in 15 minutes.

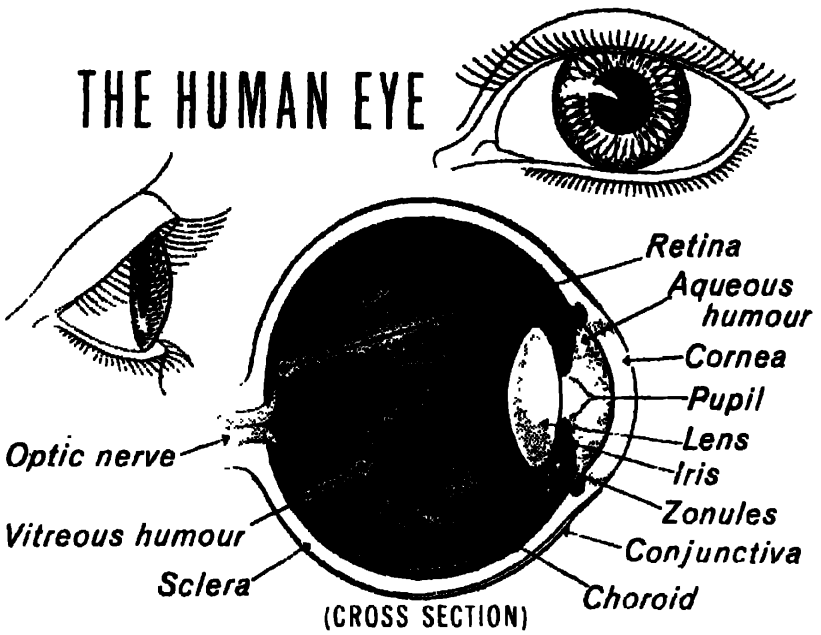
Dehydrated corneas, Dr. King believes, will save many human beings from unnecessary blindness. There remains, of course, a desperate need for human-donor eyes. Pitifully few can be spared for experiment or preserved for future emergencies.

New Help for Cataract Victims

CATARACTS are the greatest single cause of blindness. A chemical named alpha-chymotrypsin—an enzyme produced by the pancreas of cattle—is now making this operation simpler, safer and more generally available.

A cataract, a clouding of the small, crystalline lens at the front of the eye, is like frost on a windowpane. When it obscures the lens entirely, images cannot pass through to the retina.

The only effective treatment is to remove the cataractous lens, the



patient later wearing an eyeglass or contact lens as a substitute. But cataract surgery has always been complicated by tiny ligaments, called zonules, which hold the lens in place. Because the zonules are deeply embedded in surrounding tissue, the surgeon could not sever them with a sharp instrument without endangering the eye. Consequently, he usually broke them by force or traction.

This was relatively simple when the patient was elderly and the zonules were brittle. But in the young they are tough and elastic. If he forced them, the surgeon risked a ruptured lens or other serious injury.

Usually total removal of the cataract could not be performed until the patient reached middle age. Meanwhile, the eye was useless.

In 1957 Dr. Joaquin Barraquer, a Spanish eye specialist, treating a blood clot behind a patient's lens, used alpha-chymotrypsin. To his astonishment the lens came loose; the chemical had cut through the zonules. No other vital tissues seemed to be affected.

For cataract sufferers the discovery was momentous.

Now, instead of forcing the lens free, the eye surgeon can wash the chemical across the cataractous lens and back under the iris—the coloured portion of the eye. In a few moments the lens is loose and can be removed with a suction device or forceps. As a result, cataract surgery can now be performed with every hope of success on patients under middle age.

Making Glaucoma Surgery Safer

EVEN MORE dramatic is the extraordinary success of another chemical, a crystalline substance called urea, which is eliminating the hazards of emergency operations for glaucoma. This disease ranks second only to cataracts as a destroyer of sight.

In the healthy eye, a thin watery substance, aqueous humour, constantly flows in and out of a narrow

angle between the iris and the cornea. But if a structural or physiological defect or other obstacle blocks the outflow, aqueous humour stores up within the eyeball. Pressure mounts inside the eye, and the eyeball hardens.

When this condition builds up slowly over a period of years, it is chronic glaucoma. If diagnosed early, it can usually be controlled by treatment. But when it strikes suddenly, without warning and with an exploding pain in the eyeball, it is acute glaucoma. The pressure must be relieved at once. If medical treatment has no effect, immediate surgery is often demanded.

The operation may be fraught with peril. Blood-vessels may break. The pent-up pressure may literally blow the lens against the instruments and cause a cataract; the iris may be blown from the eye. Yet the surgeon has no choice. He *must* operate, or vision is lost.

Less than a year ago research came to his assistance with urea. This common and inexpensive chemical removes the emergency factor as if by magic. Administered in solution intravenously, it draws the excess fluid away from the eyeball and into the blood stream. The pressure drops within an hour. The blazing pain subsides. Most important of all, the surgeon can now perform the operation under relatively safe conditions.

How was this discovered? Dr. Miles Galin, of the ophthalmology staff of Cornell University Medical College, was struck by urea's capacity to reduce the pressure of spinal fluid. He tried it on acute-glaucoma victims and it worked.

"Urea has virtually eliminated the risks associated with acute-angle-closure glaucoma," Dr. Galin says, "It's saving eyes—and much human suffering."

Dr. Castroviejo's Razor

A MOIST, transparent membrane, the conjunctiva, lines the eyelids and covers the front of the eyeball. If this tissue is badly scarred by infection, chemical burn or other injury, it may have to be replaced. Eye surgeons peel off the scarred conjunctiva and graft in its place a tiny patch of healthy tissue. Mucous membrane from the inside of the lower lip makes ideal grafting material.

But the patch must be cut evenly and paper-thin with forceps and scissors—a tricky procedure for even the most skilful surgeon.

Dr. Ramón Castroviejo, a noted eye specialist, has invented a tool which does the delicate job quickly and efficiently.

This little instrument is fitted with a small, double-edged razor blade. A rotary electric motor, suggested by that of an electric razor, actuates the blade. The surgeon can adjust it, like a small electric plane, to shave from a lower lip a layer of mucous membrane only 1/4000th of an inch thick.

The Man Who Saved Colombia



By Scott Seegers

After a decade of violence, bloodshed and economic stagnation, Alberto Lleras has put his country on the road back to peace and prosperity

The bony little man was lining up his drive on the 12th tee at the Bogotá, Colombia, Country Club one day in January 1956 when a rifle shot reverberated in the thin Andean air. A bullet ripped into the turf near his feet. The other three members of the foursome dropped to the ground and frantically urged their companion to take cover.

"Ridiculous!" he said coolly. "Why would anybody shoot at me?" He waggled his club once more, then whacked his ball down the fairway and played out the hole.

Only after several more bullets had whispered past him on the next tee could the little man's companions persuade him to abandon his game.

The unruffled golfer, Alberto Lleras, was at the time rector of the University of the Andes. Today he is President of Colombia, the first man in his country's history to be

given the support of both major parties.

Lleras (pronounced Yeras) has often been called the most influential man in Latin America. In the 17 years I have known him he has: brought peace to a nation shattered by a decade of undeclared civil war; overhauled his country's devastated economy; invented a unique system of representative government and made it work; remodelled the Pan American Union and made *it* work. He has been a successful writer, editor, publisher, cabinet minister, ambassador and educator. Far from the least of his achievements is that he has remained alive and universally respected in a political atmosphere that has produced many a violent demise.

Such Herculean accomplishments are at first hard to credit to this frail-looking man with the pixy grin. But his small frame is packed with a nice admixture of courage, energy, idealism and practicality. And a rare intellect lurks behind the alert brown eyes and the high, sloping forehead.

Alberto Lleras's childhood was, he recalls, "of the most unrelieved poverty." His father died when the boy was 11, and his education ended at 18 with his graduation from the Ricaurte Military Academy. He worked as a reporter for newspapers in Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, and in Buenos Aires. At 21 he became managing editor of Bogotá's leading Liberal newspaper, *El Tiempo*.

Unlike most newspaper writing of the time, Lleras's stories and commentaries were clear and simple, edged with biting wit that quickly captured the irreverent *bogotuno* public and attracted the attention of President Alfonso López. Soon he was writing speeches for the president.

Lleras married Berta Puga, daughter of the Chilean Minister to Colombia, stood for Congress and at 26 became president of the Chamber of Deputies. At 27 he was appointed Minister of Government, the youngest in the country's history. At 37 he was made Ambassador to the United States. And in 1945, when only 39, he became President of Colombia.

When, in 1946, a Liberal Party split gave the presidential election to the Conservatives, a number of Liberals urged Lleras to declare a state of siege, nullify the elections and stay on as president. This would not have been the first time a Latin-American president had used such a device. "No," said Lleras, "Colombia is a constitutional democracy. In a democracy the man who gets the most votes gets the job."

He went happily back to journalism and started a lively weekly news-magazine called *Semana*.

Scott Seegers, free-lance writer and photographer, has known President Lleras for many years. He has specialized in reporting South American affairs for 28 years.

Within a year another job came his way director-general of the Pan American Union, an organization in which he had become interested while he was in Washington The Union, essentially a clearing house for inter American information, was regarded by many as such a sepulchre of routine that one frustrated Latin official referred to it as the "marble curtain" Lleras saw a real need for an enlivened version of the organization, however, and proposed that its authority should be greatly widened

At the Inter American Conference at Bogotá in 1948, the Union was transformed into the Organization of American States (O A S) – with all the increased powers that Lleras had proposed Perhaps the most important was the authority to arbitrate international clashes within the Western Hemisphere O A S has since functioned so effectively in this role that several flare ups which might have become wars have been held to border skirmishes Because of this one Lleras innovation, war between American nations may well have become a thing of the past

Unlike most men who have known real poverty, Lleras appears to have no interest in money. In 1954, after seven years of directing O.A.S —at £7,000 (Rs 93,000) a year, tax-free, plus a house, car and chauffeur—he decided to return to Bogotá to head the then new and unendowed University of the Andes, at no salary The university seemed a somewhat unlikely experiment in higher education, but it was completely independent of government influence (and support), and this attracted Lleras Most important for Colombia, the new post brought Lleras back to his homeland

Colombia was, at the time, submerged in an orgy of political violence following an unchecked civil war between Liberals and Conservatives Under Liberal hating old Laureano Gomez, who won a one candidate presidential election in 1950, political killings degenerated into banditry, with rape, murder and mutilation leading to the deaths of some 20,000 Colombians a year

After three chaotic years, Gómez was overthrown by an even rougher dictator, General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla Families were dispossessed of their land, and fled to the cities where there was no work In the state of Tolima, where violence was worst, an estimated 320,000 people —42 per cent of the state population—were forced from their land

In the summer of 1954 police fired into a group of demonstrating university students A year and a half later, with guns and clubs, they attacked thousands of defenceless *bogotanos* who were attending a Sunday afternoon bullfight (The crowd's sin was booing the dictator's daughter) "Afterwards bodies were stacked like fire wood in the arena," a witness told me.

Lleras could remain on the sidelines no longer. He attacked Rojas in a public speech, and shortly afterwards resigned from the University of the Andes.

With the Conservative fire-brand, Guillermo León Valencia, Lleras now spent two years organizing resistance to Rojas on a nation-wide basis. Meanwhile, eluding police and dodging assassination, he and his colleagues worked out a unique system of government. This called for automatic four-year alternation of the Liberals and Conservatives in the presidency. Moreover, all government jobs, from cabinet ministers to hall porters, and including congressmen and senators, were to be split fifty-fifty between the two parties. In two visits to Spain, Lleras persuaded Laureano Gómez, discredited and in exile but still powerful, to urge Colombian Conservatives to unite with the Liberals in overthrowing Rojas.

Now Lleras was ready. On May 6, 1957, he passed the word for a meticulously planned general strike in Bogotá. Next morning it was as if the city had died. Workers stayed at home. No business opened its doors. No buses or trams ran. Radios were silent and no newspapers came from the presses Even the churches were closed.

The infuriated dictator sent his tanks and armoured cars rumbling through the streets. Thirty thousand troops patrolled the city. But there was no one to arrest or to shoot; there were no meetings to break up.

The strange paralysis continued for three days. Rojas's anger turned to fear. At 10 a.m. on May 10 he fled, leaving four generals and an admiral in charge of the government. Men, women and children poured into the streets, shouting, weeping with joy, and singing the national anthem. Instead of firing on the celebrators, the soldiers and police joined the celebration.

Lleras and Valencia drove to the palace, where they walked sedately through the ranks of armed guards to confer with the military junta. Lleras knew what he wanted: an end to armed oppression; a plebiscite to ask the nation's permission for his proposed change in government; elections; and return to constitutional government. The junta, sick of bloodshed and chaos, finally agreed.

The plebiscite, held on December 1, 1957, produced the biggest vote in Colombian history: 4,250,000 voted for the change, only 250,000 against.

Lleras had no wish to be president, but even Laureano Gómez, back from Spain, insisted that his ex-enemy was the only man for the job. Lleras agreed to stand. Elections were arranged for May 1958, but the danger was not over. Some of the disgruntled military officers had secretly planned a counter-revolution to return Rojas to power.

At 4 a.m., two days before the election, Lleras's telephone rang.

"There has been a revolution," said an urgent voice "They've captured all the junta except Admiral Piedra hita They're coming to get you."

Calmly Lleras bathed, shaved and dressed with his usual meticulous care As he adjusted his tie, the front door shook under a heavy knock Lleras opened the door "Good morning, gentlemen," he said for mally to two armed lieutenants out side "Shall we go?"

He was taken under guard to join the four captive members of the junta Word of the *coup* had flashed through Bogotá Loyal army units were on the alert As the jeep carry ing Lleras sped past the presidential palace, a loyal army officer stopped it, pretended to be a conspirator and escorted Lleras into the palace

Lleras headed for the radio and told the nation what was going on Admiral Piedrahita eluded his would be captors and joined him For hours they took turns at the microphone Under the intense public scrutiny resulting from the Lleras Piedrahita barrage, the revo lution evaporated—and Lleras won the election by a landslide

One of Lleras's first acts after his inauguration, in August 1958, was to lift the almost continuous ten year state of siege. He abolished Press censorship, restored civilian government and civil liberties.

The cabinet meetings of those first months lasted 12 to 16 hours "Lleras never cut a discussion short," one of his ministers told me My informant added that "talking it out" produced a large percentage of unanimous decisions. Lleras, almost swallowed up in the large presidential chair, had one rule against which all economic sugges tions were measured "We must do what we can with what we have"

His mere presence in the govern ment sent the peso up 70 points during the first 25 days of his re gime Lleras tightened the coun try's belt by forbidding the import of luxury and non essential items *Colombianos* began manufacturing their own nylons, kitchen utensils, typewriter ribbons, wool textiles, glassware, cosmetics and so on

Gradually some of the estimated £120 million (Rs 160 crores) that prudent Colombians and resident foreigners had put away in U S and Swiss banks began trickling back—people wanted to get in on the ground floor of what was to be the country's biggest building boom

Rojas's half finished public works were scaled down to what the coun try could afford, and then they were speeded up Lleras established a Department of Rehabilitation and appointed José Gómez-Pinzón, a millionaire building contractor, to run it. Gómez-Pinzón and Lleras worked out a broad programme for the construction of simple roads, bridges, small airports and telegraph stations in the wildest areas Home less thousands in the cities were re turned to lands from which they had fled. For refugees in the cities who

had no land to go back to, low cost housing projects were started By the end of 1959 more than 100 million pesos had been invested in rehabilitation More than 8,000 families had been returned to an orderly life, and the simple mountain roads had opened up new areas for many thousands more

Lleras still has problems, and among them is Communist agitation "The Communists concentrate their efforts among the university students and the trade unions," he says "Time will prove that they do not deliver what they promise, and improving conditions will give them less to talk about"

Meanwhile, Colombia is well started on the road back As a result of hard work and austerity, gold reserves have risen almost 250 per cent The £180 million (Rs 240 crores) commercial debt which Lleras inherited is down to £20 million (Rs. 27 crores), and payments are being made on time. The last year Rojas was in office his ministry of education received only 72 million pesos; for 1960 the Congress has earmarked 195 million for education Violence still exists, but it is diminishing steadily

A few months ago Lleras appeared suddenly at the University of the Andes A gardener, recognizing his former boss, greeted him cordially and asked, "How are you doing in your new business?"

"Frankly, Jorge, I'm not doing too well," Lleras replied "Sometimes I think I should have stayed here" That is a very debatable point Recently a Conservative leader was asked to suggest who was the best man his party could name to follow Lleras He replied ruefully "Alberto Lleras."

Dog's Best Friend

I was picking up several friends in my car to give them a lift to the office, when one of them remembered that he had not turned off his radio after the morning news broadcast. Now he wanted to make a detour back to his house. "Radios don't use much current," grumbled one sleepy passenger "Let the thing go."

"It's not the electricity bill that bothers me," the other explained. "It's my dog He's locked up in the house, and he just shouldn't have to listen to that stuff all day"

The detour was made without another dissenting note.

—Contributed by H M Jopling

* * *

Dress Sense

At a dinner party in London, when a waiter spilt gravy on her latest Paris gown, Beatrice Lillie quipped: "Never darken my Dior again!"

—Charles Graves



It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

WE ALL SUFFER from lazy vocabularies; to get out of our comfortable word ruts requires constant effort. In this challenging test, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

(1) **confluence**—A: junction of streams. B. power. C: persuasion. D: harmony.

(2) **pliant**—A: applicable. B: tractable. C: persistent. D: industrious.

(3) **garner**—A: to decorate. B· cut down. C: gather. D: scatter.

(4) **nostrum** (nŏs′ trum)—A: longing. B: sadness. C: despair. D: anything savouring of quackery.

(5) **mandate**—A: fruit of a palm. B: aquatic animal. C: command. D: herb.

(6) **anodyne**—A: forgetfulness. B: electrical term. C: weakness. D: anything that soothes.

(7) **splenetic**—A: irritable. B: witty. C: shining. D: vivacious.

(8) **cynosure** (cin′ osûre)—A: cure-all. B: centre of attraction. C: easy job. D: violent criticism.

(9) **porcine** (por′ sîne)—A: resembling a hog. B: smooth. C: hard. D: full of holes.

(10) **impinge**—A: to bounce. B: puncture. C: point at. D: encroach.

(11) **collate**—A: to clash. B: add up. C: put together. D: disperse.

(12) **insular**—A: proud. B: narrow-minded. C: arrogant. D. strange.

(13) **tatterdemalion**—A· riotous. B: strewn about. C· naked. D. ragged.

(14) **lectern**—A: reading stand. B: lamp. C. throne. D one of a minor order of clergy.

(15) **raffish**—A sportive. B· tawdry. C: humorous. D: smart and stylish.

(16) **littoral** (lit′ o ral)—A: booty. B: writing style. C: shore and adjacent land. D: trash.

(17) **oracular**—A: eloquent. B: pertaining to a person of unquestioned wisdom. C: purposely deceptive. D: pertaining to hearing.

(18) **obviate**—A: to make unnecessary. B: make clear. C: confuse. D: oppose.

(19) **macabre** (ma kah′ b′r)—A: homely. B: strange. C: envious. D: gruesome.

(20) **Thespian**—A: tramp. B: one who lisps. C: actor. D: gypsy.

Answers to

(1) **confluence**—A: Junction of two or more streams; as, "The city stands at the *confluence* of two rivers." Latin *con-*, "together," and *fluere*, "to flow."

(2) **pliant**—B: Tractable; easily yielding to influence; as, a *pliant* nature. Latin *plicare*, "to bend."

(3) **garner**—C: To gather or gain; collect; as, to *garner* honours. Latin *granum*, "grain."

(4) **nostrum**—D: A quack medicine, and so, a scheme savouring of quackery; as, a political *nostrum*. Latin *noster*, "our own (preparation)."

(5) **mandate**—C: An authoritative command, order or decree; directive; bidding; as, a *mandate* from the voters. Latin *mandare*, "to commit to one's charge" (originally, "to put into one's hand").

(6) **anodyne**—D: Anything that relieves pain or soothes the mind; as, the *anodyne* of sleep. Greek *anōdunos*, "without pain."

(7) **splenetic**—A: Irritable; peevish; spiteful; as, a *splenetic* disposition. Greek *splēn*, "spleen," the organ once believed to be the seat of the emotions.

(8) **cynosure**—B: Centre of attraction or attention; as, the *cynosure* of all eyes. Greek *kunos*, "dog," and *oura*, "tail," with reference to the constellation Little Bear containing the North Star, the mariner's guide.

(9) **porcine**—A: Resembling a hog; as, a *porcine* figure. Latin *porcus*, "hog."

(10) **impinge**—D: To encroach or infringe; as, to *impinge* on one's liberty. Latin *impingere*, "to strike against."

(11) **collate**—C: To put or bring together, as writings or facts; to compare critically. Latin *collare*.

(12) **insular**—B: Narrow-minded; narrow; illiberal; as, *insular* prejudices. Latin *insula*, "island."

(13) **tatterdemalion**—D: Ragged; of people in rags and tatters; as, a *tatterdemalion* crowd.

(14) **lectern**—A: A reading stand or reading desk, as in some churches. Latin *legere*, "to read."

(15) **raffish**—B: Tawdry; frowzy; disreputable; as, a *raffish* character. Scottish *raff*, "rabble," from Old French *rif et raf*, "every bit."

(16) **littoral**—C: A shore and adjacent land; coastal region. Latin *litoralis*, "relating to the seashore."

(17) **oracular**—B: Pertaining to a person of unquestioned wisdom or to something regarded as of infallible authority; prophetic; as, an *oracular* pronouncement. Latin *oraculum*, "oral prophecy."

(18) **obviate**—A: To make unnecessary; clear away; as, to *obviate* objections. Latin *obviare*, "to withstand."

(19) **macabre**—D: Gruesome; ghastly; frightening; as, a *macabre* scene of destruction. French *danse macabre*, "dance of death."

(20) **Thespian**—C: An actor or actress. From Thespis, reputed father of Greek tragedy.

Vocabulary Ratings

20—19 correct..... excellent
18—16 correct..... good
15—14 correct.....fair

What it's like to dive seven miles beneath the sea's surface, exploring the earth's last frontier

WE PLUNGED THROUGH "INNER SPACE"

By Don Walsh

Man has climbed the highest mountains crossed the widest jungles and deserts and journeyed to the polar ends of the earth. Now he has reached the one region that remained unexplored the bottom of the deepest ocean.

The conquest was made last January when a strange vessel called a bathyscaph touched down 35,800 feet on the floor of the Mariana Trench in the Pacific Ocean south west of Guam. The craft—the Trieste*—designed by the Swiss scientist, Auguste Piccard, was built in Italy and bought by the U S Navy for deep water research*

On board for the seven-mile dive were Lieutenant Don Walsh, a 28 year-old U S. Navy submariner, and Jacques Piccard—son of Professor Piccard —who helped his father build the Trieste *and has been with her ever since. This is Lieutenant Walsh's account of the dive.*

I had been fighting all night just to stay in my bunk The *Lewis* was rolling through heavy swells in her best destroyer escort manner. From midnight on, explosions from the stern had kept everyone aware that we were making depth soundings Soon I would be going down into the deepest part of the world's deepest ocean. We would be on our own, completely beyond help. I had the momentary

feeling, when I woke at 6 a.m., that it might be wiser to stay in bed.

When I dressed and went on deck, I could see, a mile astern, the lights of the tug *Wandank*. Behind her, riding on 600 feet of cable, was my command, the *Trieste*.

I climbed to the bridge and joined Dr. Andreas Rechnitzer, scientific director of Project Nekton, the name given to our series of dives off Guam.

(Nekton is sea life that can swim against the current, as opposed to plankton, which cannot.)

Andy was trying to find the deepest possible place for us to dive. "Throw one in," he said to a young sailor. The sailor spoke through his headset. There was a blast as three pounds of TNT exploded just beneath the surface. Andy started a stop-watch. Fourteen seconds later his Fathometer headphones crackled as the echo from the bottom reached us. A quick calculation told us that the depth here was 33,600 feet, reckoning the speed of sound through water at 4,800 feet per second. "Son," said Andy, "we have really found you a hole. Now please see *one* animal down there. That's all it takes. Just one of anything."

When I boarded the *Lewis's* whaleboat, it was 7.30 and beginning to get light. Rain was falling as we rowed to the *Trieste* and I was soon soaked. Lieutenant Lawrence Shumaker, assistant officer-in-charge of the bathyscaph, and Giuseppe Buono, the master mechanic from Naples who, like Jacques, had been with the *Trieste* ever since she was built, were already aboard, handling the tricky preparations for the dive. I clambered into the conning tower and started down the ladder inside.

The bathyscaph is an unusual craft. It is basically a great, buoyant, compartmented tank with a small passenger gondola attached to its bottom. It operates like a balloon. But in place of the balloon's lighter-than-air gas the bathyscaph uses lighter-than-water petrol. To descend, a diver releases petrol, just as an aeronaut releases gas. To rise, he drops iron-shot ballast from two huge tubs attached to the tank. Through an opening in its bottom, sea water enters during a dive to equalize inside and outside pressure so that the tank won't be crushed.

At the bottom of the tank I raised the hatch and slipped inside the gondola. This is made of 3½-to-5-inch steel to withstand the fantastic pressures of the abyss. The gondola had been packed with 40 bags of absorbent silica gel to keep the instruments dry. As a result, while the humidity outside was close on 85 per cent, inside it was only about 12 per cent. My shirt, from which I had wrung a quart of water before opening the hatch, began to dry.

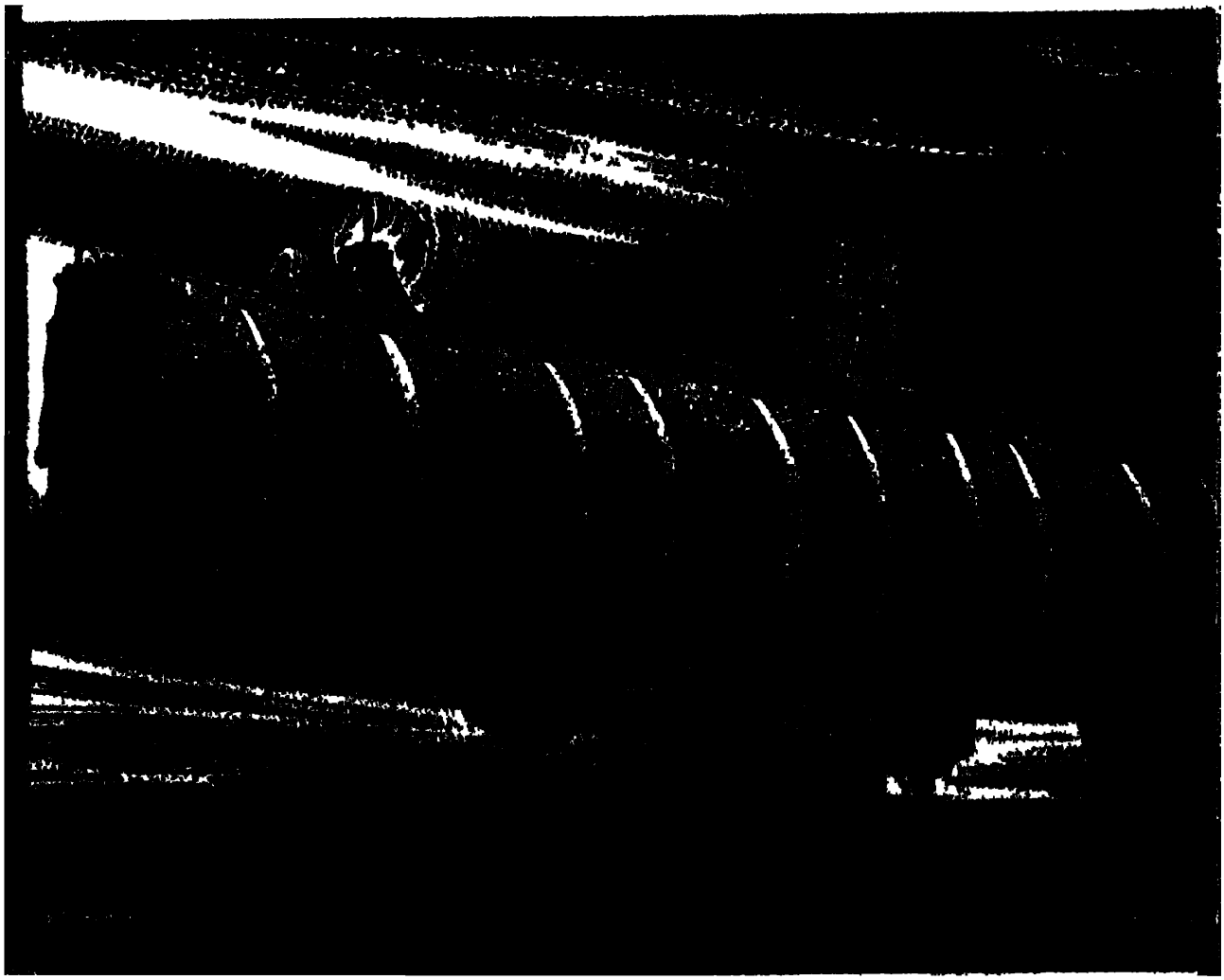
I looked over the instruments and batteries, then switched on the tape recorder into which I would dictate notes during the trip, and

said, "This is dive number 70, U.S Navy Electronics Laboratory, Walsh and Piccard"

I heard the hatch at the top of the shaft open and then the squish, squish of Jacques's wet shoes coming down the ladder When we had closed the big hatch tight, Jacques made an all's well signal to Buono, in the antechamber A minute later Buono had opened a valve and in three minutes the passageway was flooded—and we were trapped in the sphere for the duration of the voyage An extra two tons of sea water was let into the ballast tanks above, adding enough weight to start us down

At 300 feet we encountered the thermocline, a layer where the water temperature drops sharply. Since the cold water was denser than the water we had been passing through, we became relatively more buoyant and stopped We had expected this The release of petrol from our manoeuvring tank got us moving down once more

At about 600 feet we entered a zone of deepening twilight where colours faded off into grey By 1,000 feet the light had gone completely We tested the forward lights that throw a beam in front of the observation window Formless plankton streamed past giving us a sensation



of great speed. We were now dropping fast, at about four feet per second. It was getting colder in the sphere and we decided to put on dry clothing. It was quite an operation: two grown men changing clothes in a space 38 inches square and only five feet eight inches high.

At 15,000 feet we lost voice contact on the underwater telephone with the *Wandank*. We were truly on our own now, except for a crude system of signals that Larry Shumaker and I had arranged. By means of a special key the underwater telephone can send out a tone that sounds something like a radio time signal and carries farther than voice transmission. In our code, all even-numbered signals are for good news: two means all is well, four means we are on the bottom, six means we are on the way up. The bad messages come in odd numbers; so far, fortunately, we had never had to use them.

At 18,600 feet and again at 24,000 I called Jacques's attention to the depth gauge, noting that we were surpassing the previous record dives. He grinned and waved his hand. At 27,000 feet we checked our rate of descent to two feet per second by dumping some ballast. We were not too sure of the underwater currents here and we did not want to go crashing into a wall of the trench by mistake.

As we neared 30,000 feet I was running through a mental check list of things we should do when we approached the bottom. Suddenly we heard and felt a powerful muffled crack. The sphere rocked as though we were on land and going through a mild earthquake.

We waited anxiously for what might happen next. Nothing did. We studied the instrument dials to see if something critical had occurred. No, we were descending exactly as before.

Dumping more ballast so as to check our speed to one foot per second, we went on. At 33,000 feet, only about 600 feet off the expected bottom, we turned on our sensitive Fathometer, which always before had quickly and accurately picked out the floor for us. It showed nothing. We continued to slide on down.

When our gauges registered 36,000, we checked our speed to half a foot per second. For the first time in the dive both of us had the feeling of awe that comes from exploring the totally unknown.

I did not take my eyes off the Fathometer and Jacques never stopped watching out of the tiny porthole with its probe of light. No bottom was in sight at 36,600 feet, or at 37,200. Then at last, at 37,500 feet, the Fathometer traced the beginnings of the bottom. Soon Jacques could see a difference in the effect of our light as the rays reflected off the bottom. As we approached the floor I called out the readings to Jacques in fathoms: "Thirty . . . twenty . . . ten . . ." At

eight, he called that he could see the grey-white floor

As we sank through the clear water we had a tremendous piece of luck Jacques spotted a fish It looked like a sole or flounder—flat, with eyes on the side of its head, and about a foot long Our sudden appearance in its domain, with our great light casting illumination such as it had never seen before, did not seem to bother it at all As we watched, it swam slowly off into the darkness This was an exciting event The fish was obviously a bottom feeder, which means that it must spend all its life at these tremendous depths, under tremendous pressures

At 1 10 p m we sank gently on to the soft floor A great cloud of silt rose around us We had found the bottom at 37,800 feet by our gauges, 4,200 feet deeper than the rough soundings made on the *Lewis* had led us to expect

(When our gauges were precisely calibrated later at the Office of Naval Research, the true figure was found to be 35,800 feet)

I keyed the underwater telephone four times, the signal that we had reached the bottom

Then, with no expectation that I would be heard, I called on the voice circuit "*Wandank*, this is *Trieste* We are on the bottom of the Challenger Deep at 63 hundred fathoms. Over."

To my complete astonishment Larry's voice came back· "*Trieste*, this is *Wandank* I hear you faint but clear" We could sense the excitement in his voice "Understand six three zero zero fathoms Roger Out"

Solemnly Jacques and I shook hands Then he unrolled a Swiss flag he had brought along, and I unrolled a U S flag

While we waited for the silt cloud to settle, Jacques saw what seemed to be a small shrimp, bright red and perhaps an inch long, floating by We were elated to have seen two live creatures with the equipment we had

I switched on our other light and looked out through the after port hole I saw the ocean floor, which looked flat, but I also saw what had jarred us at 30,000 feet Across the outer Plexiglas window ran a series of cracks from one side to the other This was worrying The cracks presented no immediate threat to our safety, but if the window should shatter, we would not be able to blow the water out of the passage to the conning tower We would be stuck in the sphere for four or five days while they towed us back to Guam, hauled the bathyscaph out of the water and drained the passage way We decided that we had better dump ballast and rise as quickly as we could

The trip to the surface took three hours and 27 minutes—71 minutes less than the trip down As we rose, we saw a curious thing. Mud, which had adhered to the bottom of

the sphere when we pulled up, now flowed upward past our window. Mixed with the mud were flecks of paint from the sphere itself. At the depth we had reached, the pressure is almost nine tons per square inch. This is enough to compress the sphere by two millimetres, which loosens flecks of paint.

We reached the surface at 4.57 p.m. Usually at the end of a dive we blow the passageway quickly and violently. This time we tried it slowly and gently, so as not to jar the cracked window. Ever so slowly, the water level moved down past the window. Finally, a stream of bubbles broke from the air line, meaning that the water was gone from the chamber. We wasted little time opening the hatch and climbing out.

We seemed to have arrived in the middle of a carnival. Two camera-carrying jet planes blasted by us a few feet above the conning tower. An air force search-and-rescue C-54 made several low passes at us. Off to the west, the *Lewis* was bearing down on us, and right behind her came the *Wandank*, breaking all speed records for tugs. She looked great. So did everything else.

The descent into the Challenger Deep, the climax of years of work, shows that man can now investigate any part of any ocean.

It puts us on the threshold of a new era in oceanography.

Cartoon Quips

ONE MAN to another: "I'll never forget the day I first met my wife, although heaven knows I've tried." —Roy Fox

HARASSED mother of large family: "What gets me is why the nations of the world *want* to live together like one big family." —Franklin Folger

TEENAGE boy to girl friend: "My dad wants me to have everything he didn't have when he was a boy—like all A's on my school report." —Lansky

HUSBAND to host and hostess: "Ellen is worn out tonight—she spent the whole day tidying her handbag." —Don Tobin

SMALL boy to friend: "Well, I know all the facts of life, but I don't know if they're true." —C. D.

PRESIDENT of women's club to fellow members: "Before reading the financial report, the treasurer wishes to remind you that she didn't *ask* to be treasurer." —F. F.

A revealing account, by an experienced reporter, of a 3,000-mile trip through the Communist satellite countries

Report on Khrushchev's Captive Allies

By Stewart Alsop

"If this is Communism, what's so special about it?"

The question was asked by a businessman who had made a quick trip to Prague to see with his own eyes "what Communism is really like."

To his surprise he had found himself in a pretty good hotel, the Alcron, where he could buy an excellent steak dinner for a reasonable price. In the streets he had seen well-fed women and prosperous-looking men. And he had seen a lot of consumer goods in the shop windows —tricycles, television sets, tasty-looking fruit. So what was so special about Communism?

I could understand his surprise. I also had come to see with my own eyes. I was on a car trip of 3,000 miles, which included the capitals of six East European Communist countries, plus dozens of smaller towns and villages. On the surface, in the centres of its capital cities—which are, of course, as unrepresentative as the Champs-Elysées—Communism of the Eastern European variety no longer looks very "special."

There are, to be sure, certain visible differences between a free city and a Communist city. In the big Communist cities, for example, there is so little traffic that you can

always park in front of your hotel. In Prague and in Sofia, Bulgaria, there are big red stars, lit up at night, on the largest buildings. In the smaller towns of Czechoslovakia especially, you see loudspeakers every hundred yards or so —Big Brother's larynx.

There are huge white-on-red signs everywhere: *Proletariat of the World Unite*, or *Our Friendship With the Soviet Union Is as Necessary to Us as the Air We Breathe*. You often see odd, straggly little groups of chilly boys and girls, running about carrying red flags or big Communist banners. And there is also a kind of greyness and sadness about all the Communist cities which a visitor immediately feels but cannot quite define. Yet despite the "unspecial" surface appearances, there are some very special things indeed about Communist Europe.

When the visiting businessman asked his question, I thought of a conversation I had had the day before with a woman who was standing with three small, quiet, neatly dressed sons in the courtyard of one of Prague's loveliest cathedrals. I asked her in English about the cathedral, and she replied in French. A halting conversation ensued. We chatted a bit about the architectural marvels around us, and then I asked her what her husband did.

She said he had been a lawyer but that now he was a mineworker in a town about 80 kilometres away, and she seldom saw him. I asked her why he was in the mines. She shrugged her shoulders and said, "The regime—he was of the *bourgeoisie*." Her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly we were both dreadfully embarrassed, and we said good-bye and went our ways.

Such small episodes seem to me to suggest a part of the answer to the businessman's question. In Eastern Europe—except perhaps in Poland—people are totally at the mercy of a regime controlled from a foreign capital and rigidly guided by an inherently cruel and irrational doctrine. Even if a man is a member of the "new class" of upper Communist bureaucrats, he is still at the regime's mercy. If he says the wrong thing to a seeming friend, if he goes to church too conspicuously, if he has inadvertently incurred the dislike of some more powerful person or if he has a "bourgeois background," his life may be broken as you break a match between your fingers.

The Communist definition of what is "bourgeois" applies, at a guess, to four out of five readers of this magazine. You are bourgeois if your father had a bit of capital or your grandfather owned a small factory, or if you are a reasonably successful professional man, or if you run your own draper's shop or milk round. You are bourgeois if your forebears have not always been manual labourers, in a factory or on

the land. And if you are bourgeois, even if you are a loyal servant of the regime, you are never really trusted.

In Prague the story is told of a man who had faithfully served the regime in a subordinate legal position and had suddenly been ordered to the mines. Weeping, he asked why he was being punished. "Your father was a banker," he was coldly informed. Indignantly the victim explained that his father was now a trusted official in the state bank. "Oh, his case is different," he was told. "He has been able to prove that *his* father was a simple workman."

Men are, to be sure, rarely killed these days for the crime of having the wrong father—their lives are simply broken. In most of Eastern Europe, killing for political reasons has largely come to an end. The exception is Hungary. Recently a number of boys who had fought the Russian tanks in Budapest were taken out of jail and shot. At the time of the revolt they had been in their mid-teens, and the legal age for the death penalty is 18, so their trials and executions were delayed until they reached 18. This example of "Socialist legality," too, suggests what is "so special about Communism."

The things that are "special" in Communist Europe—and they are many—all relate to one word: "fear." Wandering one evening in a city I will not name, I came on a night club tucked away in an alley —tables packed tightly together, lots of smoke, and a strawberry-blonde *chanteuse*. I found a seat opposite a man who wore a vintage double-breasted suit. At first we small-talked. He was an engineer. He told me about the misery of trying to support a family—he had three children—on an inadequate income.

I must have looked sympathetic, for he grabbed my arm and said, "But please laugh, be gay, do not look serious. I shall, of course, be questioned and I must be able to say that you were just a drunken tourist and that we talked about women and laughed a bit." Later, learning that I was a journalist, he remarked with anguish, "Do not believe anything the Communists tell you about this country—they are liars, all, all." When I left he said he would contrive to see me again.

Next morning I was having breakfast with a Communist journalist at my hotel when my night-club acquaintance came to the door. He saw the journalist, did a quick pantomime of a man looking for a friend and not finding him, and walked out. A small episode, but the kind that provides a quick glimpse of the reality behind the mask.

In Czechoslovakia, Romania, Hungry, Bulgaria, I experienced some such quick glimpse. But it could not have happened in Poland, for Poland wears no mask. In Poland, the man would have said what

he said loudly, perhaps banging on the table for emphasis. It is astonishing and incongruous to hear people under Communism talk as the Poles talk. I asked a young Pole whether any of his friends were convinced, true-believing Communists. "There was one," he said with a laugh, "but he is on holiday." Then he added seriously: "Truly, it is not at all fashionable now to be a Communist."

Mind you, this sort of thing is talk —it is not the written word. But even this much personal freedom—freedom from fear—is incompatible with Communism. I remember one Pole I met when I stopped outside a small town to ask where I could get a meal. A stocky, middle-aged man volunteered to take me to a restaurant, and as soon as we were seated he said he wanted to buy some dollars at the black-market rate. He said he already had "two kilos" of dollars and when he had another kilo he meant to escape. But why? I asked. Surely things were better now, since Gomulka came in?

"Yes," he said, "things are better than they were. But they will get worse again in a year or two. You cannot understand. Things *must* get worse. This system cannot work without terror."

The Communist system, because it demands total control of men's lives, also demands total control of men's minds, and men's minds can be wholly controlled only by the instrument of terror. Will Gomulka or a successor attempt fully to restore the terror system? And if so, what will happen? "God knows," one Pole told me. "We Poles have a habit of committing national suicide every 20 years and perhaps it will come to that." An explosion of some sort, spontaneous, violent and uncontrollable—and therefore dangerous to the peace of the world—is by no means to be ruled out.

Should the Poles somehow succeed in maintaining their present limited but genuine degree of personal freedom, however, the infection is likely to spread. The attitude in the other satellites towards Poland is a curious compound of jealousy and attraction. You can almost hear the unspoken thought: "If the Poles, why not us?"

It is not simply Communism, but *Russian* Communism, which has been imposed by force on Eastern Europe. The collectives and state farms which came into being in the U.S.S.R. for uniquely Russian and grimly Stalinist reasons have been reproduced in Eastern Europe in the most incredibly faithful detail; the factories are precise copies of Russian factories; the schools and universities are faithful reproductions of Soviet schools and universities; and the newspapers, of course, are mere rehashes of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*.

This attempted Russification has generated a passive but strong resistance, as the invasion of a virus generates antibodies in the human

body There is, for example, a certain logic in some form of co-operative or collective agricultural effort in Eastern Europe, where the small peasant plots cannot support the capital investment required for efficient farming But wherever the peasants have been given a chance to leave the collectives, as in Poland and Yugoslavia, they have deserted *en masse*

On one of the few collectives left in Poland, about an hour's drive out of Warsaw, I listened patiently while its Communist chairman spoke eloquently and at length on the glories of the collective system Then I asked the obvious question If the system was so good, why had almost all the peasants left the collectives?

"I must be candid with you," he said 'If the system had come from Scandinavia, for example, I think the peasants would have flocked to join But, of course, it came from the East——" He shrugged, and everybody laughed This, mind you, from a Party member

The attraction of all things Western is by no means only for the best things in Western culture Consider the phenomenon of the rock 'n' roll concert I attended in Warsaw Every song was in English, heavily accented It was strange to hear an imitation of Elvis Presley The hall was alive with Brigitte Bardots All over Eastern Europe, in fact, there is a sort of jazz underground. But among educated people there is also a desperate thirst for intellectual contact with the West Magazines and books left behind by Western travellers are jewels of great price

I am convinced after my long tour that the vast majority of the satellite peoples do *not* believe what the Communist regimes want them to believe One reason is Hungary Before the Hungarian revolt in 1956 there was a small but very hard core of Communist fanatics in all the Eastern European countries They were the True Believers—the young men and women who had dreamed great dreams in the cafes and prison cells in the war and pre war years, dreams of plenty for all people and universal brotherhood

In some countries, notably Poland and Hungary, there are almost no True Believers left The Soviet tanks which killed teenagers in Budapest also killed the faith of the True Believers which had somehow survived the miseries of the Stalinist years In Poland and Hungary the Communist parties are now mere whited sepulchres Membership has dropped by half or more, meetings are unattended, and those who remain active Communists are almost all mere time servers and careerists

Young people in all Eastern Europe now regard Communism quite cynically as both the instrument of Russian domination and the only open avenue for their own advancement An ambitious young man joins the Communist Party in much

the same spirit as an ambitious young man might wed the boss's unlovely daughter. The economies of the East European countries have now progressed to the point where a shrewd careerist can do quite well for himself.

Visitors are apt to be surprised by the sight of tweedy gents in well-shined shoes and well-fed ladies in imitation-French costumes. They are seeing, of course, what disillusioned Yugoslav Communist Milovan Djilas has dubbed the "new class," which includes managers of state enterprises, upper bureaucrats, some favoured intellectuals, and some professional men, notably the doctors. The members of the New Class are rarely True Believers, but like any ruling class they believe deeply in the wisdom of maintaining their own privileged positions.

Consider, for example, the case of the huge moustachioed manager of the state farm at Ujpuszda, in northern Hungary. The farm, he explained, was more than 6,000 acres, with 300 workers; most of it had previously composed a big estate. In former times he had been the head gardener on the estate. Proudly he showed us round the barns, all solidly built of brick

The manager seemed a tough and able man. He works harder and lives more simply than his former master. But the farm workers give him the same little bow he no doubt once gave to his master. In terms of power and prestige his situation is hardly less enviable than that of an aristocrat of the old regime. He was a Communist Party member, of course—anyone who aspires to high position must be. But I don't think he has ever bothered his head for a minute about Marxist-Leninist doctrine. From his point of view Communism is a "good thing."

But what about the vast majority who do not belong to the new class?

At a steel mill in Bulgaria I visited the workers' flats, built across the road from the factory: great grey blocks, plumped down in what was farmland a few years ago. We went first to the young workers' quarters. The entrance hall, decorated with a bust of Lenin and the usual slogans—*Long Live Russian-Bulgarian Friendship* — smelt of bad plumbing. We climbed past broken window-panes to the third floor to see a "bedroom for young unmarried workers."

The kind of life suggested by that barrack-like room impelled me to write in my notebook, "Oh, God, how horrible." Seven beds, crowded closely together, one electric-light bulb, a plain table with four chairs, one rickety wardrobe—no pictures, no decorations of any kind. The seven occupants of those beds are being mercilessly exploited. It is just because the workers are exploited, permitting a huge proportion of their output to be turned back into capital investment, that the Communist states are able to accelerate industrial production. How long

can such a system last without another uprising on the Hungarian pattern?

My answer can be only tentative. I talked to many workers at this steel factory and in factories in other satellite countries. They seemed healthy and reasonably cheerful The majority of the young ones had come from peasant villages, where even bad plumbing and simple spring beds like the seven cots in that room were unknown And yet the seven men in those seven beds, I am sure, do dream of a better life

But, especially since the crushing of the Hungarian revolt, they don't think anything can be done about it and they don't intend to try There is little faith in Communism now, in the satellite states—only fear. Each man knows that another man - perhaps his best friend in the bed next to him—may betray him to the police, if anything he says sounds subversive. And he knows that in that case his punishment would be swift To a visitor it is this twin smell of fear and hopelessness which makes Communist Eastern Europe so depressing.

But saddest of all is that this system, kept glued together by fear, works in its peculiar way. It produces national power at its Soviet centre, and it is beginning to show that it can also produce the necessities of life for the masses and some of the luxuries for the privileged new class.

Even so, I emerged from seven weeks in the European Communist states more hopeful than when the trip started. For I found that Communism is *not* the wave of the future In West Berlin, in the shabby buildings where the refugees from East Germany are received, you will see why this is so. In dreary little rooms you will see the tired men in baggy trousers, the sallow faced women in kerchiefs, who have left everything behind and come again naked into the world in order to reach freedom Every day they come over in their hundreds, as they always have wherever a leak has developed in the Communist system More than 3,500,000 people have already come over, leaving East Germany a bottle of human skimmed milk Communism, however successful it may be in producing rockets, is in human terms a tragic failure

It will remain a failure even with a rising standard of living For its failure is not to be measured in average calorie consumption or the production of refrigerators. Its failure is human and spiritual. Through over use and misuse the word "freedom" has become a shabby, tired old word. But spend a few weeks in the countries of unfreedom and it will become real and meaningful to you again. And it is a word which explains why, unless we are unimaginably foolish and flabby, the race to which Khrushchev has challenged us is a race he cannot win.

Should a Father-in-Law Tell All?

By Art Buchwald

Not long ago a friend of mine discussed the moral decision every father of a daughter must make It is a frightening one

"As a father who has spared no effort in bringing up two daughters in the traditional way," he told us, "I was horrified when two decent young men came to me and said they wanted to marry my girls I was horrified because I knew that the girls were unfit to be anything except my daughters

"And so I had the difficult choice If a father likes a young man well enough to let him marry his daughter, should he warn him about her, or should he keep his mouth shut in his eagerness to get her out of the house?

"I want to say my daughters were no better or worse than any others They didn't know how to cook. They had no idea where money came from They had little ability to converse beyond swapping malicious gossip about a friend who wasn't present.

"With all this knowledge at my finger-tips I had to wrestle with my conscience When a nice and otherwise sane young man asks for your daughter's hand, you have to say to yourself, 'You're not going to send a kid up in a crate like that?'

"I stayed awake at night—was I a man or a father? And I finally came to a conclusion No father of a daughter has ever behaved like a man I kept my mouth shut

"But in the end I was glad Because after a daughter's marriage a miracle takes place These impractical, ignorant, demanding, frivolous girls turn into frugal, immaculate housewives, painstaking mothers and splendid hostesses

"The same girl who, by just being home for a week end, could wreck the house, can now cook three meals a day, iron, wash, shop and take care of three babies

"These very daughters who were never interested in anything but slander have now joined every available local committee, and go miles to find a shop selling cut-price soap. And at the age of 20 they became terribly worried about teenagers

"Girls who were never concerned with any human beings except themselves have been transformed into tireless slaves of their children.

"And all their energies, once devoted to putting on lipstick and going out with boy friends, are now devoted to bringing up their children to be as self-centred, spoilt and indulged as *they* were."

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND:
"The Best Advice I Ever Had"



I HAD JUST finished playing the role of Puck in a summer production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I was 17, had only just left school and was fascinated by the theatre. When I heard that the famous director Max Reinhardt was producing an outdoor version of the Shakespeare play in the Hollywood Bowl, I decided to go there and try my luck.

With my lack of professional experience, I didn't dare to let my hopes soar too high. But to my surprise, the show's casting director asked me to read the part of Hermia, one of the leading roles. The next day he offered me a job—as second understudy to the star. Understudy to the understudy! I would never play the part, I told myself; but remote as the chances were, it was nevertheless *possible* I determined to be ready, just in case

From the first rehearsal I watched intently as Reinhardt directed Hermia He spoke the lines himself, intoning them with the exact rhythm and inflexion he wanted Developing a system of shorthand clues, I marked my script to help me remember the reading he desired. Then for long gruelling hours I paced my room, rehearsing the lines over and over again.

Enthusiasm was difficult to maintain in the weeks that followed, for it seemed certain that I'd never walk on to the stage. But suddenly the first understudy was forced to leave

because of a film commitment. Then, five days before the opening, the star herself unexpectedly had to work overtime on a film she had been sandwiching between rehearsals. The role was mine!

My arduous preparations paid off, and when I opened as Hermia in the Bowl a whole new career was launched for me. Warner Brothers signed me up for a part in their film version of the play, and this led to stardom in films.

It was not chance that made me prepare so diligently for what *might* happen, it was the memory of a gentle old Spaniard named José, a gardener in my home town.

José had a special kind of understanding, and whenever I passed a place where he was working over the plants he loved, I'd stop to ask his advice on the myriad problems of a teenager. Should I buy a jalopy with four other girls? Was it wise to think of journalism as a career? What about trying for a university scholarship?

White-haired, his thin shoulders bent from his work, he was never too busy to give my problems his attention. He would look up from his flowers and listen intently. His advice, when it came, was always kind and gentle. If my predicament was one I had created, he was almost sure to reply in soft, lilting Spanish with a line from *Don Quixote* "*Hombre apercibido, medio combatido.* (A man prepared has half-fought the battle)."

I never really understood the wisdom of those words until the day of my first big disappointment. It was a month before graduation day. As the number-two student in our senior class, I'd been told unofficially that I was sure to be chosen to give an address on prize-giving day. I was overjoyed—and overconfident.

Final exams were still to come, but I expected them to be routine and did no extra studying. Instead, I concentrated on the school magazine I was editing. Then, five days before graduation day, I was told that a low mark in one exam had brought my average below that of the boy who had ranked third in the class. *He* was to give the address.

Stunned and desperately sorry for myself, I ran for solace to José. He heard me out, then patiently shook his head. "You did not prepare yourself," he said.

"I didn't expect it to be so hard," I protested.

"But it was possible, no?" José persisted. "And whatever is possible, we must try to be ready to meet. Don't wait till after life's tests to get ready, Olivia *mía Esté preparada siempre* (Be prepared always)."

I realized suddenly that my old friend was giving me the most generous gift he had to offer: a lesson he himself had learnt from life—an important guide to living which he now hoped that I, too, would use.

It was not always easy to follow

José's advice. It was never harder than when I played the role of Maid Marian in *Robin Hood*.

In one scene I had to ride a horse side-saddle, and the studio hired an instructor to teach me. He was an exacting man, insistent that I must rehearse to the point of exhaustion. After each wearying session I was rebellious at his overbearing methods. I would probably never ride side-saddle again—why strive to become an expert?

Fortunately I kept my temper in check, and by the time we went on location to a northern California forest, I was ready. Dressed in flowing robes, mounted on a proud horse caparisoned in a tasselled medieval saddle-cloth, I rode out before the cameras. Then without warning my horse bolted. He thundered wildly through the trees, narrowly missing deep pits filled with water where great stumps had been blasted to prepare the scene. I realized that if I did not bring him to a halt, he might stumble into a pit and drown us both.

My arms ached from pulling the reins, but the terrified horse felt nothing. Then automatically the strict training of my martinet instructor came to my aid. For just such an emergency he had drummed into me the trick of "sawing the bit"—pulling each rein alternately till the horse felt the pinch of the bit on his mouth. Slowly the horse responded until I had him under control and finally halted.

Weak with shock, I sat there wondering what would have happened if I had been less prepared in horsemanship.

Since then my work has carried me to remote parts of the world, and each time I stay at an hotel I think of José's admonition to prepare ahead of time for what *may* happen. Immediately I look for the nearest fire exit on my floor. To some, the first-aid kit I carry with me is an unnecessary encumbrance, but I have found it useful on more than one occasion.

These are little things, but they can mean the difference between peace of mind and worry—and sometimes between life and death. I had proof of this early one morning in our Paris flat. It was 2 a.m.—just after we had returned from a trip—when a frantic knocking at the bedroom door woke me and my husband, Pierre. I opened it to find the nursemaid of my five-year-old son, Benjamin, shaking and crying out in incoherent French that Benjie couldn't breathe—he was choking to death!

We ran down the hall to his room. Benjie was gasping and strangling in his bed, his tormented face a frightening mottled blue as he struggled to breathe. Pierre was at the phone in seconds to call our doctor, but the nurse and I stood frozen. Then my mind cleared, and I moved quickly to a trunk that had not yet been unpacked. A moment of frantic searching and I found

what I'd remembered putting in—a well worn book on child care which I had bought when Benjie was an infant.

With trembling fingers I flipped through the pages until I found the description of Benjie's plight. My son had croup, it said, but moist air from a kettle of boiling water might help to clear the clogged passage to his lungs The nurse was already on her way to the kitchen when Pierre reported worriedly that the doctor was out on a call. Precious minutes were passing. Benjie s fate was up to us and the first croup tent we had ever made.

Guided by my book, we sur rounded Benjie with steaming air—and prayed. Slowly his tortured gasping subsided. By the time the doctor arrived, Benjie was breathing almost normally. It was then we learned that croup, unrelieved, can sometimes be a killer. Without our emergency treatment the night might well have ended in tragedy

Later, as I stood over my son's bed—he was sleeping peacefully now—I remembered with gratitude José's words which had helped me so often. That book had been to hand when it was needed because I had said to myself, each time that I travelled with Benjie, "Plan for the unexpected—*Esté preparada siempre*" Tucked into our luggage, it was a kind of automatic insurance.

And tonight it had paid for it self a millionfold.

Short and Snappy

When *The Bookseller* magazine expressed some puzzlement over the phrase "uncensored abridgement" used by an American publishing house, a full explanation came from Frederic Warburg, chairman of Secker & Warburg, the publishers:

"To a publisher the explanation is simple. 'Uncensored' means 'We have left the dirty bits in', 'abridgement' implies 'We have left the dull bits out'"

—*Q E*

The Same Only Different

For years we had a gardener who worked for us every Wednesday and Saturday for a fixed monthly fee. This year he announced that he had had to increase his price but, since we had always been nice to him, he wouldn't change our rate.

"It will be exactly the same amount," he explained magnanimously. "But after this I'll come only on Wednesdays, and then I can make up the difference by working for someone else on Saturdays."

—Contributed by T F



I Made Friends With Wild

The extraordinary adventures of a game hunters' guide who exchanged his gun for camera and patience

By Andy Russell

After 20 years as a guide for big game hunters in the Canadian Rockies, I have learnt what I would never have believed before—that so called wild animals are not really wild at all. Usually they do flee from the presence of man, but only because they have learnt from bitter experience that he is the most dangerous creature they encounter.

Condensed from True
Photograph by Richard Russell

Offered friendly treatment and respect, they will respond in a most extraordinary manner.

The bighorn sheep, for instance, is reputed to be one of the wildest of all living creatures. Hunters, aided by guides, telescopic sights and long-range rifles, often spend weeks trying to collect a single trophy—the most prized in the West. Yet I recently sat in the midst of a band of 16 bighorn rams, the nearest ones less than 20 feet from me. The story of how Dick and Charlie, my two eldest sons, and I achieved this unheard-of friendship may add something to man's knowledge of natural history.

I received an assignment from a Canadian institution to record the life history of the bighorn (*Ovis canadensis*). When my boys and I first began stalking them with cameras in the heart of their range along the Continental Divide, the sheep were wary and suspicious. And even with telephoto lenses, it is necessary to get close for good pictures—much closer than normal rifle-range. The usual sly approach of the hunter simply did not work, for if the sheep chanced to see us sneaking from one bit of cover to the next, we were left looking at mountain scenery where sheep had recently been. Even if we got within desirable range, our best shots were of startled bighorns leaving in a hurry.

One day, when I was resting in a canyon and pondering this problem under the watchful eyes of a bunch of rams bedded on a mountain shoulder half a mile away, it suddenly occurred to me that we might be going about it the wrong way. I remembered that once, years before, I had taken a hunting party into a remote valley cradled among 10,000-foot peaks in south-eastern British Columbia. We were rounding a cliff when we met a bunch of mountain goats face to face. Instead of running, they stood staring at us like children at a circus. Then, to our astonishment, three of them came towards us, obviously unafraid though nervous enough to stamp their front feet. My two hunters and I looked at one another, left the rifles hanging on their slings and began taking pictures. Hunting was one thing, but sheer murder was quite another!

So, I thought, perhaps the bighorn sheep would accept us in the same way, if we could convince them that we meant no harm.

Abandoning hidden stalks, the boys and I now resorted to patience and diplomacy, staying in sight of the sheep at all times. It was a slow, painstaking business requiring weeks of climbing. We schooled ourselves to move smoothly, for the sheep took instant alarm at any jerky motion. If, as we approached, we saw signs of nervousness, we turned our backs on the animals and wandered aimlessly about, admiring the flowers, as though bighorns were far from our minds. Above all,

we avoided looking directly at them for more than a casual glance, for like all "wild" things, bighorns do not like to be stared at. (Even the birds and squirrels in the parks of big cities, where people are a part of their daily lives, take alarm at a direct stare.)

In time, our new methods began to show signs of paying off. We found ourselves getting closer and closer to the sheep. Then one day I was able to work my way right in among a bunch of bedded rams and sit down. It was one of the greatest thrills of an adventurous life to look around and study the characteristics of individuals as they casually glanced my way or, better still, looked past me down the mountain in complete acceptance of my presence. No experience hunting with a rifle had ever matched this!

Either the news circulated along the mountain grapevine, or our technique had been perfected, for soon we were at home with the bighorns over their whole range. Out of the many sheep we encountered, we came to know about 40 individuals. These and many more seemed to recognize us, and often let us approach within a few feet, paying us no more attention than they would other sheep. Once I filmed a feeding ewe at exactly 12 feet. Charlie photographed a ewe's eye at less than six feet, obtaining a unique record of the rich golden colour and the distinctive square pupil.

I remember once watching Dick working with a group of ewes and lambs at the foot of a cliff. When they began to climb, Dick fell in behind on all fours to climb with them. Then out of nowhere came a magnificent ram. He took a brief look at the procession, and bounded up to take his climbing position directly behind Dick. I chuckled to think how Dick must feel with four stone of ram horns so close to his hip pockets.

There was one huge patriarchal ram whose horns were the biggest I have ever seen – probably measuring four feet around the outside curls and 17 inches in circumference at the bases. He was about three and a half feet high at the shoulder, and weighed at least 28 stone. His head alone must have weighed close on five stone and we often saw him take the load from his neck by resting a horn on the ground as he lay bedded. Time after time we climbed high trying to come up to him, but he was too wary.

One day on my way down from a high peak I paused on a sunny ledge. At once, that sixth sense developed by chronic wanderers of the wilderness warned me that I was not alone. With infinite care I moved my eyes slowly to the side—to see the big ram not 20 feet away. He had let me climb down past him a little and now he was lying watching me with those magnificently keen eyes. For long minutes neither of us moved a hair. Then I saw a

ripple rise in his throat and he began calmly chewing his cud—a sure sign that he was unafraid. I had been accepted by the king ram of them all. But every scrap of film in my pack was exposed!

I am convinced that animals are not naturally afraid of human scent, for we found we could completely ignore the direction of the wind on approaching the sheep—though it was often noticeable that they did not enjoy our smell. The one thing the bighorns never would tolerate, no matter how well they knew us, was any quick movement. The accidental slip of a tripod leg or climbing boot would cause instant flight. Once when I was working my movie camera on a group of rams, I dropped a glove. Instantly I was alone.

Perhaps the most fascinating of the habits we recorded were the bighorns' games—joined in by old and young alike. One evening after supper we were sitting in front of our camp when a mixed bunch of ewes, lambs and small rams appeared on the skyline high above us. Suddenly, a dignified-looking old ewe ran down the ridge to a snow drift pitched at a steep angle towards a formidable cliff. Without checking her speed, she launched into a reckless glissade straight down the icy drift. With the snow streaming over both shoulders, she seemed bent on suicide; but at the last precise instant she did a four-legged ski-turn to run off on the naked rocks at the side. As she galloped back to the top the others followed her in turn, each making that hair-raising swing on the brink of disaster. We watched till the light failed, while they went blithely round and round in a bighorn version of "follow-my-leader."

They also play a replica of "king-of-the-castle." Once we saw five young rams busy at this game. One stood on top of a loose pile of stones and his companions took quick turns trying to knock him off, while he whirled and danced, meeting all comers head-on, until he was finally dislodged. Then the victor took his turn defending the castle.

Filming new-born lambs proved to be a problem, for the favourite lambing grounds are hardly chosen for their accessibility and the ewes are even more shy than usual. We followed one bunch for six weeks before we got close-ups. Yet before the lambing season these same mothers would allow us almost within reach.

Born in late May and June, the lambs weigh about four pounds at birth and it would be difficult to find more attractive young animals. They can run when only a few hours old and we have seen them trailing their mothers before they were licked dry. In three days they can streak over incredibly rough ground like rabbits and in a week they can jump clean over their mothers' backs, just for the fun of it. They are extremely playful and join in speedy games of follow-my-leader and general rough-housing

on cliff faces that would give human mothers nervous prostration to watch.

Throughout most of the year the rams stay by themselves in bachelors' clubs under the leadership of the oldest and wisest individuals But in late November each year they disperse to mingle with the ewes, and all camaraderie is forgotten in competition for the females during the breeding season, which lasts through December to early January Squaring off with dramatic dignity, the rams batter each other in head on engagements that set the mountains ringing These collisions often leave them temporarily groggy and permanently scarred Nearly all mature rams have chips knocked off their horns and their hallmark is the broken nose, reminiscent of professional prize fighters

It was such a fight that I particularly wanted for the climax to our film We had seen several battles from a distance, but our attempts at close ups seemed doomed to failure Then, on a clear winter's day, as I headed up into the sheep country, I had the feeling that luck was with me.

Stopping at a vantage point I spotted a lone ram travelling across the front of a peak above the valley Even at a distance of over a mile, he had that arrogance of bearing which goes with a questing male I climbed quickly up a side canyon to intercept him Near the top, I saw what I had hoped to see—another big ram escorting a single ewe Scrambling on up the ice draped rocks, I eased over the last ledge just in time to film an epic battle

The rams stood facing each other with heads held high and proud Then both reared straight up with front legs hanging, to run towards each other on their hind feet Two lengths apart, they hurled themselves forward to meet in mid air, horn to horn, with a crash that rang for half a mile The impact was so terrific that their bodies literally whiplashed, and the arrested inertia jerked their ridiculous short tails straight up For a few moments they stood staring off into space, apparently dazed by the shock, before stepping back to resume manoeuvring for position Again and again they collided with shattering slams Once I saw splinters fly and a new scar showed up on a horn of the ram defending the ewe Several times they came within six feet of me, paying me no more attention than if I were a stump

Finally the defending ram had had enough, he broke off the engagement and headed down the mountain The challenger followed him closely for a way, apparently to make sure he left for good Then he turned back to claim his prize

It would be nice to say that the proud victor returned triumphantly to the lady and that, together, they disappeared happily into the fastnesses of the peaks But such was not the case The winner arrived back

on the battleground just in time to see the cause of all the uproar disappearing over the skyline ahead of a young ram who had slipped in to steal her away. The victorious gladiator, too tired for pursuit, just threw a disgusted look in their direction and proceeded to feed. I passed him my unspoken sympathy and started back down the mountain.

After 17 months of almost continuous living with the bighorns, I had completed my film. The job was done—now I could return to my guiding business. But somehow that prospect held small appeal. My experience with the sheep had opened up a shining vista of adventure with cameras instead of guns. I suddenly realized that I could never kill another bighorn.

So the sheep remain my friends. As a guide, I had been able to provide pleasure and thrills for the privileged few who could afford *de luxe* wilderness trips.

Now, with camera and typewriter, I hope my boys and I can bring pleasure and a true knowledge of nature to many, many others.

Feminine Financing

I HAD a perfectly good suit to wear to the very special party to which we were invited, but three days before the event my wife insisted that I should go out and buy a new one.

The next day three evening gowns arrived.

"What's all this about?" I asked.

"Well," replied my wife, "*you* bought a new suit for the party, didn't you?

—Contributed by Elwood Williams

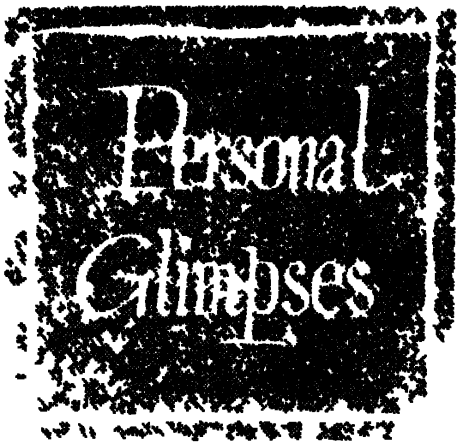
A CUSTOMER in the department store where I work selected a number of articles that she wanted charged to her account, but she could not find her credit card. When I asked her for some other identification, she burrowed around in her handbag and finally found what she was looking for—a letter from a finance company. "Dear Madam," it began. "In view of the fact that your account with us has not been paid for the last six months . . ."

– Contributed by Helene Stern

WHEN HE married Zsa Zsa Gabor, Conrad Hilton says, he told her that her generous allowance was for clothing, luncheons, beauty treatments, etc. She was to charge nothing to him. And he, in turn, would take care of everything for the house. But almost at once he had to face her with a bill—she had charged up six chiffon housecoats.

"But you are to take care of everything for the house!" cried Zsa Zsa.

—Elizabeth Clarkson Zwart



EARLY in the war, Vice Admiral Sir Lumley Lyster inspected a naval air station where his daughter was serving as a Wren Before his arrival, there had been much speculation about what he would do when he saw her

He passed down the ranks, came opposite her and paused "Your name?" he growled

'Lyster, sir," she replied, standing stiffly at attention

Ah, yes," nodded the Admiral, poker faced I remember meeting your mother about 20 years ago "

Don Newton in I A Cecil Hampshire
I want (William Kimber London)

ELLSWORTH STATLER, founder of the Statler Hotels, took his pleasures boisterously He was out in the town one night with Baron Long, another hotel director At a late hour, the two men found themselves in the railway station Statler viewing the vast, almost vacant expanse, had an inspiration

"I'll bet you 100 dollars," he said to Long, "that I can yell louder than you can "

Long, who was six feet four inches tall and had a powerful set of lungs, accepted the bet He drew in a mighty breath and gave forth with a roar that reverberated up and down the marble corridors Statler, a little man, but wiry, tough and determined, then drew in his breath, and let loose with an earsplitting yell that almost shattered the station windows

At this point an outraged policeman came running towards the pair Before he could speak, Long and Statler told him about their bet, and asked him to act as judge

Sure and I ought to run you in," spluttered the indignant policeman Two grown men making such a row I'll not be helping you decide anything " He started to leave, then turned back But I'll tell you one thing If that little guy hollers like that again, I'll shoot you both!"

Whereupon Long solemnly handed Statler 100 dollars Rufus Jarman

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE writes While waiting to see Herbert Hoover I asked his secretary how the chief was Well,' she answered, "he's in there working hard He works about seven or eight hours a day "

'But he's 85," I protested

'Yes," she said, but he doesn't know that " H S

COMEDIAN Ernie Kovacs once spent 15 months in hospital His illness was critical, but he never lost his crazy sense of humour One doctor recalls the day they brought Kovacs to the X ray theatre on a stretcher, draped in a sheet "When we looked at him through the fluoroscope we were startled to see a sign that read OUT TO LUNCH He had cut it out of aluminium foil and pasted it on his stomach "

Jhan and June Robbins

REFERRING to herself, Marian Anderson, the contralto, often uses the impersonal "we" and "one." When, during an Asian trip, a Buddhist scholar questioned her about this practice, she replied:

"One realizes, the longer one lives, that there is no particular thing one can do alone. With the execution of the work we do, there are many people involved—those who wrote the music, those who made the piano on which the accompanist plays, the accompanist who actually lends support to the performance. Even the voice, the breath, the everything—it's not of your doing. So the 'I' in it is very small, after all."

—CBS

NORBERT WIENER, author of *Cybernetics* and professor of mathematics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was crossing the quadrangle one afternoon when a student stopped him to discuss a problem.

The professor graciously answered the student's question and then asked, "Which way was I going when you stopped me?"

"You were walking *that* way, sir," said the student, pointing.

"Oh, then I've had lunch," Professor Wiener murmured, and continued on his way. — Contributed by Paul Sturges

TOOTS SHOR, New York *restaurateur*, boarded a taxicab, and asked the driver, "Know of a decent restaurant? I'm a stranger here."

"Yes, sir," said the cabby. "One of the greatest eating places in this whole world is Toots Shor's on 51st Street. I'll drive you straight there."

At the end of the journey Toots was so pleased that he slipped the cabby a ten-dollar note, saying, "Keep the change."

"T'anks," said the driver. "T'anks indeed, Mr. Shor!" —Bennett Cerf

AN EDITOR once assigned Michael Arlen, the fastidious author of *The Green Hat*, to cover the Carpentier-Joe Beckett fight. Arlen, who had never seen a fight before, came dressed in bowler, stiff collar and cuffs, carrying a cane and, of course, wearing a flower in his lapel. When the fight was over he sent in this report:

"Mr. Beckett reached the centre of the ring. He bowed to me and I bowed back. But then I discovered that Mr. Beckett's bow was not due to any recognition of me, but was the result of a severe blow to the stomach rendered by Mr. Carpentier."

—Leonard Lyons

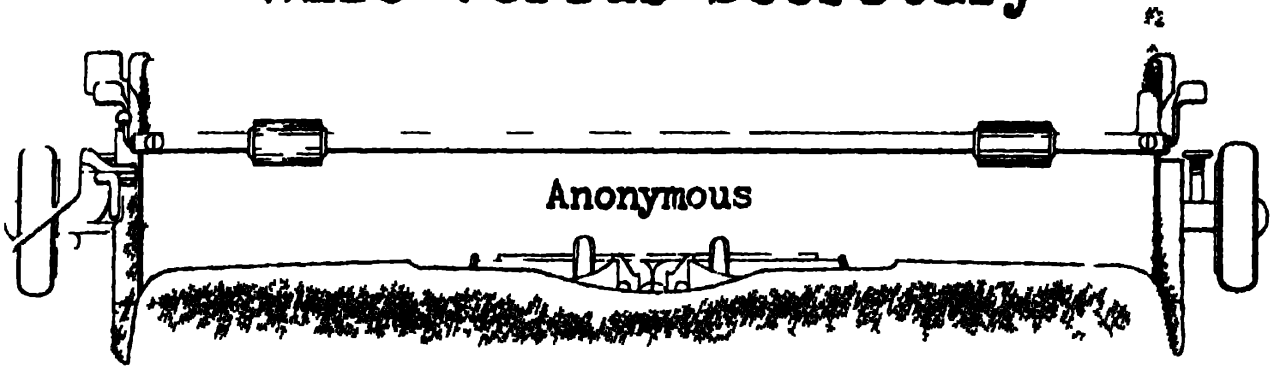
AUTHOR Gelett Burgess used to tell how he first broke into print:

The Boston *Transcript* had a page of Notes and Queries. One day I sat down and wrote to the editor. "Dear Sir: Will you please give me the name of the poem beginning, 'The dismal day, with dreary pace, hath dragged its tortuous length along.'" I signed it "Maxfield Newman."

The letter was published. I again wrote to the editor. "Dear Sir: The author of the poem beginning, 'The dismal day,' is Gelett Burgess. The whole poem is as follows: 'The dismal day, with dreary pace, hath dragged its tortuous length along; the gravestones black, and funeral vase . . .'"

But I guess that's enough. It was my first published work.

Wife versus Secretary



Anonymous

The "other woman" speaks up

A WIFE ONCE said to me, "Women like you are pirates You steal our men away by offering them adventure, excitement What chance have we stay at home wives against you?"

And I said the first thing that came into my head "You can hardly call it piracy when the victims come clambering aboard, fairly begging to be taken along—anywhere—to get away"

It wasn't very nice of either of us, but there is much truth in both remarks Whenever there's a casualty in cases of "Wives versus Women in-Offices," the wife blames the "other woman." But pretty often it is the fault of the wife herself—her criminally careless treatment of a good husband.

Now, most of us women in offices are less designing than the average wife seems to think But we are human At 30—or 40—it is still fun to have attention, moonlight and music still stir the heart Dancing and tables for two are even more exciting than they were at 20, for in the interval one has learnt a great deal more about the possibilities of stimulating conversation And when fate sends us an attractive male who is obviously looking for escape, are we so much to blame if we give him a kind welcome?

We women in business do have some advantages We don't have to concern ourselves with the problems of servants, plumbing, the children's schools and measles, and household bills We don't have to cater for his diet whims and clothing fads But oh, the advantages there are on the other side! So many that any woman who cares enough about

her job of being a wife to be *willing to work to win* need never lose.

A wife doesn't lose her husband to another woman unless his interest in his own fireside is waning. It may be consoling to think that an irresistible siren has dazzled a right-thinking man out of his senses. That, however, is rarely the case. Because of the lack of something at home, a man turns in a new direction in the hope of finding it. Every wife is sure this "something" is a pretty face, a slender figure. Actually, in office romances, physical attraction may be the last step.

More often than not, the thing that drives a man to seek new companionship is *loneliness*—the craving for someone who seems to understand his every thought and emotion, someone to stand with him inside his own little space in the universe and look at life with his own eyes. In a full, happy marriage, this need is fulfilled. Home, children, a warm circle of friends, mutual interests—these are the closest bonds between man and woman. But if, with the passing years, a man finds himself more and more alone in his dreams and ambitions, he is likely to reach out for companionship.

I remember the first time I accepted an invitation to dinner from another woman's husband. We had both been working late one evening; it was rainy and I was tired, and it seemed a natural, comfortable thing to do. The minute I said "yes" I was panicky: would he try to hold my hand, ask for sympathy, tell me he was misunderstood?

He did none of those things. He was charming and told me the story of how, as a young man, he had dreamed of being a great publisher, and of what had happened to prevent his dream from being realized. He told me of his children, too, and spoke warmly of his wife.

As a matter of fact, these husbands don't tell you how "misunderstood" they are. Indeed, they are curiously loyal to their wives. It is only after a time, from a word here and a sentence there, that you discover how lonely they are, how grateful for appreciation. What do they talk about? Golf, gardens, hobbies, ambitions, their children. It's a rare man who starts off on a flirtatious note, although that note, and others more dangerous, may be struck in due course if a wife has fallen down on her job too badly.

Naturally, I didn't discover all this at that first dinner—nor did I learn it from that first husband—and it wasn't until five years later that an embittered wife accused me of being a pirate. Her husband was a big, quiet man—the kind you see on suburban trains, looking rather tired, and patiently carrying packages of things that have been asked for at home. The kind that a selfish woman nearly always imposes on. He was patient in the office, too, with a good-humoured understanding of human problems.

His wife used to phone him often during the day—too often, for the interruptions frequently came when he should have been giving all his attention to matters in hand One evening when several of us had stayed late to discuss a rush job, the telephone rang As Mr B lifted the receiver, I could hear, with that dreadful distinctness which sharp telephone voices sometimes have, an obviously displeased wife "George, what on earth is the ridiculous idea of your staying late again tonight? Can't you ever——"

Mr B was very quiet when he rejoined us, but about his mouth was a look that made me suspect that his patience had been tried once too often When we had finished the work, he asked me to go out to dinner I accepted without a qualm

All women in offices get a pretty good idea of what bosses' wives are like, even if we never see them. We know whether they send their men to work with a smile and an encouraging pat, or whether they constantly nag them so that they look forward to their offices as a relief from home

George B 's wife was even more dangerous than the nagging kind; she was a "disparager" She constantly belittled her husband by look, deed and word "Isn't George an old silly to make such a fuss about his new account?"—and her tone of voice implied that George was just a grown-up child who ought never to have been trusted with a responsible business She was constantly "letting him down" In a crisis, I have no doubt she would have been splendid If her husband had lost his health, she probably would have nursed him night and day But she simply could not be a good sport about everyday living

But to return to the first dinner George B and I had together For nearly two hours we ate and talked about impersonal things in a pleasant, leisurely fashion Then we went to the cinema, where George relaxed and seemed to have a genuinely good time Of course I didn't call him 'George" then, but that evening set the wheels in motion Before long we were having dinner nearly every week

It was such a delight to discuss his hopes and plans, and to encourage him His appreciation was one of the nicest things about him Men do like their womenfolk to believe in them It's a pity that all brides can't be schooled in the art of being a good audience, and also in that other important art of showing their men off to advantage

When you see a husband and wife together in a general gathering you can tell by the light in her eyes when she looks at him whether she's the kind that "plays up to him," or whether her first words when they are out of hearing will be, "Now, Fred, what on earth did you do that for?" Women are natural actresses. If they would only be clever enough to use this talent on behalf

of their men, what a different story many couples would tell!

As to being an audience—well, watch the majority of women when they are listening. They are either restless and preoccupied, or else they sit tensely waiting for an opening, as though they wanted to organize a counter-attack. This is especially distasteful to a man at the end of a hard day. There is enough argument in the office; after hours he wants friendly response, not competition.

You see, I have a pretty good idea of some of the things a husband would like, because I have so often wanted someone at home who was as deeply concerned about my problems as I was myself. Someone who would bolster up my courage after a day when everything seemed to go wrong, or to whom I could go triumphantly with the first news of a lucky break.

I would be just as impatient as any husband at stories of servant trouble, and a recounting of petty gossip; and I wouldn't want to be held up to the children as a big, bad wolf: "Just wait till your father gets home!"

But to get back to my story. Unfortunately, a friendship between a man and a woman rarely stays just friendship. There came a day when I realized that the man across the table wasn't just an unusually likeable person, but *the* man. Yes, we were both of us headlong in love.

The next six months were the hardest I hope I shall ever have to live through. Moments of ecstasy; hours of complete despair. We went round and round the circle, as every two people in our situation must have done before us. But it always came back to one thing in my mind: George had two children, and for their sakes I simply couldn't break up his home. So—finally—I withdrew.

A number of years have passed since then. Long enough to get over the first aching emptiness; long enough to be able to think quietly about all that happened.

Was it wrong from the very beginning? Are we career women never justified in accepting the attentions of men whose wives are falling down badly on their jobs? Is there any reason why we should continue to protect the interests of selfish, thoughtless women who do not even try to follow the ordinary rules of consideration and good sportsmanship that every businesswoman has to learn? Suppose we were to indulge in indifference, boredom, bad temper, crying spells, sloppy clothes, sulky fits, or any other of the wifely prerogatives. We should speedily find ourselves reading the situations vacant column.

No, I am not bitter. I do not regret my decision. But if ever such a possibility for happiness should come my way again—and other innocent lives are not involved—I do not know that I could promise to be so generous.

Helpful advice
on a painful duty

When You Write a Letter of Condolence.

By Janet Kern

It happens to someone every day. There in the obituary column of a newspaper is a familiar name, and you must write a letter of condolence. Few duties are more genuinely difficult.

Recently, after my mother's death, I was at the receiving end of condolences. What I have learnt may help others.

First, you must remember that the proper purpose of a letter of sympathy is not so much to honour the dead as to help the living. Your aim, then, should be to recall past joy, not to heap coals on the fire of sorrow. So, write about the life of the departed, not about the death. Write in terms of the momentarily forgotten blessing, not the already over-emphasized tragedy.

Any bereaved individual could reach at random into a pile of condolence letters and produce this typical note: "What a great loss this has been to you. I am filled with thoughts of your tragedy." How much wiser was the friend who wrote to me: "I shall remember your mother's gaiety, friendliness and fine spirit. They don't come like her very often. Both you and your father have been greatly blessed."

Remember that a few comforting words are more welcome than pages of empty prose. And try to recall and sustain happy memories. Every recollection of my mother, alive, helped me. It did me immense good to get a letter from a shop assistant who wrote about her "charm and serene quietness. Although I saw her only on that one occasion when she came shopping with you, I shall always remember her." What a wonderful, living image of Mother came to mind upon reading that.

For some reason many people consider a letter of condolence an obligation to preach a sermon to the already suffering recipient. It is well to remember that your personal credo may be at variance with what the grief-stricken person himself believes and finds comforting.

In the name of compassion, don't subject a bereaved person to high-sounding clichés such as "Time heals." He won't believe it, he will

believe simply that you don't realize the depth of his sorrow. "After a while you'll forget" is equally painful. The last thing in the world one wants is to forget. Above all, refrain from indulging in that most arrogant of all condolence clichés, "He would have wanted you to . . ." Advice is not consolation.

If you haven't said it within a month, don't say it. During the days immediately following the shock of loss, there is solace and therapy in the flood of condolence letters. But there comes a time when the bereaved must take up normal routine and they don't want to be forced to hark back. They are still in need of consolation—but offer it in person rather than by post, and tacitly, by companionship, rather than in words.

It will not hurt to study models in our quest to make more helpful such letters and notes as we must write. I recommend a letter written by Harold Laski, leading British Socialist, to U.S. Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes on the death of Mrs. Holmes in 1929.

"You know how big a space you both have filled in our hearts," he wrote. "She had, with all her reserve and reticence, a genius for affection. And to see you together was a lesson in the beauty of love. I know that things can never be the same for you again. But I want you to remember that your house was made by her, for me as for others, a place of loving pilgrimage, and that while we live she will be remembered with deep affection."

Figuratively Speaking

WHEN Caesar first saw Cleopatra, he exclaimed: "Wow! A perfect XXXVI!" —B. G.

WHEN a portrait of Mae West was included in a mural for the U.S. Navy, a naval captain complained that the painting exaggerated Miss West's measurements.

"Not at all," the artist insisted. "That's why she gets 12,000 dollars a week."

"I believe you," replied the captain. "But tone the sketch down a bit —say to 8,000 dollars a week." —L. L.

WHEN my brother gave a well-proportioned young thing the eye, his not-as-well-endowed girl friend began her familiar lamentation, "Oh, I wish I had a figure."

"But you have, dear," my brother reassured her. "You've got a perfect figure one." —Contributed by Mae Beaman

A Fiction Feature

Sheik Justice



By James Barton

The spirit of the great Mohammed was with the white donkey. He would surely reveal the truth about this disgraceful crime

With the Arab Sheik Mahmoud Ibn Moosa, owner of a caravan of some 90 camels, I set out one morning from Aintab, Syria, for Baghdad by way of the Mesopotamian plain. The bearded sheik rode a large white donkey, which he treated with great consideration and respect. They both occupied the same tent at night and were rarely separated by day. The 19 men of the caravan were ignorant sons of the desert. The commands of their chief were their only law, and from his hand they received reward and punishment.

I had with me some 80 gold liras in a leather handbag, which I kept at night in my tent. Each morning I was careful to slip my hand into the bag to make sure that the sack of money was safe. On the ninth morning I was astounded to find that the bag had gone.

I at once sought Ibn Moosa. "Mahmoud Ibn Moosa," I began, "for eight days I have been your guest, and with sincerity I express gratitude for your princely hospitality."

Ibn Moosa clapped his hand to his

breast, bowed low, and said, "To render hospitality is the Arabs' highest delight."

I continued, "I am pained to be compelled to say that a shadow has come over the sun of my joy, which as a guest I must reveal to my host."

I told him of my loss. He asked me a few questions, then sat in silence, stroking his beard. At length he said, "We will remain in camp today. Some of the saddles need repairing, and two or three of the donkeys have lost their shoes. Before sundown you shall have your gold. Inshalla! Go in peace."

Giving orders not to be disturbed, he closed the flap of his tent. I began to feel anxious about my money, the only man who could get it for me was sleeping! Three hours later he came out and ordered dinner. By now I even began to mistrust the chief himself.

But when the meal was eaten, the old sheik, dressed in his most brilliant raiment, came slowly from his tent and mounted the mass of baggage piled in the centre of the camp. Seating himself upon the top, he motioned me to take my place near him. Then, in a stern voice, he said, "Assemble all the men."

When they were gathered round the throne, the sheik, with the utmost deliberation, looked up and down that row of stolid faces, every eye of which was fixed upon him. This went on for at least five minutes, until I felt I must do something to break that awful silence.

I could see that the men were affected; not a muscle moved or an eye wandered. At the end of the silent survey, the sheik began to speak in measured tones.

"Today my name has been disgraced before this *howadji* (traveller) and before Allah. Theft is an awful crime hated by God and man, but when one steals from his guest, he is seven times accursed. This *howadji* trusted himself to me. He has been robbed in my home. As no one has been near our camp from outside, the robber is before me. As shamefaced as Satan he sits here and thinks to conceal his crime."

His voice rose as he proceeded; then he suddenly paused, and in his old, calm voice continued:

"My white donkey in the tent yonder is a direct descendant from Alborak, the milk white creature upon which Mohammed rode from Jerusalem to the seven heavens. He has a keen prophetic sense and never fails to reveal that which is divinely true. The spirit of the great Mohammed is with him and uses him to make known the mind of Allah. He will now tell me who committed this terrible crime.

"The donkey cannot use our language as his throat is the throat of a donkey; but his spirit is the spirit of God. He will use his own language in pointing out the culprit. I command each of you to go one by one into my tent. Close the flap so that no one can see you but the donkey and Allah. Then pull the tail of the

donkey. When an innocent hand touches his tail he will be silent, but when the hand of the thief grasps it he will at once bray. That will be his message to us, and we will seize the culprit and slay him without mercy."

The man at the end of the line, ordered to go first, rose solemnly, entered the tent, closed the flap, remained inside a few seconds and returned to his seat. The sheik motioned to the second man, then to the third. It was difficult to decide who was the more affected, the men or myself. I was listening for the expected bray, and dreading the vengeance I was certain then to witness. Twelve men entered and returned, and still no sound. Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen; only three more. My excitement grew. Seventeen, eighteen, and now the last man was on his way. The climax must now come or the game was up. The nineteenth man went in and came out without a sound. We had staked our cause upon a donkey, and he had failed us.

But Mahmoud Ibn Moosa said to me quietly, "Maintain silence; it is all right."

The men were now sitting before him in the original order. "Stand!" he ordered. When all were up he added, "Hold your hands out before you with the palms up." Each man held out his hands. Ibn Moosa descended from his pedestal and, walking to the man in the row who first entered the tent, he stooped over and laid his face into the outstretched palms. He held it there for perhaps five seconds, then repeated the process on the next man. I was puzzled beyond measure. He came to the twelfth man, bent his face into his palms, then in a flash leaped back, drew his sword and said, "You dirty dog of a thief, get that gold at once or I will disembowel you on the spot!"

The man fell upon his face, begging for mercy, then leaped to his feet, stepped outside the circle of camels, removed a flat stone, pushed away some loose earth, and came back with my bag.

"Give it to the *howadji!*"

The bag was put into my hands, and I found the gold intact. Then two men were ordered to flog the thief. After a few not very heavy blows I begged for mercy for him, and he was released. The sheik went to his tent, and the meeting broke up.

Glad to get my money, I was still anxious to know how the thief had been discovered. I could devise no theory that seemed to fit the case.

As we rode along the next day I asked the sheik outright to explain it. He looked at me in a comical manner and said, "You must not tell my men, but the donkey's tail was soaked in a solution of mint and afterwards dried. All pulled the tail but the thief. His hand alone had no smell of mint upon it."

"Mashallah! God is great," I replied.

Life's Like That .

We had been thrilled with the beauty of the giant redwoods on our holiday trip up the coast of California, and we could hardly wait to compare notes with friends who had made the same trip several weeks later

"Weren't the redwood trees awesome?" we exclaimed

Our friends looked blank "Trees?" said the wife in perplexity "Oh," she added brightly, "that must have been the day we did 600 miles"

Kathleen Grange

Driving a brand new car I was unfamiliar with the controls In my uncertainty, I changed lanes at a bad time, pulling in front of a bus The driver dexterously managed to avoid hitting me and, as we pulled up side by side at the traffic lights, I expected a tongue lashing

Instead he waved at me pleasantly and shouted, "That certainly is a nice car you *still* have" M G W

We were about to land in a rainstorm, when the pilot announced that, although our nose wheel was jammed, he thought we would be able to get down without trouble As we circled and I saw the emergency trucks waiting below with their lights blinking ominously. I became panicky. The man next to me, however, was calmly reading a newspaper

In no time at all, we had landed safely.

My seat mate looked out of the window and said, "Well, that's a relief"

I wholeheartedly agreed "A real relief," he continued. "First rain we've had here for a month"

Mabel Morrison

It was about eight o'clock in the evening and I was waiting on a street corner for a friend A policeman sauntered by and gave me a casual once over

The second time round on his beat I thought he was going to speak to me, but he moved on

I was still waiting in growing irritation when he came round for the third time.

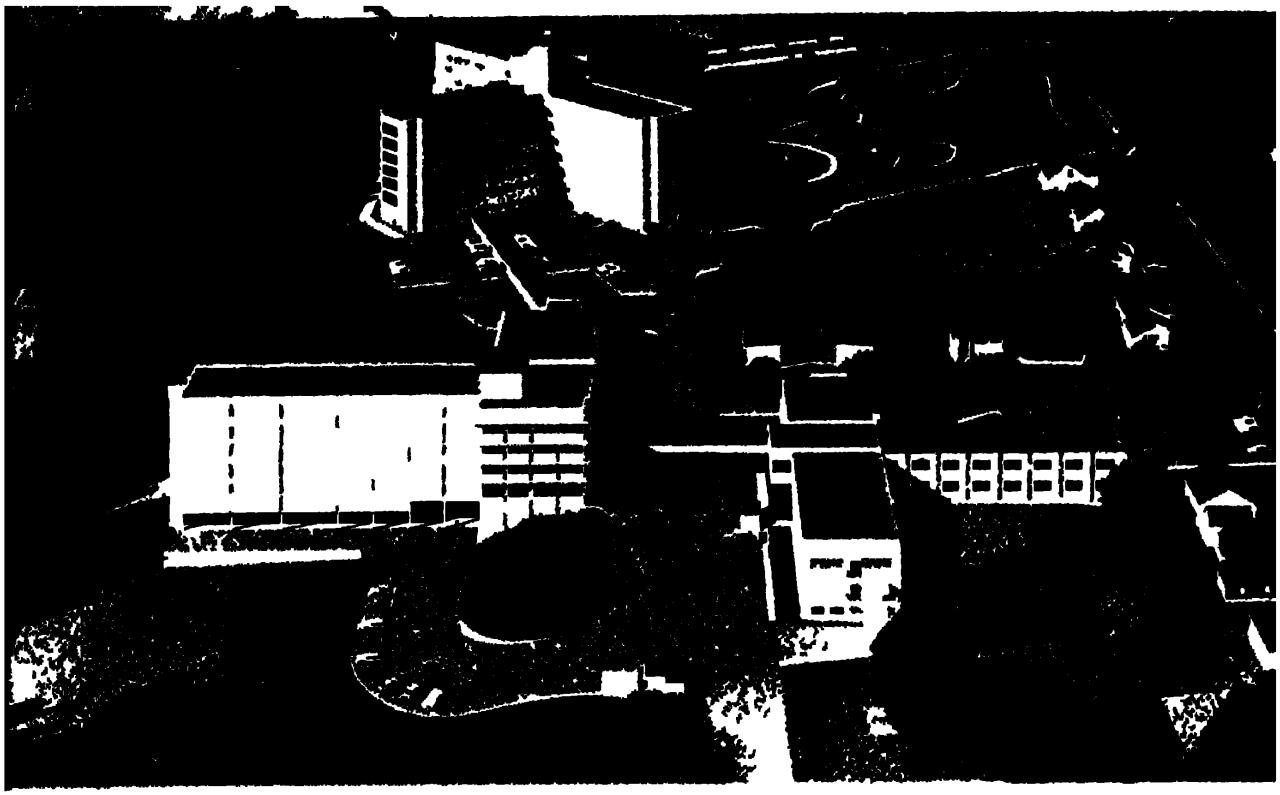
"If I were you," he said, "I'd go home Whoever he is, he isn't worth it" C. C

My girl friend's father was the old fashioned, head of the house type of man.

Although I had known him most of my life, he had always seemed to me an unusually stern parent and I was not at all sure how I would be received on this occasion However, I braced myself, and asked permission to marry his daughter.

He gave me a searching look, then walked over to the desk and wrote something on a slip of paper He called his daughter and pinned the paper to her blouse Then he pushed her in my direction and left the room without saying a word.

Quickly I unfastened the note. It read, "With the compliments of the author." Goldwin Goldsmith



No Housing Problem Here

By Arthur Baum

This American experiment in co-operative living offers a unique combination of freedom and security for people of retirement age

Hillmetie View Manor is an interesting solution to the problems of people of retirement age. It is a block of co-operative flats where lifetime security may be purchased by those who no longer wish to mow lawns, repair plumbing, cope with rent or tax increases, and otherwise maintain their own homes. At a fixed and irrevocable price the manor provides its residents with comfortable and unregimented living, recreation and, when necessary, on-the-spot nursing and hospital care. It does so in a pattern of individual freedom and relative privacy that is uncommon.

Residents may come or go as they wish and, subject to a reasonable financial penalty, may leave for good at any time. They furnish their flats with their own things. They

Condensed from the Saturday Evening Post

eat in the community dining-rooms. They may also dine out or prepare meals in their own flats, although their community board bill must be paid anyway. For such expansive affairs as family reunions there are special kitchen equipped rooms which can cater for 50 guests. No extra charge is made for the use of these rooms, or of any of the normal manor facilities.

In signing a contract with the manor, residents dispose of a large portion of their living problems at one go. They need meet only one fixed charge, regardless of any general rise in living costs. If they should outlive their finances, a portion of the manor's charitable programme is designed to carry them along.

Perched on a bluff above the Willamette River, eight miles south of Portland, Oregon, the manor is a non-profit-making organization, but it is also an estate worth six million dollars, with elaborate grounds and buildings, and with one full-time employee for every seven residents. Therefore it needs substantial funds. These come primarily from two sources: the sale of flats, and a monthly fee paid by occupants. Residents thus must have an original capital outlay and a reasonable, steady income.

A manor flat costs from 7,500 dollars to 20,000 dollars (Rs. 36,000 to Rs. 95,000), varying with size. Those costing 8,000 dollars (Rs. 38,000) or more have fully equipped kitchenettes. All the flats have views of the Willamette River, green Oregon hills and snowcaps, or vistas of the manor's 22 landscaped acres. The monthly fee of 100 dollars (Rs. 475) per person covers food, laundry, and many medical services. Maids clean each flat thoroughly every other week. Garage space carries a small charge, but parking is free, as are moorings for boats.

A hospital with infirmary wings houses those who need continuous medical attention. Infirmary quarters and care, for the ailing but not bedridden, cost 150 dollars a month; full hospital bed-space costs 200 dollars.

Major medical expenses not covered by the hospital service (which usually means major operations) can be underwritten by inexpensive medical insurance, and there is a chemist's that dispenses its wares at less than retail prices.

Residents of this miniature city (there are 385 flats, 470 people—with women outnumbering men four to one) cover a considerable financial range. Some are wealthy; some scrape by on pensions. A few are not retired at all, but continue to work full-time at jobs in the Portland area. A few others operate small businesses within the manor. There are seven flats which have been donated to occupants through a substantial (and confidential) charitable programme.

Life is as private as it is for flat-dwellers anywhere. The manor is



A star performer...

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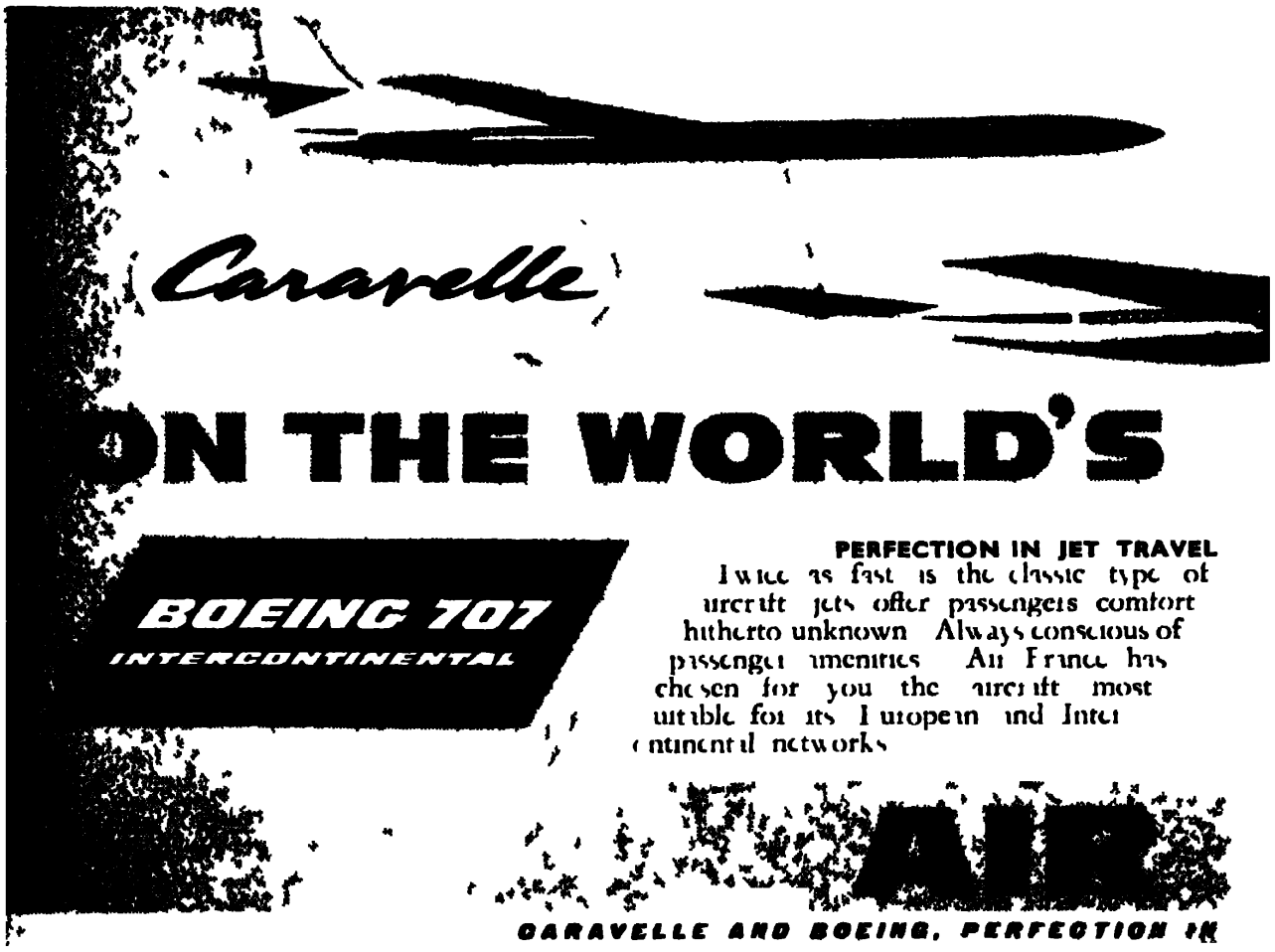
a regular stop on a 20 minute bus route into Portland and many residents take voluntary jobs in the city go on shopping trips or to theatres and concerts On Sundays the manor's own bus makes a complimentary church trip depositing and picking up worshippers at their respective churches

Residents arrange their own activities films dances card parties and showings of their travel pictures in a large community hall There are sewing rooms equipped with machines On each floor in each building is a television lounge for those without their own sets Camera enthusiasts have a darkroom available and there are two excellently equipped metal- and wood working shops

Outdoor facilities are soon to include barbecue fireplaces picnic areas, a putting green, sites for croquet and horseshoe pitching Two large games rooms include full sized carpeted greens for bowls a highly popular game among both men and women Then there is the Willamette River for fishing

Manor residents overwhelmingly approve of their home One retired businessman even wishes that he and his wife had become residents earlier than they did I think this life is a way of staving off old age he says

The manor sets no age restriction



on those who join it; residents range from 50 to 90 plus, with an average age of 68. Lillian Hoffman, a singer, once gave a recital at the manor, liked the place, and persuaded her husband, Dan, to retire there with her. Dan is one of the 100 residents who maintain individual garden plots in the manor grounds.

Another gardener, Ernest Carr, is also the most active photographer and a woodworker as well. In one of the workshops which are full of community tools brought by residents he and Dallas Mark turn out products of professional quality, charging a small amount for tool sharpening and replacements.

Then there's Alvina Dunham, just turned 50. She and her husband had retired to a house across the river from the manor. They watched the flats going up, became interested, finally sold out and moved over. Subsequently they persuaded three relatives to join them.

Willamette View Manor originated in 1951 when a group of Oregon people persuaded a contractor to begin construction on sheer speculation with the promise that if customers did not flock to the new project immediately it would be stopped.

Within 60 days after work began, every flat was sold. And, to the surprise of businessmen, it wound up with no mortgage or other

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fixed debt, a large reserve and a sizeable charitable fund.

Of greater importance, it has no master, no organizational obligation. It is a corporation owned and managed by a 20 man board of trustees, who give their services free. Two representatives of the residents' general council sit in on board meetings, to keep the trustees informed on how those who live in the manor think it is performing.

The manor is now full and, though there are occasional vacancies, most of the flats which actuarial statistics say will become available in the next ten years have already been sold. One change has been made in the contracts, which formerly allowed residents to leave their flats to the next generation. Now each flat reverts to the manor upon the death of the owner. A surviving spouse often exchanges a larger flat for a smaller one, at a rebate.

Because the need for retirement security is growing, a number of similar projects are springing up. Hardly a day passes that does not see a delegation of visitors to Willamette View Manor who want to know, "How did you do it?" Part of the answer is that this is *not* an "old folks' home." It is for people who mean to do a lot more living.



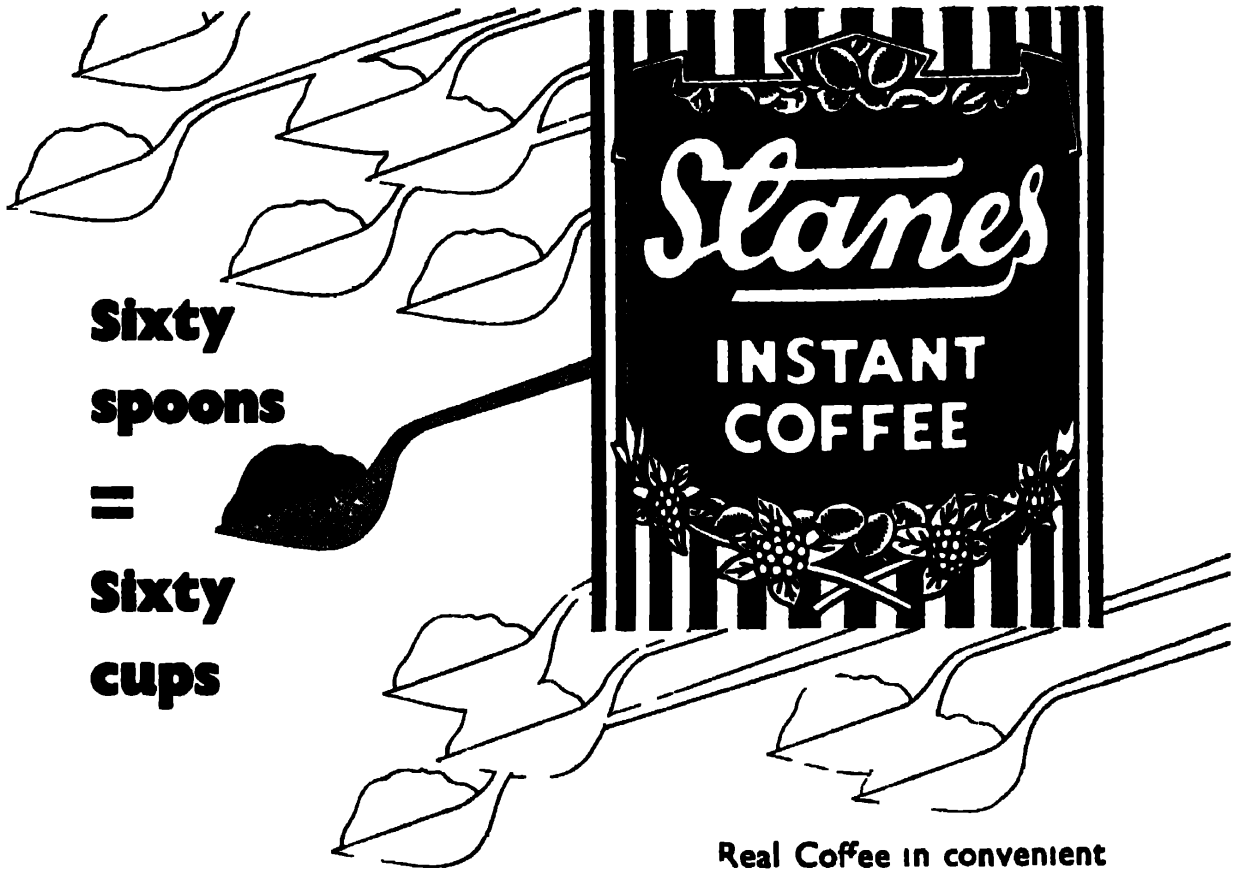
Planned Economy

My WIFE, who has a sharp eye for bargains, buys almost everything at sales. A favourite trick is to purchase Christmas presents at July sale prices and stow them away until December. But her crowning achievement occurred six months before our first child was born. Then she brought out of hiding three maternity smocks bought at a clearance sale —three years before our marriage! —Contributed by H. E. P.

Two DAYS before my cousin's wedding I received a telegram: "Everything cancelled."

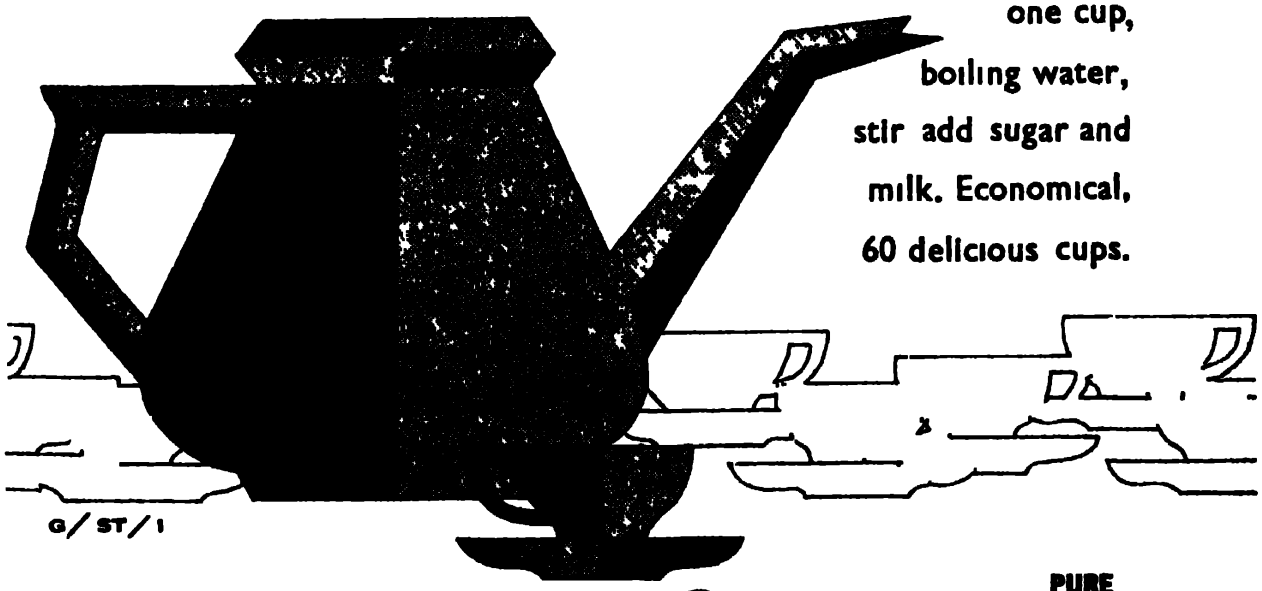
A year later we arrived at her home the day before her wedding—to another man—and drove all over town with her, attending to last-minute details. "Just one more stop," she said. "We must get our cake out of cold storage."

When I commented on how clever she was to have her cake baked ahead of time, she replied, "Ahead of time is right. It's been there a whole year!" Contributed by Mrs. R. L.



Sixty spoons = Sixty cups

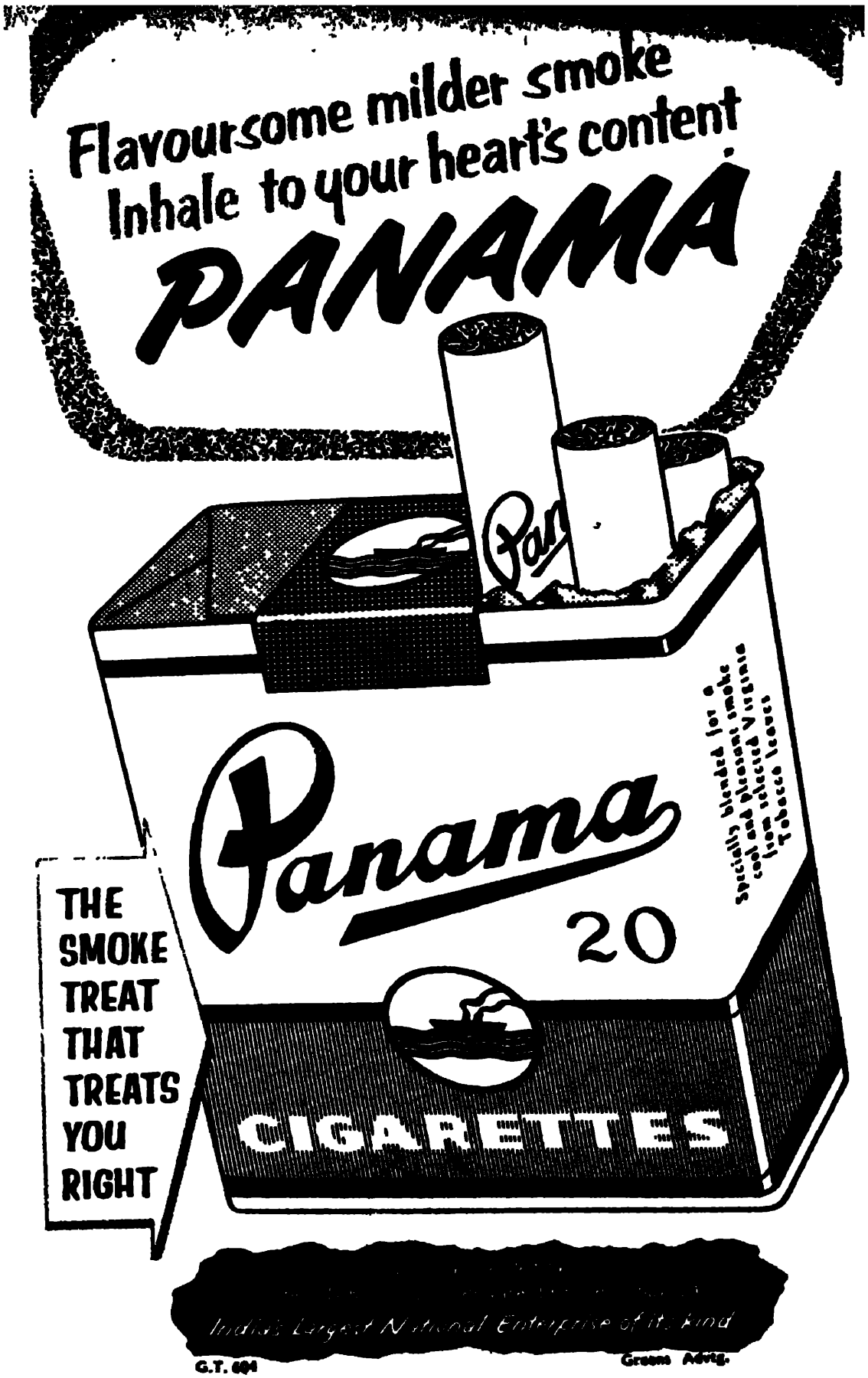
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WHY DO GOOD PEOPLE SUFFER?

By Dr. Robert Young
Presbyterian Minister

We are ever baffled by the injustice of the moral world. "Why?" is the most timeless and universal of all questions, as old as the first tear and as recent as the latest newscast. We can see a reason for scoundrels dying young, but why the untimely death of saints? We can justify a criminal's being stricken with disease, but why little children? We can accept adversity in the life of an infidel, but why in the life of the faithful?

The Bible gives us answers to these questions.

For one thing, the Bible reminds us that good people sometimes suffer because God through nature can be no respecter of persons. (*"He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."*) This is a world of law and order, where all people are subject to cause and effect regardless of their virtue or lack of it.

Good people are just as susceptible as bad people when they are exposed to contagious diseases. They strike the ground just as forcibly as wicked people when they slip and fall. The world would be an unscientific and unpredictable place in which to live if it were not like this.

For the sake of an orderly world, good people have to live under the same conditions as wicked people, except that good people have a faith and fortitude which make them masters of fate and of adversity.

Then, too, the Bible shows us that good people sometimes suffer because they do not temper goodness with other necessary qualities in life. (*"Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."*) In His parable of the dishonest steward, Jesus was suggesting to His followers that they might suffer less if they had foresight as well as faith, realism as well as idealism, and industriousness as well as spirituality. We can be as good as gold, and yet suffer poverty if we do not work and save. Very often, good people suffer because they have no prudence to go with their prayers.

Furthermore, the Scriptures reveal repeatedly that good people suffer because suffering is one of the best ways that God has of bringing

out the best in life. Consider how the Apostle Paul, suffering the infirmities of his flesh, found that when he was weak, then he was strong. Such godlike qualities as love, patience, pity and compassion are called forth in us by suffering. Without suffering, life would be mechanistic and animal-like, not godlike. A life that knows at least a little suffering never grows complacent.

And, most important of all, suffering is God's way of improving the world. If no one but wicked people suffered, we would harden our hearts and say, "They deserved it"; but when saints suffer, we cry, "This must not be." Nothing moves us more to contribute generously to the cure of cancer than what cancer does to the noblest people. Our world is evolving from chaos, savagery and imperfection towards some final realization. The suffering of good people has ever been a prime factor in motivating its rise. It takes Edith Cavell before a firing squad, Joan of Arc at the stake, millions crippled with arthritis, confined with tuberculosis, paralysed with palsy before we really attack these enemies of life with our money, our brains and our blood.

With consummate understanding and skill, one nineteenth-century clergyman wrote of suffering: "What pains and tears the slightest steps of man's progress have cost! Every hairbreadth forward has been in the agony of some soul, and humanity has reached blessing after blessing of all its vast achievement of good, with bleeding feet."

Hollywood Bedside Manner

THE TELEPHONE answering service appears to have come to full flower in Hollywood. A local inhabitant explained it to us. "There is a very rigid code of conduct expected of all answering-service subscribers," he said. "For example, a few months ago I had to go to hospital and on my first day there I received flowers from four friends, none of whom I had heard from for months. It happened like this—I telephoned my answering service and told them to send my phone calls to the hospital. They, in turn, informed the other answering services, which all have standing orders from subscribers to send flowers to certain names if they turn up on the hospital list. Four answering services had flowers sent to me. The subscribers—*my friends*—were never bothered and actually never even knew I had been in hospital."

"What did you do about thanking your friends when you got out of hospital?" we asked. "Didn't that create a problem?"

He flashed us a patronizing smile. "Of course not," he said. "When I got out, I called my answering service and asked them to thank my friends' answering services. There's a right way and a wrong way to do everything."

—C. S.

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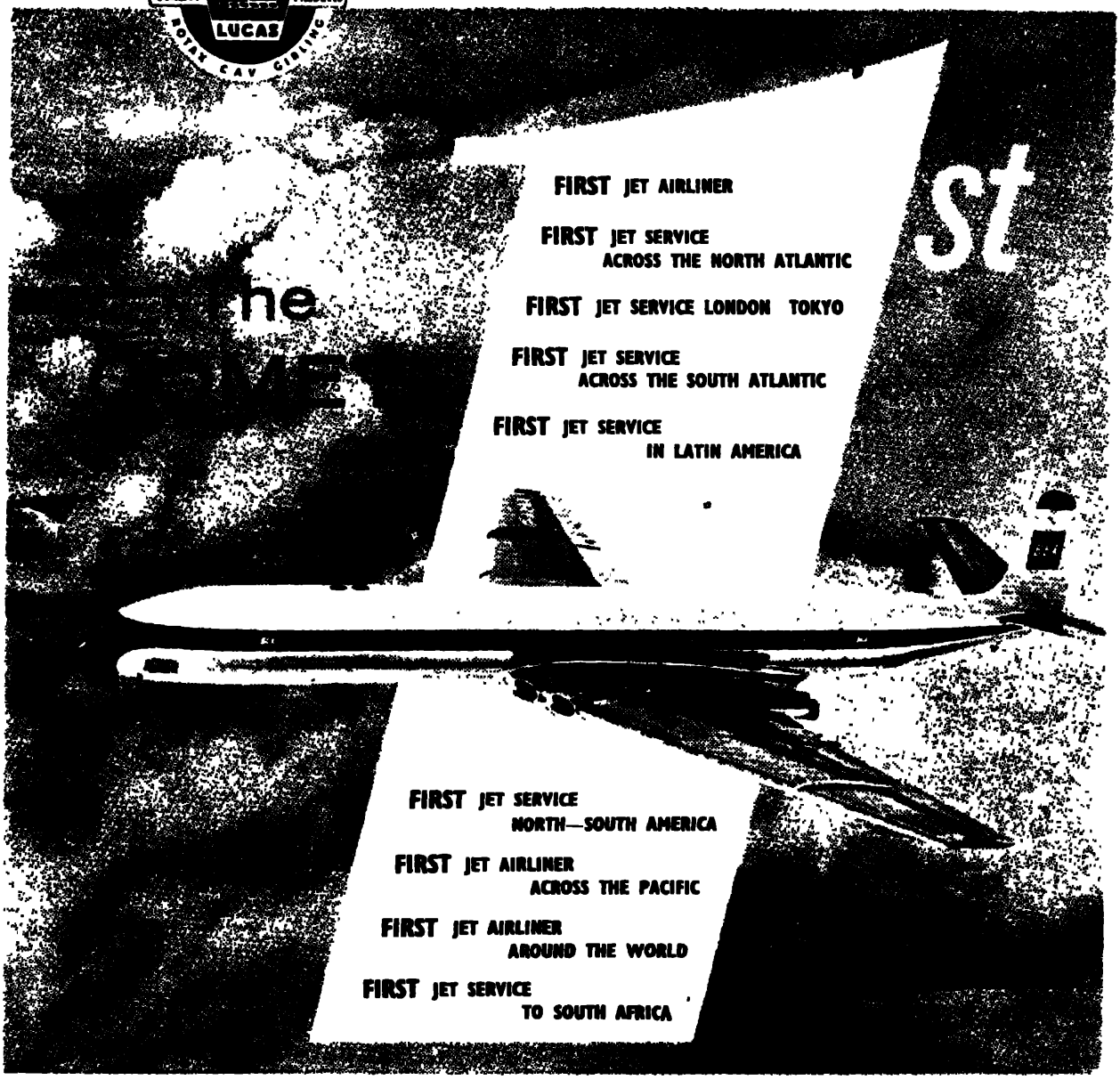
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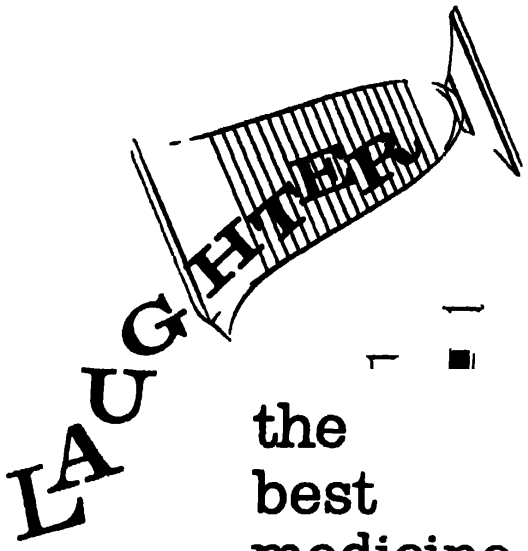


"SHE IS A BEAUTY"— AND HAS NINE "FIRSTS"

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DRIVING past a new development that he was building, a contractor saw a group of his men digging in a trench some distance from where they were supposed to be working He stopped the car and strode over to them

What's going on here?" he demanded angrily.

"Trench caved in, ' one of the men replied, without stopping his digging

'Does the foreman know about it?"

"Well," said the workman, "if he doesn't, we'll tell him as soon as we dig him out." Jack Stites

A SHORTSIGHTED girl too vain to wear glasses was determined to get married She finally found herself a husband, and went off on honeymoon with him.

When she returned her mother gave a shriek, dashed to the telephone and rang up an oculist. "Doctor," she gasped, "you've got to come over here right away. It's an emergency. My daughter has always refused to wear glasses and now she's back from her honeymoon and . . ."

"Madam," interrupted the doctor, "please control yourself. Ask your daughter to come and see me. No matter how bad her eyes are, it can't be that much of an emergency."

"Oh no?" said the mother. "Well, this fellow she's got with her isn't the same one she went on honeymoon with!" Jack Sterling

AT A diplomatic party in Greece, a visiting politician was introduced to the popular Greek drink, *ouzo* After the first glass, he noticed the furniture moving round "This is a powerful drink," he said to his host.

'Not particularly," the host replied. "This happens to be an earthquake."
—*N W*

A LAWYER was cross examining a witness After getting her name, he asked, "Occupation?"

"Housewife," she answered

"Your husband's occupation?"

Manufacturer '

The lawyer continued, 'Children?"

' No," replied the witness "Ladies' handbags" Leonard Lyons

IN FRONT of the Leaning Tower of Pisa stands an old man When tourists park their cars near the tower, he hands them a slip of paper covered with Italian printing, and asks for 20 lire Believing the sum to be a parking fee, most tourists pay it without question Recently, one visitor took the paper to an Italian friend and asked him to translate it.

The old man, it turned out, was insuring all parked cars against damage in case the tower toppled over. --*B T*

A MEEK little man stepped on to the chemist's shop scales and dropped in his coin. Out came a card reading, "Weight 9 st. 9 lb." Nodding in satisfaction, he turned the card over to see his fortune and read, "How are you going to account to your wife for the penny?" Contributed by Hal Chadwick

A NEIGHBOUR of mine who prides herself on her immaculate housekeeping was horrified when she saw a mouse run across her living room floor. Calling her daughter, she said, "I want you to go down to the ironmonger's and buy some mouse traps. But, for goodness' sake," she added, "don't tell them what they're for!"

—Contributed by Foster McCurley

BOASTING that his electronic brain could do anything, the designer told a sceptical friend to ask any question.

"Where is my father now?" the friend asked.

Out popped the answer: "Your father is fishing."

The friend delightedly disagreed: "My father, Robert Brewster, is at his office. I've just talked to him on the phone."

Retorted the machine: "Robert Brewster is at his office. Your father is fishing." — *Time*

THE HANDSOME young man seated at a restaurant table fancied himself a lady-killer. He flirted with the waitress throughout the meal, but she remained unruffled.

By the time she brought his bill, he was getting a little put out. He looked straight into her eyes. "Aren't there three little words you'd like me to whisper in your pretty pink ear?"

"Yes," she said, looking straight back at him. "'Keep the change.'"

— Contributed by Robert Stead

THE BIG business executive was in the waiting-room on the maternity floor of the hospital. While other expectant fathers paced the floor and thumbed nervously through magazines, he sat at a table working furiously at a sheaf of papers he had taken from his bulging brief-case.

After some hours a nurse came into the room and spoke to him. "It's a boy, sir," she said.

"Well," snapped the executive without looking up from his work, "ask him what he wants."

Contributed by J M W

AN ACQUAINTANCE of Mark Twain's was once talking about the wealth of a certain industrialist. "But, of course," the man said in a superior tone, "his money is tainted."

"That's right," Mark agreed. "'Taint yours, and 'taint mine."

Lewis Henry

A WOMAN in our town has the reputation of being a rather poor housekeeper. The 14-year-old son of a neighbour went to see her one day about buying some rabbits. When he came home his mother asked him what the house was like.

"Well," he said, "it's very nice, but it's a bit messy. In fact, while I was there the phone rang and they couldn't find it." —Contributed by Mrs B D

"AM I the first girl you've ever kissed?" she whispered softly to her escort. "It's quite possible," he admitted. "Were you in town in 1947?"

—Bennett Cerf

A new explanation—and promise of hope—for people who suffer from sluggishness without apparent cause

Blood Test For Tiredness

By Albert Maisel

TOMORROW morning several million men—and an even larger number of women—will wake up feeling unaccountably tired, irritable and depressed. For some, even slight exertion may make their muscles ache. As the day progresses, many will find themselves yearning for a nap; yet at night they may toss for hours with insomnia. And, with the coming of the next day, they will start the same dreary cycle all over again.

Many, possibly most, of these people are victims of a glandular deficiency termed *partial* hypothyroidism. Their thyroid glands produce a tiny fraction less of the thyroid hormone than is normally required, slowing down both their physical and their mental processes so that they cannot function with normal brightness and vigour. Recent surveys indicate that about one in 20 people suffer from these debilitating effects.

Once diagnosed, partial hypothyroidism is easily relieved by simple replacement therapy. The patient merely takes enough thyroid hormone—in pills—to make up for what his own gland fails to produce. Recoveries, dramatically rapid, can be maintained under careful medical supervision, with periodic adjustments of dosage. But, unfortunately, great numbers of sufferers never get such relief. For a combination of circumstances has conspired to obscure their condition and prevent diagnosis.

Doctors rarely have trouble recognizing the extreme and far less common thyroid troubles.

A wildly *over*active thyroid, for example, often makes the eyes bulge from their sockets, and such *hyper*thyroid patients feel driven to eat

ravenously. Extremely *under*active thyroids likewise produce unmistakable symptoms: the face becomes bloated and expressionless; eyelids droop; nose and lips thicken; speech grows hoarse and slurred; sensitivity to cold becomes intense.

But the thyroid that is gradually slowing down may not be suspected even when its activity has fallen 15 or 20 per cent below normal. Instead the vague and varying symptoms of partial hypothyroidism—chronic tiredness, muscle weakness, headache, constipation, nasal congestion, menstrual disturbances or just a general below par feeling—may be attributed to a host of conditions other than thyroid insufficiency.

Even if doctors do prescribe a thyroid-activity test, they cannot always be certain of an accurate diagnosis. The most widely used test, developed nearly 30 years ago and still one of the most important tools of modern medicine, is a method of estimating thyroid activity indirectly, by measuring the rate of oxygen consumption.*

But this so-called basal-metabolic rate (BMR) test must be administered when the patient's metabolism (the process of converting food into energy) is in a "basal" or resting state, since even the activity of digesting a meal makes the metabolic rate shoot up.

Doctors have found, for example, that it is almost impossible to get dependable BMR readings on patients under 12 because youngsters have difficulty in remaining quiet during the test period. Adult patients sometimes become *too* relaxed and fall asleep, producing a deceptively low reading. Or they worry: a nervous agitation affects metabolism just as physical exertion does; it can boost oxygen consumption by 20 per cent or more. Thus, for a partial hypothyroid—with a true basal rate of, say, minus 20 per cent—anxiety may so elevate the reading that it falsely indicates normal thyroid function.

There is another test, however, which is completely uninfluenced by the patient's physical activity or emotional state. Called PBI (for protein-bound iodine), it was developed nearly 20 years ago in America by Dr. Albert Chaney. Chaney's imagination was sparked by a report that chemists had devised a method of measuring the iodine content of complex chemicals. Bound into human blood, Chaney knew, were minute quantities of iodine, derived almost entirely from the thyroid hormone sent into the blood stream by the thyroid gland.

If the iodine content of human blood could be accurately measured, he reasoned, doctors would have a precise way to determine all-important thyroid activity.

Working long hours in the laboratory, the young chemist, helped by methods suggested by

* See "The Test That Tells How Fast We Live," The Reader's Digest, March 1956.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LOST TOOTH

I am Maxillary Molar — Max to my friends and neighbours. And I belong to Mr B. I was meant to last him a lifetime; but here I am at a dentist's — being extracted! And I haven't lived half my age! I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Mr B screams with pain!

I was born when Mr B was eight years old, sixteen years ago. I grew up to be a shining white tooth. Whenever Mr B looked into the mirror, I shone with whiteness, like the rest of my brethren. We were a set of gleaming white teeth. And no wonder. Mr B cleaned us regularly, morning and evening — with a toothpaste, of course.

You probably use a toothpaste yourself. But *which* toothpaste? That's the point. I've just heard the dentist say to Mr B: 'Most toothpastes clean the teeth well; but that's not enough. A toothpaste must care for the gums, too. Do you know that unhealthy gums are the greatest single cause of tooth losses?'

A little laugh escaped Mr B.

'Gum troubles are no laughing matter, Mr B. They breed toxic matter in the mouth, which cannot but pass into the body. When this happens, stomach troubles and ill-health start.'

'Grruff!'

'Research has shown,' continued the dentist, 'that 9 out of 10 people suffer from gum diseases — without being aware of it! *You* are one of the nine, Mr B.'

'What can I do about it?' mumbled Mr B.

'Well, this is what *I* do,' the dentist said, picking up a phial from his shelf. 'We dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate for treating gum troubles.'

'Sodium Ricinoleate?' Mr B said, brightening up. 'That reminds me of Gibbs SR Toothpaste. I've read an advertisement where they say that only Gibbs SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate. What does it do?'

'It strengthens the gums and prevents their bleeding. And it neutralises the toxic action of bacteria in the mouth.'

The dentist's forceps have gripped me firmly — and ohh! there's no last straw left for me. Before I am dropped into the dentist's little bin, let me tell you why I relate my story. I want to help you save *your* teeth. Let them last you a lifetime, as they are meant to do! Let your *own* teeth chew your food all your days. Let them add sparkle to your smile all your life.

Down, down I go! *(Clink!)*

Have started the Gibbs SR habit! Hurray!
Mr. B.

German research, refined and extended the technique. He found that he could take a sample of blood serum, decompose the organic matter in it by adding a mixture of chromic and sulphuric acids, then distil the iodine out of the mixture. Finally, measuring this iodine in a colour-matching machine, he was able to produce an amazingly precise determination of the quantity of protein-bound iodine. Here was an uncomplicated, exact index of thyroid-hormone production, the first practical method in medical history for directly measuring an active, circulating hormone.

The most extensive studies of the new test were carried on by a group from the medical school of the University of Southern California, headed by Dr. Paul Starr.

Typical of the puzzling cases studied by Dr. Starr's group at the thyroid clinic of the Los Angeles County Hospital was that of a 46-year-old newspaper photographer. His swollen eyelids, breathing difficulties and nervousness might have suggested an overactive thyroid. BMR tests, however, indicated normal thyroid function. But at the clinic a PBI test revealed a substantial thyroid *under*activity. Treated with small doses of thyroid hormone, the photographer's PBI level soon rose to normal and, under continued treatment, his troubles did not recur.

Some victims of repeated miscarriages—the so-called habitual aborters—were referred to the thyroid clinic. And in many cases, after basal-metabolism tests had failed to reveal thyroid deficiency, the PBI test provided firm evidence of partial hypothyroidism. After thyroid treatment, checked by repeated PBI tests, many of these women succeeded in giving birth to healthy, full-term babies.

From the paediatric services came young children whose growth seemed retarded, and adolescents whose growth had ceased prematurely. For such youngsters the PBI test provided a prompt and reliable means of determining whether their development had been slowed by partial hypothyroidism. And when thyroid dysfunction was revealed, periodic PBI's indicated the right quantities of thyroid treatment needed to maintain a normal level of circulating thyroid hormone.

Over the past 18 years Dr. Starr and his associates have used the PBI test in the diagnosis of more than 10,000 patients. Time and again the test indicated an underfunctioning thyroid gland as a major cause of vague and obscure ailments. Research at many institutions has confirmed the usefulness of this diagnostic tool. Except among patients who have been receiving iodine-containing treatment, or iodine-loaded substances to facilitate the taking of X-rays, the PBI test, when it is carefully performed by competent technicians, will give a measure of



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thyroid activity that is accurate to 1/1000th of a milligram.

During the last four years Dr. Starr's thyroid-research group has developed a potentially far-reaching use for the PBI test. Blood samples were obtained in routine medical examinations of 4,500 industrial and white-collar workers and executives. None of these men was ill. Yet, when PBI tests were performed on their blood, fully five per cent of the group proved to be partial hypothyroids. Because the survey involved no women, among whom underfunctioning thyroids are much more common than among men, there is reason to believe that the actual incidence of partial hypothyroidism in the population as a whole may be substantially higher than five per cent.

Use of the PBI test as a mass-screening procedure is still distant, since facilities and trained personnel are not yet available.

But for many of those who suffer from chronic fatigue without apparent cause, such analyses may mean the beginning of precise thyroid treatment that will bring them back to health and well-being.

Party Lines

SITTING next to a taciturn man at a dinner party, a young woman made valiant efforts to get him to talk. She tried sport, current events, books, travel, food, theatre, weather—all to no avail. Finally he leaned towards her and said, "Try me on leather." —Claire MacMurray

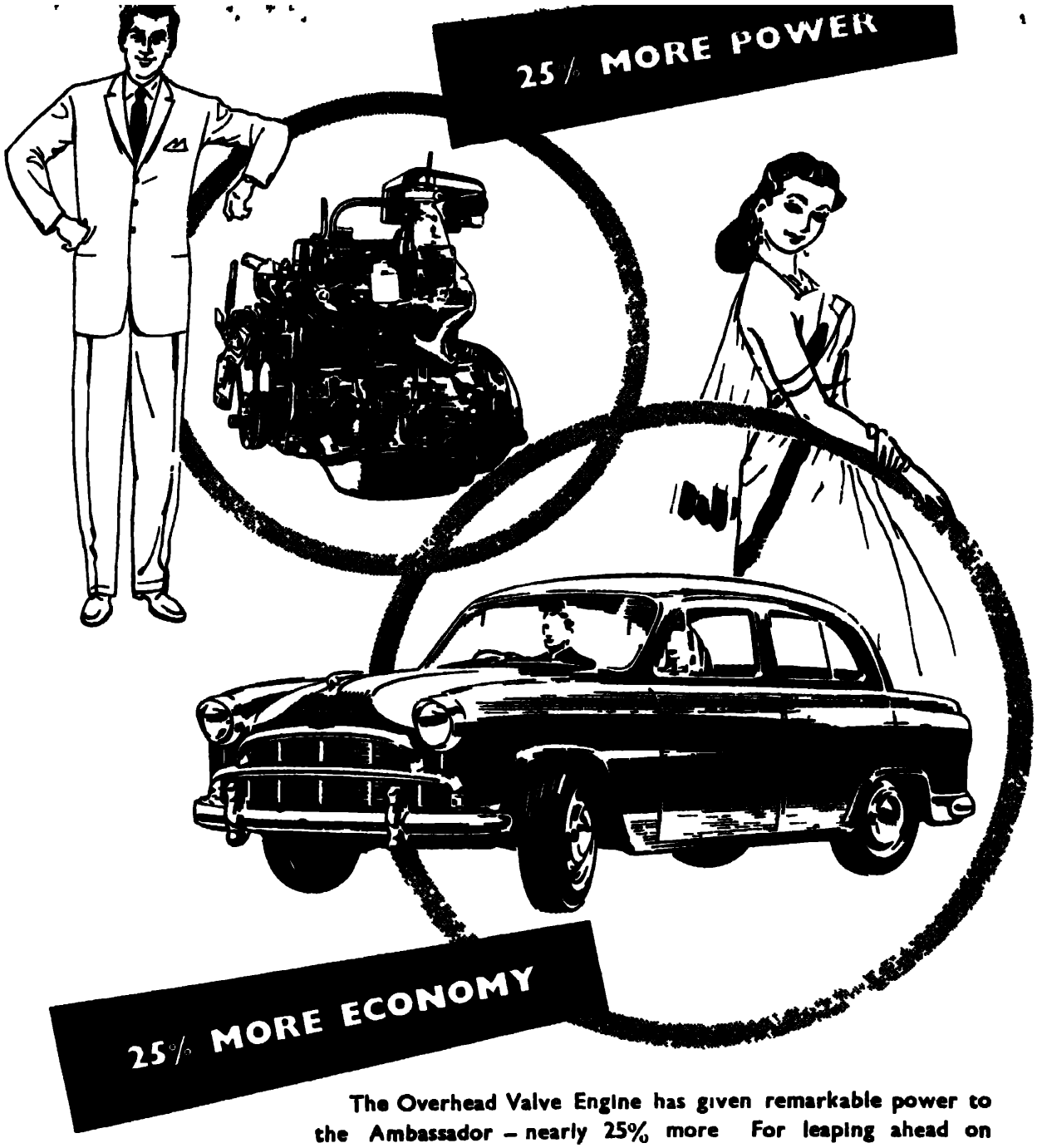
AT A cocktail party an enthusiastic rocket scientist was explaining what tremendous advances science had made. "Why, only this year," he said, "we sent several mice into outer space."

A bejewelled dowager, obviously unimpressed, remarked, "Isn't that an awfully expensive way to get rid of them?" —Jack Sterling

TWO KINDS of punch were being served at a wedding reception: one non-alcoholic for the younger set, the other mixed with champagne for the adults. One young guest was overheard asking for refills. "One regular," he said, "and one high-octane, please."

—Contributed by Mrs. Ernest Summers

AT A local dance a young man was eyeing an attractive young lady. He looked her over from head to toe, evidently trying to decide whether to ask her to dance. Finally the girl swept past him and asked, "Well, did I pass?" —Contributed by R. K.



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WHALE!



By Elizabeth Forrest

Abruptly we were wide awake. Running feet were thudding down the hallway. That was no casual visitor--visions of gunshot wounds, of fatal haemorrhages, flashed through my mind. But Earle had another explanation "Whale!" he cried, sitting straight up in bed. The door was flung open and Robert, our interpreter, burst into our room. "James boat kill whale," he panted "All people going on the ice. You like come?"

Would we come! Before he had left the room we were dragging on fur garments. We snatched sweet chocolate, dried fruit and biscuits, and ran out. Every igloo had disgorged its occupants. Team after team was pulling out of the village towards the whaling camp, 12 miles out on the ice at the edge of open water Amazed, I saw sleds slide past bearing shrivelled old men and women who had huddled bedridden all the winter in their igloos.

Robert dashed up with James Angashuk's nine sturdy dogs We flung ourselves at the sled as it slipped past and were off, hurtling down the sheer pitch to the beach and into the high piled ice of the Arctic pack. Earle and Robert took turns at running alongside, one hand on the sled rail, urging the dogs to greater speed. We jolted over shattered fragments of ice where trail work had been done, slipped between sheer glittering walls, and grazed azure boulders.

Two hours of travel, the dark water drew steadily nearer. Suddenly Robert cried out and pointed. The dogs, scenting fresh blood,

The events described in this article took place in Alaska before the last war, when Elizabeth Forrest and her husband were working as government teachers for the Eskimoes at Wainwright, 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle

uttered harsh cries and broke into a frenzied lope. We flew around sharp angles on one runner, miraculously right side up, and there was the scene of the kill: two tents, dull grey against the whiteness; a strip of open water, black between the floes; and, in the water at the floe's edge, a dark bulk floating. Sealskin lines through the broad flukes of the tail held it securely to the ice; sealskins, air-filled, kept it afloat.

Swiftly the other teams arrived. The frantic dogs were securely fastened. Then James produced a strong hemp line and block and tackle, fastened it about the tail, and the entire population, man, woman and child, Earle and I among them, leaned and chanted and strained. Slowly the vast bulk rose from the water and slowly it moved on to the floe. A great shout went up: *"Adreegah! Ko-yeh-nuh!"*

There was no time, however, for idle rejoicing. A gentle west wind was blowing, holding the ice inshore, but at any instant it might veer to the east, break off the field that held the monster's carcass, and carry it away to sea. Everybody set to work swiftly. According to time-honoured custom, the very old people were given first chance. Shrivelled old Shuguk, whom I had never seen do anything more strenuous than crouch above a seal-oil lamp tending the moss wick, moved spryly about, slashing with a long butcher's knife. Behind each withered ancient a chain of daughters and sons, grandchildren and great-grandchildren seized each piece hacked off and dragged it away to a private heap. At last the old ones drew off and sat huddled up in the warm sunshine. I too sat watching. The reek of warm blood filled my nostrils. The pure white snow was now a shambles. Steam of body warmth still rose from the great carcass, and over it swarmed men, women and children, wallowing in the quivering mountain of flesh.

From time to time one of them paused to cut off a bit of pale grey tongue, a piece of gum or tail or thick black hide and, head cocked on one side, slowly chewed it, savouring its distinctive flavour. Again and again I saw a workman straighten up and draw a cautious tongue along his dripping scarlet blade, leaving it clean.

At last the cutting-in was finished. Only a heap of raw red ribs, a huge skeleton, lay where the whale had lain. James, as head-man of the killing crew, apportioned the heaps of meat and entrails, skin and bones, among the families. Then the sleds were loaded to capacity, and the procession set out for the village. All except the very old and crippled walked.

The way back was long. Behind thick black sun-glasses our eyes burned from lack of sleep; muscles ached. At last, 20 hours after we had left home, we stepped once more out of the glaring sun into the cool twilight of our snow hallway.

"As the fairy waved her wand, Cinderella's rags changed into a lovely



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For us there would be sleep now. But for our people there would be many sleepless hours, back and forth from open water to shore, until every vestige of the huge mammal had been transported to the village—food and fuel for many weeks to come.

By the middle of June the floes were so widely separated that the pursuit of whales was no longer safe. Now was the time to celebrate the Whale Dance—the *Relakatuk*. Early one morning the three whaling boats were tipped on edge to form a three-sided shelter; beneath them walrus hides were laid for seats. A great circular piece of walrus hide with loops woven into the edges was stretched taut as a drum and held, breast high, by four tripods at the corners.

By ten o'clock a crowd had gathered. Grace Azuvik was first to volunteer for the dancing. Eager hands lifted her to the walrus-skin platform. All crowded close to its edges, grasping the loops. Then, with great shouting, they snapped the hide, flinging her into the air. High above the heads of the crowd she jack-knifed, touching her extended toes with her finger-tips; she came down sitting, and sprang again into the air, with dancing gestures, landing skilfully on her feet.

One after another, women and girls took their places on the hide —each with an individual style of dancing. Selameoo's wife crossed her legs, scissor-fashion, many times in the air; others clapped hands and feet together. The younger girls were generally poor performers; and few men attempted the Whale Dance. Those who did were awkward and the women taunted them. Kotook alone was skilful; he put on a clever caricature of a woman dancing, taking absurd positions as he bounced high in the air.

The dancers stopped to feast; and stews of *oogrook*, walrus and polar bear quickly disappeared; duck soup was gulped noisily. Whale, however, was the *pièce de résistance*. Tail and flippers were eaten frozen raw, and pans of *muktuk*, the prized black whale skin, came smoking from igloos. But the greatest delicacy was in sealskin pokes—choice bits of meat long-seasoned and ripened, pickled in blood and oil. Kotook hauled a poke to the centre of the crowd and slit it from end to end. How the fumes rolled out! Earle and I retired to a discreet distance.

The feast over, the drums struck up a monotonous beat and the mechanical posturing of the regular Eskimo dance began. For hours we had been watching. The nervous tension was exhausting; our necks ached from the strain of bending back; our voices were hoarse from shouting.

Leaving the festivities at their height, we slipped away and fell asleep to the thudding of the drums.



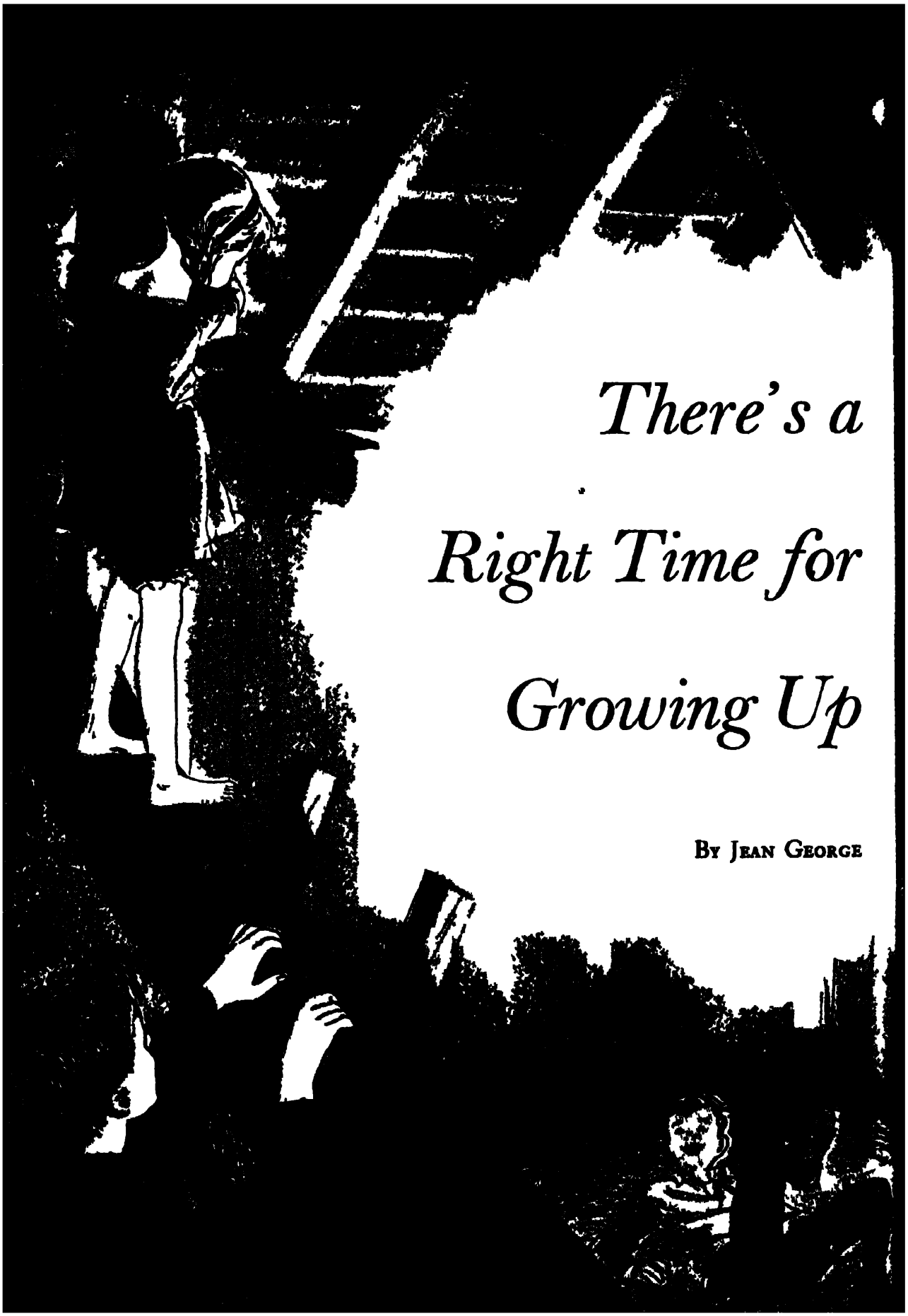
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There's a Right Time for Growing Up

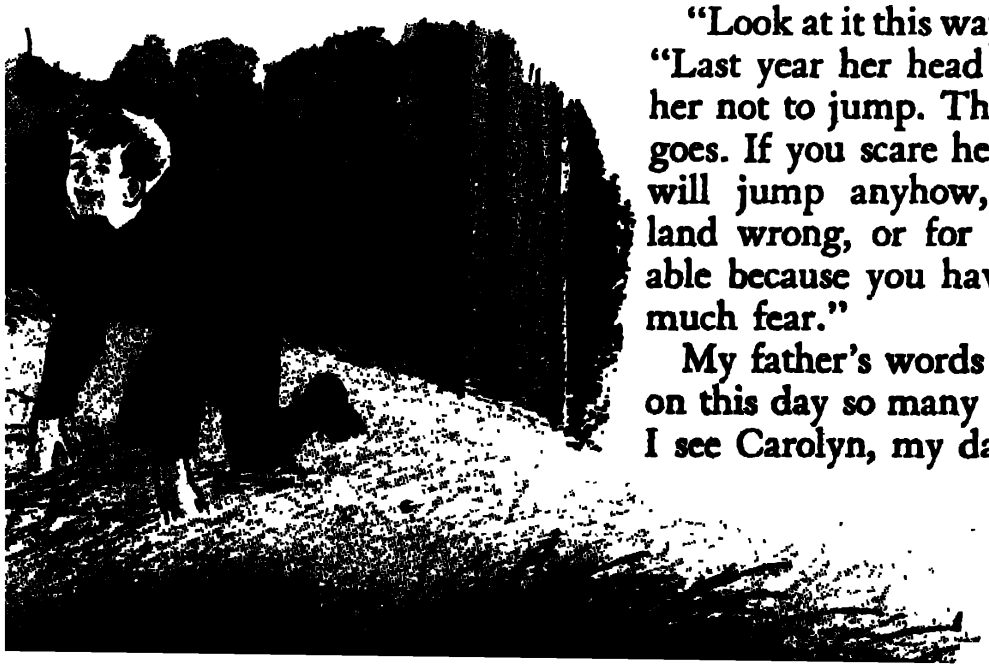
By Jean George

Every one of us has his own built-in sense of timing—and it rarely pays to tamper with it

FROM THE dizzy heights of the barn rafters I looked down into a sea of hay. It was terrifying. Yet my brothers hurled themselves out into space—and dropped. Their shouts of joy rang out from far below. I closed my eyes to jump. But the fear of falling was still too strong in me. I clung to the dusty beams, unable to loosen my fingers. A long hour passed. Then I came down, ladder rung by ladder rung.

The following summer I was nine, and we were back again at the farm. I ran to the barn, hurried up the ladder, walked out along the beam—and jumped.

Condensed from Parents' Magazine



The moment in space went to my stomach, and then I was down, buried in a twilight of hay and dust and meadow scents. I had done it. I had jumped from the hayloft!

When I told my parents, Mother, in a worried burst, reprimanded me.

My father grinned: "Oh, let her go," he said. "If she hadn't been capable of it, she wouldn't have tried it. The body has its own intelligence. Without pressure to do things too early, or too much protection from adults, children find their own right time to grow. They do it as naturally as a calf wobbling to an understanding with its legs, or a bird flying from the nest."

"But it's *dangerous* jumping from the loft," Mother persisted.

"Look at it this way," Father said. "Last year her head and body told her not to jump. This year, off she goes. If you scare her to death, she will jump anyhow, and possibly land wrong, or for ever be miserable because you have instilled too much fear."

My father's words come to mind on this day so many years later, for I see Carolyn, my daughter, in the

apple tree hanging by her knees and about to let go with her hands. My impulse is to run out and bring her safely down. But I won't. She has been playing in that tree and working up to this trick for a long time now, and I am going to respect her own inner timing, neither telling her all the terrible consequences that *might* happen nor urging her to succeed.

And there she goes!--yellow hair fanning down, arms crooked for an emergency. She is tightly held, safe and confident.

I am glad I let her work this out herself. I did not want her feat to be as it had been with her brother, Craig and his bike. When Craig was five, one of his contemporaries whizzed down the street on a bike. My husband and I told ourselves that our sturdy Craig could certainly match that, and immediately bought him a bike.

For weeks we ran up and down the street holding him on that lurching vehicle. As soon as we let go, he would tilt—and crash into the bushes. John and I got more and more exasperated, but we stuck it out on principle: Craig was not going to start something he didn't finish.

Yet the harder we worked with him, the more frustrated and incompetent he became.

Then one day, in a desperate effort to please us, he took the bike out alone. The battered child I removed from the spokes and pedals brought us to our senses. That ended the bike lessons.

One quiet day about a year later I saw Craig come out of the garage with the bike. Slowly he spun the pedals and studied them for a moment. Then, calmly, he got on the seat and rolled away! He wobbled, but he went.

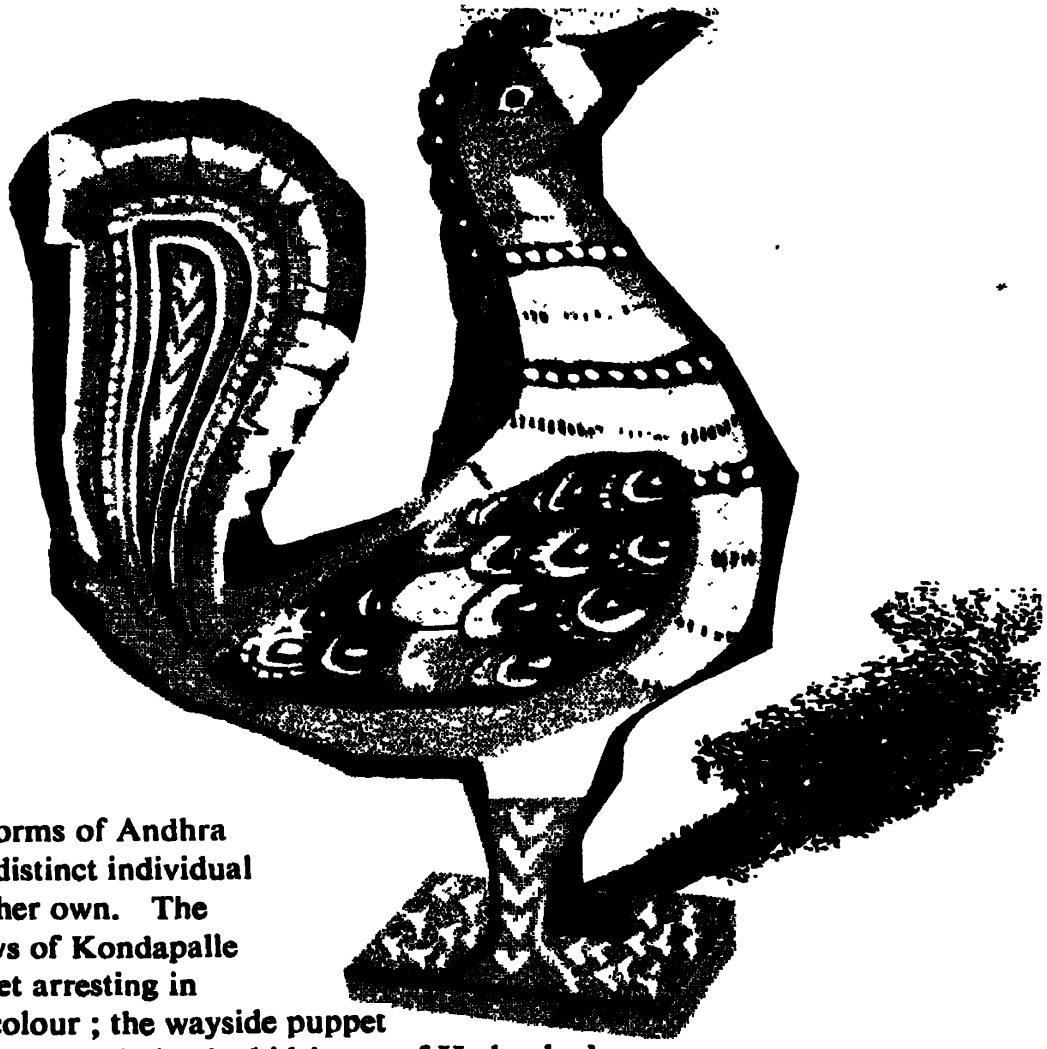
When Craig came home that night, he was an older boy. The body does indeed have "its own intelligence," and his had found its own right time to grow up.

"But what about discipline?" asked a neighbour when we were talking about letting children grow at their own pace.

"If I don't shape Bobby now, what control will I have over him? I want him to grow up decent, self-controlled, successful."

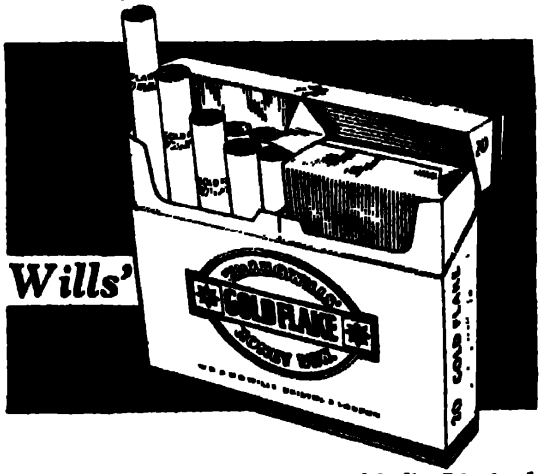
I could only answer from experience that John and I had had at a school where John taught for many years. It was there we learned that the most self-controlled youngsters were always the ones whose parents appreciated their natural pace of growing and trusted their independence. This didn't mean that the children had been undisciplined. Far from it. There had been rules and limits, but wise ones. And there had been a minimum of that pushing and prodding to make the child into a better image of the parents.

I remember how well a daughter of friends of ours grew up because her parents respected her feelings. During her last year at school she



Folk art forms of Andhra indicate a distinct individual culture of her own. The painted toys of Kondapalle —simple yet arresting in form and colour ; the wayside puppet show with leather dolls, the bidriware of Hyderabad and the fine cotton prints of Masulipatnam—all these crafts show a creative skill which is born out of a long cultural tradition. The same trend is also evident in the works of the great poets and composers and the traditional theatre emanating from the 'Street Play.' Even the rich musical language of Andhra—'Telugu'—is named after the original Telingana Empire of medieval India.

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fell in love and got engaged. I knew her parents were planning to send her to college, and I asked her father how he felt about all this. His eyes twinkled.

"Nancy is stepping out of the nest," he said. "She is just discovering that parents are people, full of imperfections, not always right. And, if you recall, that discovery is a terrible shock. So along comes a golden hero her own age to whisk her away from her hurts to a 'perfect' land of innocent kisses.

"If I object, it will just prove her point about us—and zoom! she *will* marry. But give her time and she herself will realize the full meaning of the step."

One night a few months later Nancy came home earlier than expected and awakened her parents, eager to talk. Apparently her young man had pressed her too far and she was frightened.

"If I am so alarmed, Daddy," she said, "it must be that I am too young to marry. Besides, the thought of cooking and running a house is just too much for me at the moment—there are so many other things to do, places to go, things to learn." She paused for a moment, then looked lovingly at her parents. "I'm so glad you two had enough faith in me to wait until I learned the truth."

I have always admired those



parents, for they had the wisdom to respect each of the many steps to adulthood—and to look upon them all as natural things that ought to happen to a family. They do not, like so many others, promote each step into a crisis.

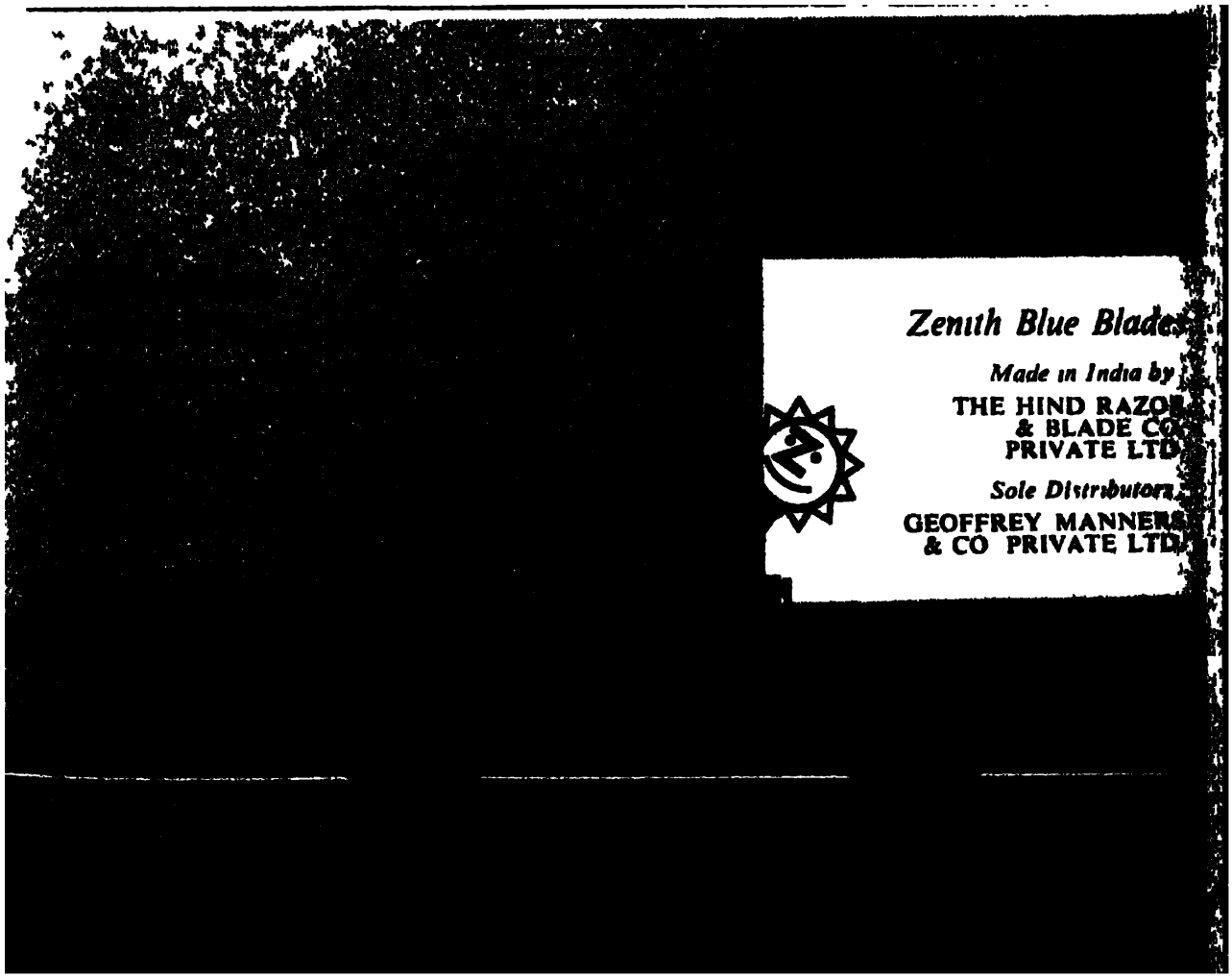
And the exciting thing is that growth needn't stop at adulthood, or parenthood, or ever. Many of the adults we love and admire most are those who keep pushing back their horizons, accepting new challenges.

Take the old farmer who, after his wife's death, was forced to sell his livestock and move to the city to live with his daughter and her family.

It was an emotional upheaval for him; wrenched from his home, for a long while he could talk about nothing but how miserable his devoted old mare must be. Finally, in desperation, his daughter took him out to see the animal.

As they drove up the farm lane, the mare came trotting down. She was sleek, well groomed, content—and on her back was a breathlessly happy young girl

Somehow, the incident gave the old man the confidence to find new resources in himself. Back in the city he offered his services to a park near his home, asking permission to mulch the shrubs and trim the walks in the summer, and clear the ice for the children to skate in the



winter. His help was welcomed, and the old man met a whole new world. He used his knowledge of the land to make the park a verdant spot, and his personality to persuade other retired men to join him in the work. He had faced his altered circumstances and grown to meet them.

Most of us get so caught up in the web of living that we are afraid to change. Certainly this was true of me—until just recently. I had a big housekeeping job to do, children to bring up, a husband to help—all of which was perfectly right, but there seemed to be no time to *grow*. Then one day the phone rang and a friend announced gaily: "I've been asked to work with the children's theatre in town—write songs, type, paint, sell tickets. I need your help. Would you like to try it?"

Through the doorway I could see the dog chasing the cat, and our two-year-old throwing toy bricks about. The soup on the stove was about to boil over. It was a preposterous idea! There wasn't a spare minute in my day.

"It would be just the thing for me to do when the children are grown up," I cried desperately, wanting so much to do it. "But just now I can't, I simply can't."

That night I awoke about three o'clock and slipped downstairs to sit by the grey coals of the fire. I put my head on my knees and began to cry. Fear of change, fear of challenge battled with my desire to try something new.

Finally it was dawn, and the household above began to stir. I heard Carolyn going through her chest of drawers looking for her school clothes, being very efficient without me. Craig woke up and started his electric train. He, too, did not need my hovering care. The baby opened his eyes and did not cry. Everything was functioning beautifully, without any prodding from me.

I looked round, and suddenly the house fitted me. The life in it was carrying it along. Work had stopped being work and had become order—and, I thought, there are always free minutes in a day if you really want to do something badly enough.

I stood up. Could it be that this *was* the right time to grow, that at last I was ready to add another dimension to my life?

I picked up the phone and, even at that hour, rang my friend. "When do we start?" I almost shouted. Then, in a burst that must have mystified her, I said, "I've just jumped from another hayloft!"

Critical Opinion

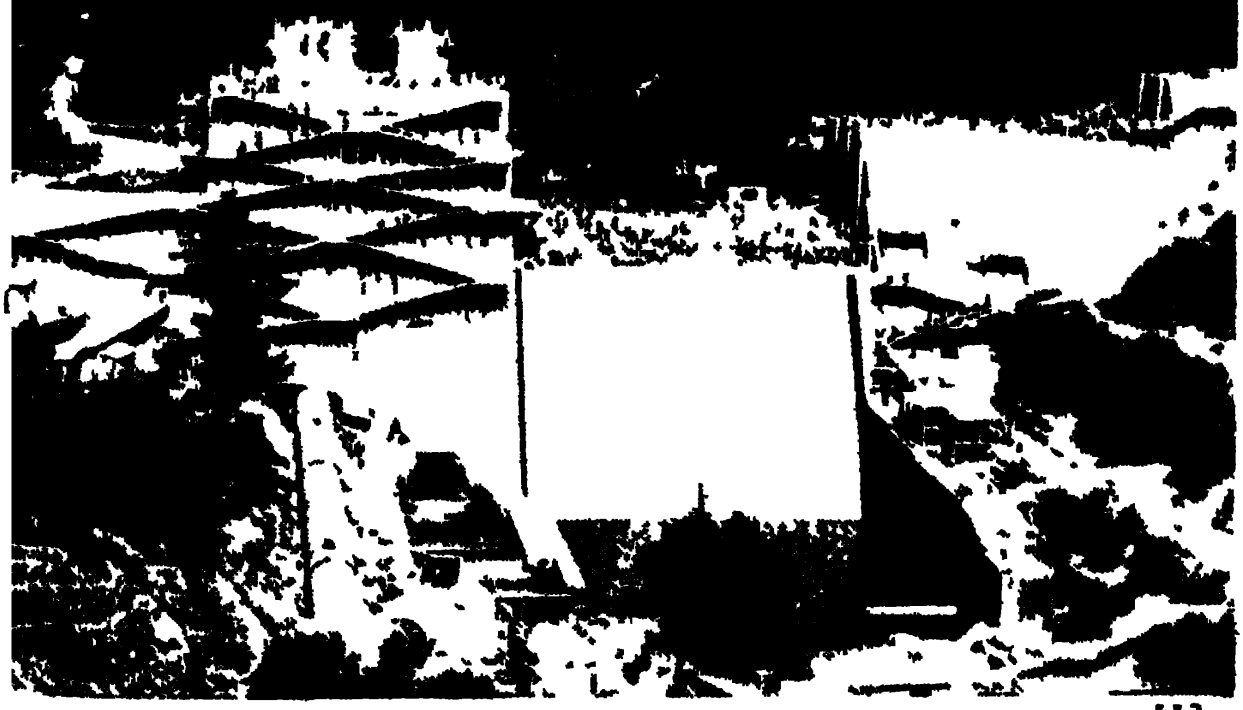
EDITOR and author Russell Lynes: "Every good journalist has a good novel in him—which is an excellent place for it." —Bennett Cerf

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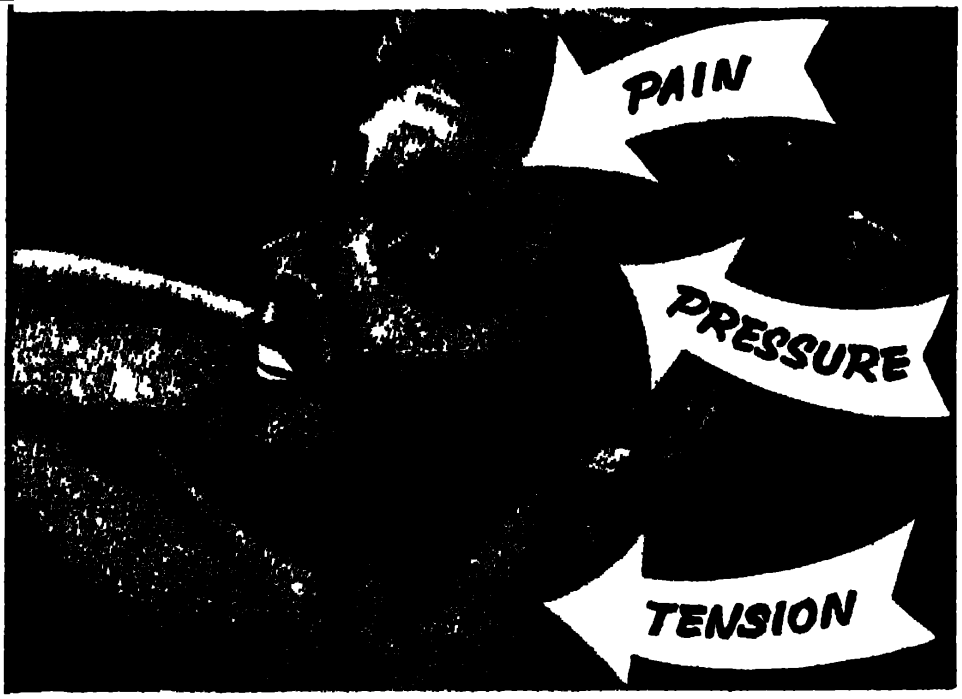
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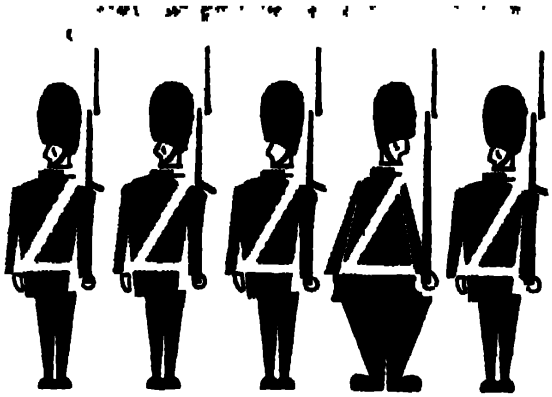
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Humour in Uniform

A VINTAGE submarine was making her best surface speed of about eight knots when a destroyer overhauled her. After an exchange of recognition signals the speeding destroyer winked from the bridge: "AM MAKING 27 KNOTS DO YOU WISH TO ACCOMPANY ME?"

The submarine captain flashed back: "PREPARING TO SUBMERGE. DO YOU WISH TO ACCOMPANY ME?"

—FRANK PERRY

THE SUPPLY ROOM was the last place to be visited during the annual general inspection of our unit. The inspecting officer picked up a fuel tank for an immersion heater and, turning to the company commander, told him there was petrol in the tank—an unpardonable sin in the supply room, where inflammable material is forbidden.

"No, sir, there can't be!" protested the C.O. Confidently he picked up the tank—and poured petrol down the front of his uniform.

Stunned, he was silent for a moment. Then he turned sadly to the inspecting officer and asked, "Do you have a match, sir?" —JOHN PINTO

A YOUNG U.S. Navy Ensign who had no navigating experience was given command of an LST (Landing Ship, Tank) at the Boston Navy Yard and instructed to deliver the craft to Morehead City, a port farther south. He set off, making certain that the coast always remained within range of his binoculars. Knowing the craft's speed, he continued on this course until, by his calculations, he was nearing his destination. Then he ordered the ship to put in to shore. When the craft was beached, he disembarked and walked inland—alone. In half an hour he returned and ordered the ship to continue south. After two hours he again ordered the ship to shore, and again he took a walk inland. When he returned, the LST headed south once more, this time closer to shore.

Within an hour Morehead City harbour came into view off the starboard bow Soon the harbour pilot was aboard, guiding the craft to its berth. When the pilot asked if it had been a good trip, the young officer confided, "It turned out fine. Whenever I was in doubt, I just asked for directions at filling stations along the ocean highway." —DONALD CESARE

IN AN ARMY garrison in Germany, one of the rules of the bachelor officers' quarters was, "No female guests will be allowed above the ground floor."

Then one December day a new notice, signed by the commanding officer, appeared on the board. It read: "Due to the coming holiday season female visitors may be entertained in the officers' quarters, provided that three people are present, TWO OF WHOM MUST BE OF THE SAME SEX." —C. W

A WELL-ADVERTISED film star was creating a big stir on the beach, giving out autographs. When a soldier stopped near her to light his cigarette, she asked, "Autograph?"

"Oh, certainly," he replied obligingly. Drawing paper and pen from his pocket, he wrote his name and handed the autograph to an embarrassed film star. —EILEN SHUFORD

WHILE WORKING for the navy, I was instructed to take some important papers to the home of my boss, a naval commander. His wife met me at the door, saying solemnly, "My husband asked me to remind you that you have been cleared to handle secret material and that anything you see here is to be regarded as such."

I nodded gravely, impressed with my mission, as she led me to the kitchen. There, in a polka-dot apron, stood the commander, carefully spooning cake mixture into a baking tin.

—B. G. A.

ON MY FIRST day as a recruit I was ordered to report to the cook-house, where a sergeant issued me with a knife and introduced me to a mountain of potatoes.

"But, Sarge," I said, "surely in this day and age the army has machines to peel potatoes."

"We have," he replied. "And you're the latest model." —A. INGLEHEARN

ON A TOUR of duty at a naval air station, I noticed a petty officer wearing a strange badge. I asked him what it was. "I'm a parachute rigger," he answered.

Intrigued, I asked him how he had started in parachute rigging.

"Well," he said, "it was the only job the navy had to offer me where there were never any complaints."

—ERIC KUHN

WHEN MY husband was in the navy in 1944, I wanted to send him a "happy anniversary" telegram, but the telegraph office informed me that wartime restrictions forbade the transmission of non-essential messages. I returned later with another telegram, which went through without question. It read: "ANXIOUS TO CONTINUE PARTNERSHIP. DESIRE TO ENLARGE FIRM EARLIEST CONVENIENCE."

—MRS. ANDREW MURDOCH

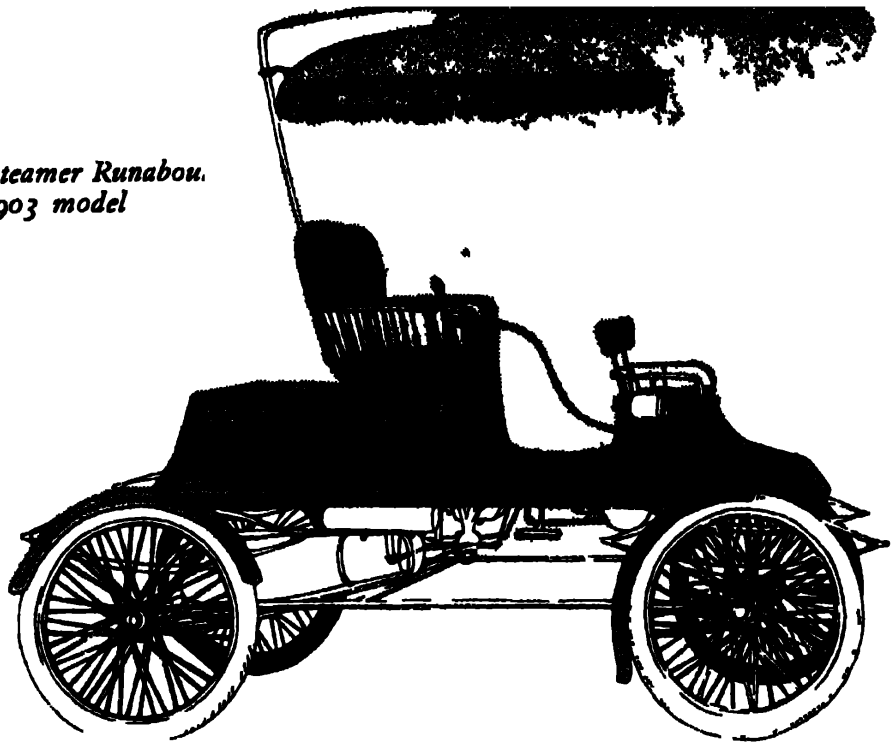
A PAL of mine, spending the night at an air force station, went to the library to write letters. The assistant librarian was a gorgeous young woman, and my friend made separate trips to her desk to ask for stationery, pen, an envelope, so that he could look her over from stem to stern. On his fourth trip the librarian quickly handed him a stamp.

"You're a mind reader," he said.

"If I were," she replied, "you'd be court-martialled." —T. J. W.

SERVING as an air force instructor pilot, I was on duty one day as landing supervisor at an auxiliary field where flying cadets were performing their initial solo flights. One student pilot was having trouble getting his aircraft on the ground. When he had made four unsuccessful attempts at landing, I decided he needed some reassurance and advice. I asked on the radio for the pilot who had just made his fourth approach.

"There's no pilot in this aircraft," came back the high-pitched reply. "I'm up here by myself." —E. J. O.



Stanley Steamer Runabou.
1903 model

The Saga of the Stanley Steamer

The most wonderful car of its era had a fabulous life—and an untimely death

By John Carlova

AT THE TURN of the century the American motor car industry was in a stage of youthful indecision Two courses lay open to it to follow the well defined path of steam propulsion, or to explore the lesser known by way of petrol power Steam seemed to have the brighter future

The course of an industry, however, is sometimes influenced by isolated incidents. Such an incident occurred in 1907 at Ormond Beach, Florida, where a crowd had gathered to watch the annual car speed trials After a number of petrol cars had made their runs, none reaching the 100 m p h mark, the Stanley Steamer entry appeared It was a frail vehicle that looked like a canoe turned upside down and mounted on spindly wheels The Press of the day had dubbed it "The Flying Tea-kettle "

As the Steamer started its run,

silent except for a low, soft whistle, a jet-like white stream flowed from its tail. Nearly 50 years later Fred Marriott, the driver, described what happened: "I quickly got up to 197 miles an hour, and the speed was rising fast when the car hit a slight bump. I felt it lift and twist a little in the air. It rose off the beach and travelled 100 feet through the air before it struck. I was thrown clear and pretty badly smashed. The machine was bashed to pieces. The boiler, blowing steam like a meteor, rolled for a mile down the beach."

Thus was born the myth that a Steamer was too fast to stay on the ground—one of the many legends surrounding the best car of its era, and the most maligned. No man, it was said, could open the throttle and stay with the Steamer. Rumours went the rounds about men who had been blown to bits trying.

The truth is that it was impossible for a Stanley Steamer to blow up. The fuel burners of early models did tend to "flood," shooting out sheets of smoke and flame. This looked a lot more dangerous than it was, since the front part of the car was virtually a fire-proof compartment and the flames would go out of their own accord. Some drivers, with the aplomb for which Steamer men were noted, simply ignored the blaze and continued on their way, to the consternation of human and animal life in the vicinity. They did not always escape unscathed, however. One of them was driving a flaming Steamer when a hastily summoned fire-engine pulled alongside and doused both vehicle and driver.

Such incidents as this—and the tales that grew out of them—contributed to the death of the Stanley Steamer. This was a sad passing, for the Steamer was more than a car. It was the symbol of an era of individuality and independence.

Appropriately, the Steamer was the brain child of two of the most rugged individualists in industrial history, the Stanley brothers of Kingfield, Maine—Francis E. and Freeland O., better known as "F. E." and "F. O."

They were identical twins. One was seldom seen without the other, and both were always whittling wood. This led them into the hobby of making fine violins. Such an artistic side-line was not incongruous. The Stanley Steamer was as much a work of art as it was of mechanics. The Stanleys themselves whittled some of the precise wooden forms required for casting machinery.

The first Steamer was simply a small engine and boiler slung beneath a carriage, but it was an immediate success. Spectators were particularly impressed by the vehicle's brisk pace and strange silence. "It was like watching a pair of trousers run down the street with nobody in them," one man recalls.

The Stanley twins were not above taking advantage of their car's

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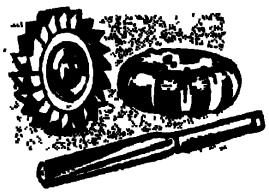
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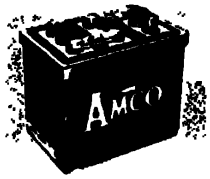
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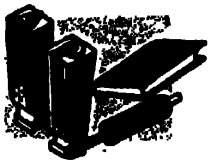


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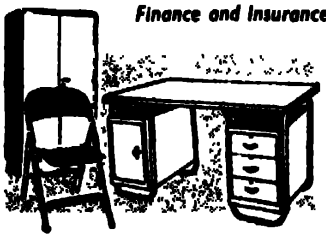
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silence. Noiselessly pulling up to a toll bridge on one occasion, they found the keeper sound asleep. When woken up, he demanded, "How did you get here? Where's your horse?"

"He got away from us," said F. E. "Have you seen him?"

The keeper shook his head. "No —but you'll have to get that carriage out of the way."

"Of course," said F. E., and covertly touched the throttle. The carriage glided silently across the bridge, leaving the keeper staring after it with open mouth.

Horses also suffered from the silent Steamer. Some wouldn't go near a trough that had been used by a Steamer taking on water. Dogs were another story. As soon as a Steamer appeared the entire canine population would come up, barking and howling. It used to be a mystery how dogs a mile away knew that an unobtrusive Stanley was in the neighbourhood. Today it is not hard to guess that the sharp-eared dogs were attracted by the supersonic pitch of the Steamer's burner.

In 1899 the Stanley Motor Carriage Co. planned to make 200 cars in a factory which the twins had bought in Newton, Massachusetts, but this by no means meant that the Steamers were mass-produced. The mechanics—all highly skilled, temperamental craftsmen—were encouraged to assemble the cars as they thought best. Consequently, no two Steamers were ever exactly alike. One mechanic even insisted that it was better to put in the engine upside down. "Let him have his way," F. O. advised. "He's just as cussed as we are."

And the Stanleys were "cussed" indeed. A customer couldn't just walk in and buy a Steamer. If the Stanleys decided he hadn't got the right personality for their car, they wouldn't take his order. It is a measure of the Steamer's worth that it continued to sell well. The price was high for its day and the Stanleys refused to allow credit or instalment buying, which they regarded as immoral.

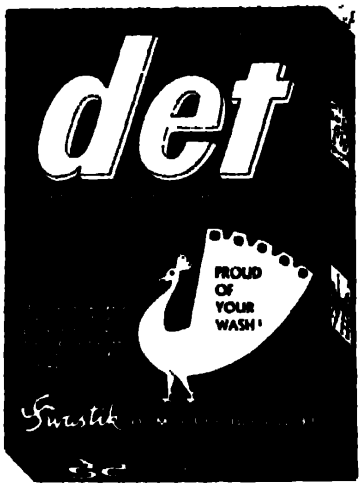
The Stanley Steamer was—and still is—a model of engineering skill, combining comfort and economy with speed and power. The source of power was a 20-gallon water tank set under the floor boards. The water was pumped into a small boiler under the bonnet where it was turned into steam by a paraffin pressure burner. The steam drove a two-cylinder engine geared directly to the rear axle. When the steam had accomplished its job it was piped back to a condenser in the nose, cooled to water and returned to the water tank. In this way, a Steamer could go 200 miles before taking on a fresh supply of water.

Driving a Stanley was simplicity itself. A touch of the throttle set it into silent motion. There was no clutch, no gear lever. It could go as fast backwards as forwards—and Stanley drivers sometimes passed

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petrol-driven cars in that manner.

It was at hill-climbing that the Stanley Steamer first attracted wide notice. In 1899 F. O., with his wife as passenger, drove a Steamer to the top of 6,288-foot Mount Washington, the highest peak in New England, in two hours and ten minutes —a remarkable feat for its day and the first time a motor vehicle had accomplished anything like it. It was not until four years later that the first petrol-powered car managed to climb Mount Washington in a little less than two hours.

The next year F. E. took a new-model Stanley up the mountain in 28 minutes. This was the sort of incident that stopped any argument as to which was the best car on the road in those days.

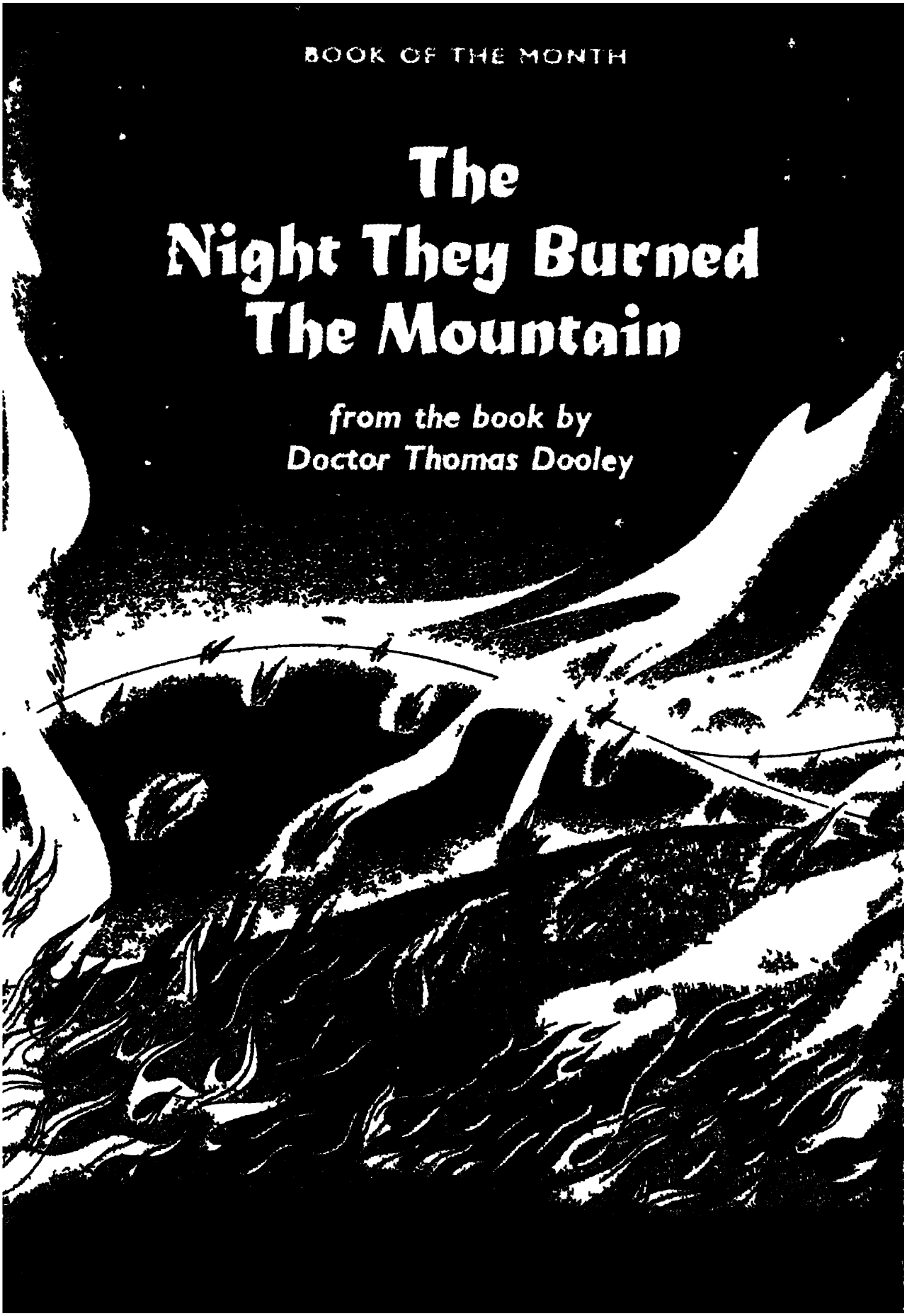
Owners often used tricks to further the Stanley legend. A favour ite one was to walk down the road ahead of a parked Steamer, then whistle. The car, responding like a well-trained dog, would roll up to its master. The explanation was simple. The Steamer, after standing for a while, would cool off. If the throttle was then opened, very slightly, it would be a few seconds before the engine took hold. This would give the driver time to walk down the road and whistle. The effect on spectators can be imagined.

The decline of the Steamer was as rapid as its rise. One day in 1918 F. E. started out on a trip. Coming over the crest of a hill, he found the road blocked by two farm wagons. Rather than hit them he turned off the road and crashed into a ditch. He was killed instantly.

F. O. had retired, and the company had passed into other hands. It lingered on a few years, lost without those "cussed" dreamers and craftsmen, the Stanley twins. In 1925 the firm went out of business. Mass production and the petrol engine had triumphed.

Today there are car experts who cannot understand why the Steamer was allowed to pass away. They argue that with modern improvements—such as a boiler capable of a quick start—the Steamer would be a far better car than the present petrol car. A few years ago a petroleum engineer improved an old Stanley and drove it 3,000 miles on 30*s*. (Rs. 20) worth of furnace oil. Some steam fans today hide their silent secret under the modern exterior of a converted petrol car. Others take their Stanleys to sports-car meetings and beat some of the latest models from the assembly lines.

Not long ago one big car firm asked Calvin and Charles Williams to demonstrate their highly improved steam motor. They claim that it can be built for one-third the price of a petrol engine, and can perform with greater efficiency—on cheap fuel oil. It is perhaps significant that the Williams brothers are twins. Motor-car history may yet repeat itself. The greatest glory of steam cars may lie ahead.


BOOK OF THE MONTH
The
Night They Burned
The Mountain
from the book by
Doctor Thomas Dooley

Approximately every two years Dr. Tom Dooley seems to produce a book exciting enough to warrant condensation in The Reader's Digest. In 1956 *he thrilled millions with an account of how, as a young naval officer, he was able to use the powers of modern medicine as an effective instrument against Communism in North Vietnam. In* 1958 *he recounted his further adventures as a voluntary medical missionary in charge of two small, primitive hospitals which he opened in Laos. His success with these "pilot operations" was encouraging enough to inspire the formation of Medico, a private organization devoted to the establishment of Dooley-type hospitals and clinics in Laos and other medically under-privileged lands.*

Now, in The Night They Burned the Mountain, *Dr. Dooley reports his experiences as a doctor in northern Laos, five miles from the border of Red China. He tells, too, of his own ordeal as the victim of a disease that has ushered him into what Albert Schweitzer has called "the fellowship of those who bear the mark of pain."*

Dr. Charles Mayo, of the world-famous Mayo Clinic, has paid this tribute to Dr. Dooley: "I consider his unselfish work a truly remarkable manifestation of one free man helping others less fortunate on a simple person-to-person basis, and a shining example of international co-operation at its very best."

Dr. Dooley's death - Jan '61 - in America - of cancer, believed to be the result - "malignant melanoma"

THE NIGHT THEY BURNED THE MOUNTAIN

TOWARDS the end of May, in the Kingdom of Laos, the long, hot dry season draws to a close. The heat is still oppressive, even in the northern mountains where our hospital is located. Sweltering, exhausted, we count the days till the beginning of Nyam Fon, the monsoon season, which will drench the rain forests, flood the dry gullies and river beds, and restore life to the parched soil.

One night in May 1959, as Nyam Fon drew near, I worked late in the living-room of our house in the hospital compound. The stillness was broken only by the clatter of my typewriter and the spluttering of the paraffin table lamp. My fingers were sweaty and my T-shirt was wringing wet. I was moody, depressed, filled with some strange anxiety I couldn't explain.

Seeking a breath of fresh air, I stepped outside. Our village, Muong Sing, lies in a bowl-like valley, surrounded by a rim of high mountains. Tonight the bowl was covered

 Condensed from "The Night They Burned the Mountain," © 1960 by Thomas A. Dooley
Photographs by Erica Anderson

with a canopy of stars, and I saw that the mountainsides were also alive with moving lights.

For a moment I thought that they were fire-flies. But the lights grew bigger and brighter; they seemed to spread out and merge into great splotches of flame. Then the acrid odour of burning vegetation stung my nostrils, and I realized that flaming torches were being put to the mountains' dense, dry foliage.



Happy reunion for Dr. Dooley and a former patient

My first thought was of the Communist raiders. Only a few weeks earlier they had destroyed a village on the other side of the mountains, killing every inhabitant. Now they had come, I thought, to burn Muong Sing, the base of the "white witch doctors" whom they reviled as spies.

The fires spread until the valley seemed like a vast bowl of flames. Waves of heat rolled down over the compound, and the glare lit up the mud-coloured walls of our low buildings. I heard voices and scurrying behind me as others in our household awakened. Then a short, dark figure appeared. It was Ngoan, the most able of my Lao assistants.

"Do not be alarmed," he said calmly. "This is the night they burn the mountain."

I had forgotten about this primitive custom of the tribes of northern Laos. It is a traditional festival dedicated to the spring planting. Towards the end of the dry season, on a night chosen by the astrologers and witch doctors, feasting is climaxed by burning the dry mountainsides on which upland rice is to be planted.

With this explanation, I should have heaved a sigh of relief. Instead, in this weird setting, the strange

foreboding I had felt all the evening grew even more ominous. Long after the others had gone back to bed, I stood there alone, watching the burning mountains, trying to rationalize my fears. What was wrong with me? What was I afraid of?

War, of course, seemed inevitable. The Communists were reported to be massing across the border in Red China and North Vietnam. But surely they wouldn't try to start operations before the monsoon season ended in October.

The Communist threats against our hospital were not to be taken lightly. But I had lived too long under the Red shadow to be unduly alarmed on that score.

My First Practice

Well, then, what was it? There was money enough in the bank at home to keep our medical outpost going for another year. My own health was none too good; but I ascribed that to fatigue and overwork. There was nothing wrong with me that rest wouldn't cure.

At last I went back into the house and fell into bed, with that sense of doom weighing upon me. It was still there when I awoke a few hours later and looked out at the smoke-filled valley.

Sure as hell, I thought, something is going to happen. And that "something" is going to happen to me.

This was my third "tour of duty" as a doctor in South-East Asia. The first was in 1954–55 when, as a cocky 28-year-old lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, I was left in command of an evacuation camp in Haiphong, North Vietnam. Fresh from my first hospital job, I suddenly had a "practice" consisting of 600,000 Vietnamese fugitives, all desperate to escape from Communist territory. They were filthy, they had diseases I had never heard of, and many of them, mutilated by Communist torture, required emergency operations that called for the skill of a surgeon with vastly more experience than I had.

However, I had found what every doctor, deep in his heart, hopes to find—an opportunity to provide, for sick people who desperately need it, the merciful care he has been trained to give. So, in 1956, I resigned from the navy and returned to South-East Asia, this time to the troubled Kingdom of Laos. I set up my first mud-hut hospital in Vang Vieng, in central Laos, and then a second in Nam Tha, five miles from the Chinese border.

Some Americans in South-East Asia, busy with grandiose schemes of foreign aid, said I was running a shoe-string operation, and practising "nineteenth-century medicine." Well, they were right. But what they overlooked was that I was treating sick people who lived not in the nineteenth century but in the Middle Ages. Most of my patients would never live to see the day when the planners' dreams of white-tiled

clinics and modern hospitals in the Asian jungles would become realities. These people needed medical help *now,* no matter how primitive it might seem by Western standards.

When people realized just how great that need was—and just how much our plain-as-mud experiment could help—they reacted with instant sympathy and compassion. They sent me notes, money-orders, cheques, savings bonds. School kids saved their pennies for my clinic, and even sold "Doughnuts for Dooley." Pharmaceutical and surgical supply companies asked me what I needed and told me to write my own order. Hundreds of doctors, nurses, medical technicians and university students offered to work with me or to staff similar medical outposts.

In November 1957 I turned over my hospitals to the Lao Government. With them went a trained staff of Lao assistants, nurses and midwives, and my entire supply of medicines and surgical equipment. That was the way I had planned it. Everything was organized along simple lines so that the Lao themselves could take over and carry on. My successor at Nam Tha was a *médecin indochinois,* a *lycée* or secondary-school graduate who had had medical training similar to that of a service medical orderly. That's the best Laos can provide in the way of doctors at the moment.

Then I returned to the United States to plan the third phase, still determined to keep things simple, to build slowly, and to avoid the pitfalls of over-extended operations.

The Birth of Medico

Among the doctors who had volunteered their services, there was one, Dr. Peter Comanduras, who had the ability, experience and vision to organize additional medical outposts patterned on my "pilot plant" operation in Nam Tha. My experience had convinced him that for a mere 50,000 dollars it was possible to establish a hospital in a remote and medically impoverished part of the world, operate it for 18 months, then turn it over to the local government as a permanent, going concern. So Dr. Comanduras resigned his university teaching post and became secretary-general of Medico (Medical International Co-operation), which we organized under the auspices of the International Rescue Committee.

Medico assembled a distinguished board of directors made up of leading doctors, took over my roster of volunteers, the bank account with the proceeds of my books and lectures, and the back-log of goodwill represented by the individuals and firms that had helped me with their money, drugs, equipment and prayers. On February 4, 1958, we stood before a roomful of reporters, photographers and television cameras, and disclosed our plans.

"Medico's reason for existence is simple and unique," I stated. "We

are essentially doctors who are willing to sacrifice comfortable practices at home in order to treat sick people in remote parts where no medical service exists. We have no government support, sponsorship or obligations. We haven't much money, but we do know how to make what little we have go a long way. We will depend upon the services of lay volunteers, and the financial support of the people.

"Recently," I added, "I consulted Dr. Albert Schweitzer about the plan we are disclosing to you today. 'I do not know what Medico's destinies will be,' he said. 'But I do know this: you will always have happiness if you seek and find *how to serve.*' We in Medico believe that will be ample reward for us."

The day after that Press conference I started on a lecture tour that took me to 79 cities, where I spoke before 188 schools, colleges, churches, women's clubs, civic groups and medical societies. *En route,* I visited pharmaceutical companies, surgical supply houses, and corporations that had supported my work and now promised to support Medico on an even larger scale.

Dr. Comanduras made a flying trip to 23 countries, where he surveyed the need and opportunities for Medico teams. Knowing that Medico was in capable and devoted hands, I was anxious to return to my own pet project. So, in June 1958, I boarded a plane on the first leg of the journey back to Laos.

In Honolulu, I met Dwight Davis and Earl Rhine, two young Americans who had volunteered to be my assistants.

Dwight Davis had served in Korea. He was 27, a tall, lean, crew-cut lad with deep-set blue eyes and a stern, almost brooding face that masked a gentle and compassionate nature. Earl Rhine, 26, was shorter than Dwight, somewhat chubby, with a round face and dark, wavy hair. Both men were medical students and both were working their way through college as part-time surgical technicians at a hospital in Texas.

Both were recently married, however, to young nurses. I'm always reluctant to take on married men, because two years is a long time for a young man to be separated from his wife, particularly when he's away in some remote part of the world. But Esperanza Davis and Emily Rhine were in complete sympathy with their husbands' plans, and felt that the experience would be good for the future doctors. I agreed. A few days before Earl's departure, Emily Rhine informed him that they were going to have a baby. But she didn't let that change the plans.

The Court of the Leper King

WE STOPPED in Tokyo and Hong Kong to purchase some extra supplies. While I was checking our shopping list in Hong Kong, Earl and Dwight learned that life with

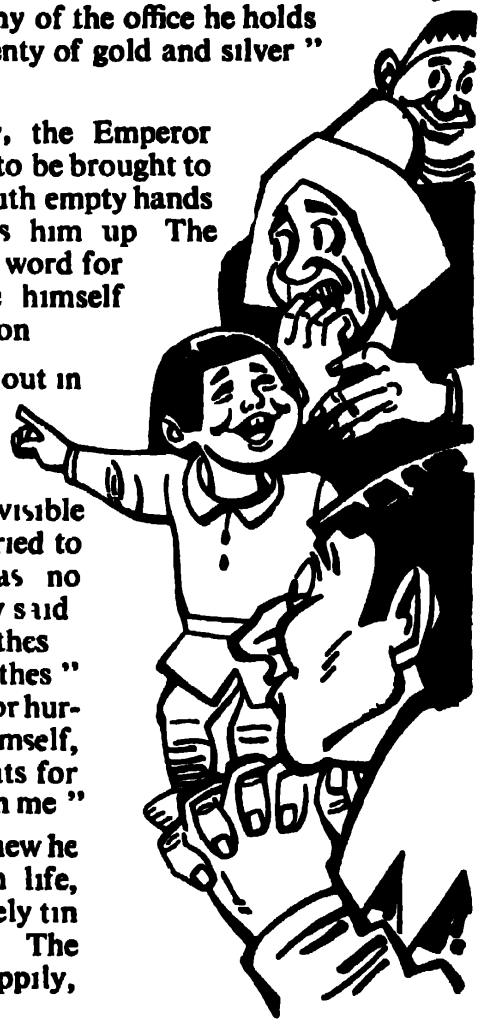


INVISIBLE CLOAK

ONCE UPON A TIME there was an Emperor. He loved beautiful clothes and he spent all his money on them

One day, two cheats came to his city and told him, "We will weave you a suit which cannot be seen by anyone who is not worthy of the office he holds But you must pay us plenty of gold and silver" The Emperor agreed

Later, on his birthday, the Emperor ordered the new clothes to be brought to him The cheats came with empty hands and pretended to dress him up The Emperor dare not say a word for fear he would disclose himself as unworthy of his station



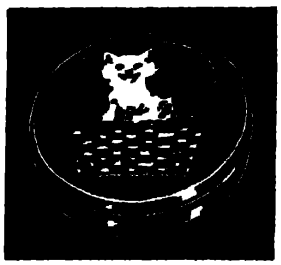
So the Emperor went out in procession None of his subjects at first had the courage to say a word about the invisible clothes Then a child cried to his mother, "He has no clothes!" Then everybody said "the Emperor has no clothes The Emperor has no clothes" The embarrassed Emperor hurried home, saying to himself, 'I will punish those cheats for the shame they brought on me"

But the cheats, who knew he loved the best things in life, presented him with a lovely tin of PARRY'S Sweets The Emperor received it happily, and pardoned them.

Moral:

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Dooley can have its cock-eyed aspects. "Now, let's see," I said. "We've got to buy a piano . . ."

"A *piano?*" The boys looked incredulous.

"Yes, a piano. And it's got to be a fine instrument, an upright, reasonably priced and guaranteed resistant to jungle rot!"

Then I told them that a club in Connecticut had insisted upon giving me some personal gift. Knowing that I love to play, they decided upon a piano. I tried to explain that the steamy rain forests of northern Laos were hardly the place for such an instrument, but they insisted. So I was stuck with a cheque plainly earmarked "for Dooley's piano."

Well, you can buy almost anything in Hong Kong if you look hard enough, and we found a zinc-lined upright piano.

From Hong Kong we flew to Saigon, where we picked up our brand-new green jeep (a gift from the manufacturer) and set out for Phnom Penh, capital of Cambodia, where I had to conclude arrangements for a new Medico team.

"I'm going to give you men a treat," I said. "Ever heard of Angkor Vat?" Both said that they remembered having read or seen pictures of the magnificent ruins deep in the jungles of Cambodia.

"Well, it's one of my favourite spots," I said. "We'll stop there, and maybe we'll have a swim in the moonlight."

A few days later, having finished our business in the capital, we drove up to Angkor Vat, the beautifully preserved ruins of the Khmer dynasty's ancient walled city. That night, under the stars, we swam in the vast, dark pool behind the Court of the Leper King. Then we sat on the moss-covered stones, talking.

"Grandeur and misery, beauty and filth, starlight and leprosy," I mused. "You'll see such startling contrasts everywhere in South-East Asia. You'll find the majestic beauty of the northern mountains breath-taking, and you'll fall in love with the gentle mountain people in their colourful costumes. But you'll find an awful lot of disease and misery.

"Time has imposed some amazing hardships on the Lao people. They're living in the past, struggling towards the future. They desperately need medical aid—there are only two Lao in the whole kingdom of three million people who are medical doctors by Western standards. In the remote areas, diseases and injuries are worsened by neglect, ignorance, superstition and the work of witch doctors. Moreover, the whole area is being assailed and threatened by Communist barbarism. So, take it from me, gentlemen, Muong Sing isn't going to be any picnic. You're going to need strong stomachs and steady nerves."

The boys listened to my briefing without interrupting. When I finished, Dwight Davis spoke up.

"Look, Doctor," he said firmly,

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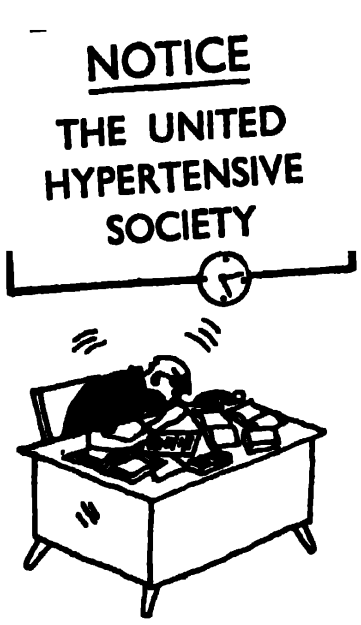
"we're not going into this like starry-eyed idealists. We've talked a lot about this job, and I think we know what we're in for. So just don't worry about us. We can take it." We shook hands on that. As we walked out through the Court of the Leper King, admiring the stone ruins in the moonlight, I was secretly congratulating myself on having enlisted two such stalwart and serious-minded young men.

Trouble? "Bau Pinh Yanh!"

EARL and Dwight drove by jeep to Bangkok, Thailand, to supervise the loading of our 32 tons of drugs and equipment that had been shipped from the United States. I flew to Vientiane, capital of Laos, on official business. The plane touched down on the hot metal-strip runway, and I got off expectantly. There wasn't a soul, Lao or American, to meet me, although I had cabled the United States Information Service, asking them to inform the Lao Government of my arrival.

I learned afterwards that my good friend, Hank Miller, chief of the United States Information Service in Laos, was away, and the officer on duty was "too busy." Well, as the Lao say, *"Bau pinh yanh!"* (Rough translation: Oh, hell, why worry!)

But the next morning, when I was ushered in to see His Excellency



Exclusive membership open to eminent personalities in business, government, politics and the professions. Intending members are urged to study the following simple rules.

Make short work of lunch to get that extra hour for urgent matters.





Never grudge long hours. Settle down to serious work after 5 p.m. when all is quiet.

Combine business with pleasure. Take your briefcase along with the picnic basket.

Prime Minister Phoui Sananikone, he was plainly embarrassed.

"*Thanh Mo America,* we were not informed of your arrival," he said apologetically. "We are most unhappy not to have been there to welcome you back to Laos. Surely, you know the affection that is in our hearts." Then he picked up the big, brass school bell on his desk, rang it loudly and told his secretary to bring tea.

Phoui Sananikone had been Prime Minister only a few months, but I had known him when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the tug of war which was constantly going on in Laos between pro-Western and pro-Communist factions, he was considered a pro-Western strongman. Now he gave official approval to my plans for a Medico hospital in Muong Sing. However, he warned me that, because of the rapidly deteriorating political situation, the presence of Americans five miles from the Chinese border would now be more provocative than ever. I told him that I wasn't afraid so long as we had the protection of the local Royal Army garrison.

"That you do not have to ask for," he assured me. "You have the love of every soldier in the province. But, just to make sure, I will issue orders."

Then I enumerated the things I



Regard mid-week holidays as a nuisance; on second thoughts, as a godsend to clear up arrears.

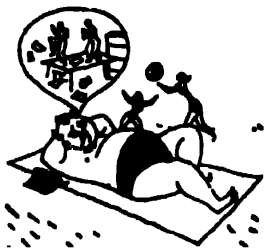
Leave your solution of knotty problems to the peaceful hours of night.



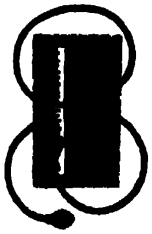


Don't trust others with responsibility. Handle all portfolios yourself..

Don't enjoy your holiday. Goodness knows what may happen in your absence.



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(*Popularly known as High Blood Pressure.)

DPC-106

expected from the Lao Government. I wanted transport for my men and supplies; plenty of petrol and paraffin; salaries for a large staff of Lao assistants and trainees. He promised me all that I asked for, and told me to let him know if I needed more.

The convoy of lorries arrived from Thailand with our supplies. Of course, there was the inevitable hold-up. The Lao warehouse assigned to us was not ready for occupancy. The U.S. Economic Mission "regretted" its inability to accommodate us, even for a few days. So I ordered the lorries to proceed to Hank Miller's house, thanking my lucky stars that the Millers were away. Then I rounded up a gang of labourers and had the 32 tons of crates unloaded and stacked on Hank's front lawn. They formed a solid barricade 15 feet deep and 10 feet high.

Still sweaty and in need of a bath, I nevertheless set out to find Chai, my stalwart young interpreter and problem-solver. We had discovered him courting a dark-eyed maiden in a Vientiane park in 1957, and had taken him with us to Vang Vieng and Nam Tha. Now, almost two years later, I found him happily married to the young woman. When I told Chai about my warehousing difficulties, he just said, *"Bau pinh yanh!"* and took over.

He also informed me that he and the Missus would be going north with us. Obviously, *we* still belonged to *him!*

Back at my borrowed house I found fat, lovable Bob Burns, who worked for the United States Information Service and called himself "just a typist in the army of the Lord." He was sitting on the front porch with Earl and Dwight, and as he handed me a whisky he pointed laughingly at the mountain of crates on the front lawn.

"Dooley, the way you surmount difficulties really slays me," he said. "But, you know, if you live long enough, one of these days you're going to get shot!"

That evening Chai appeared with six or eight pals. They spread palm leaves on top of the crates and settled down for the night. My quarter of a million dollars' worth of medical supplies was as safe from pilferers as anything can be in a city like Vientiane. Two days later I sent eight tons of the stuff by plane to Muong Sing, and had the other 24 tons moved into the Lao warehouse.

Hank Miller's lawn was a sad sight, but I was sure he would understand. *Bau pinh yanh!*

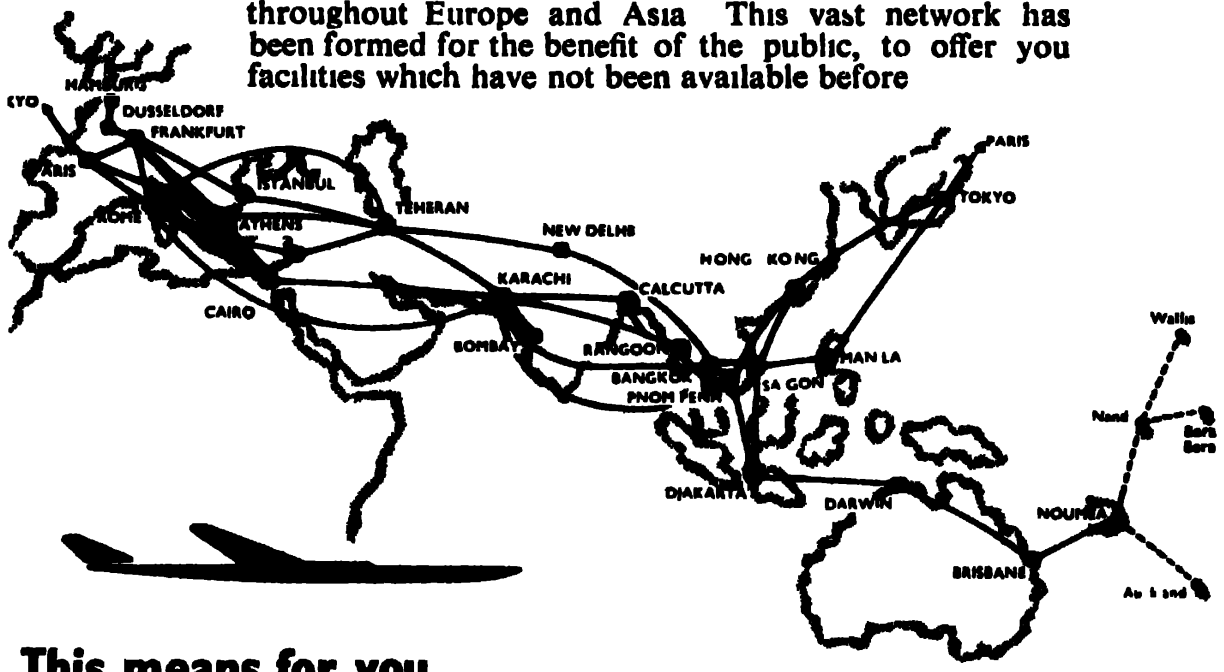
Medico in the Mountains

MUONG SING is a typical Asian village of about 4,000 souls, nestling in a 25-mile-wide valley that has a scattered population of some 40,000. The town itself is a rough quadrangle consisting of about 1,000 huts and houses arranged in rows, and "streets" that teem with dogs, cats, chickens and children. At each of

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the four corners of the town there is a satellite village, much like a Chinatown or Little Italy in a Western city, where the different mountain tribes live by themselves and preserve their own customs.

The most imposing structure in Muong Sing is the old French fortress, exactly like those in all Foreign Legion films, which is now occupied by a battalion of the Royal Lao Army. Directly across the road from the fortress lies the group of ramshackle buildings that was to become our hospital compound. I could see at a glance that it would require a lot of work to make it a clean, serviceable Medico establishment.

The two main buildings had concrete walls and tiled roofs. (Concrete in northern Laos is a queer mixture of mud, straw, rice husks and a pinch of cement!) The "Davis Rhine Construction Company," with the help of local labour, installed cement floors and sheet-metal ceilings, and plastered and whitewashed the inside walls. The larger building became the hospital, and we fixed up the other as living quarters. Later we renovated a dilapidated structure behind the hospital for our wards, and connected the three buildings by thatch-covered walks to make things easier when the rains came.

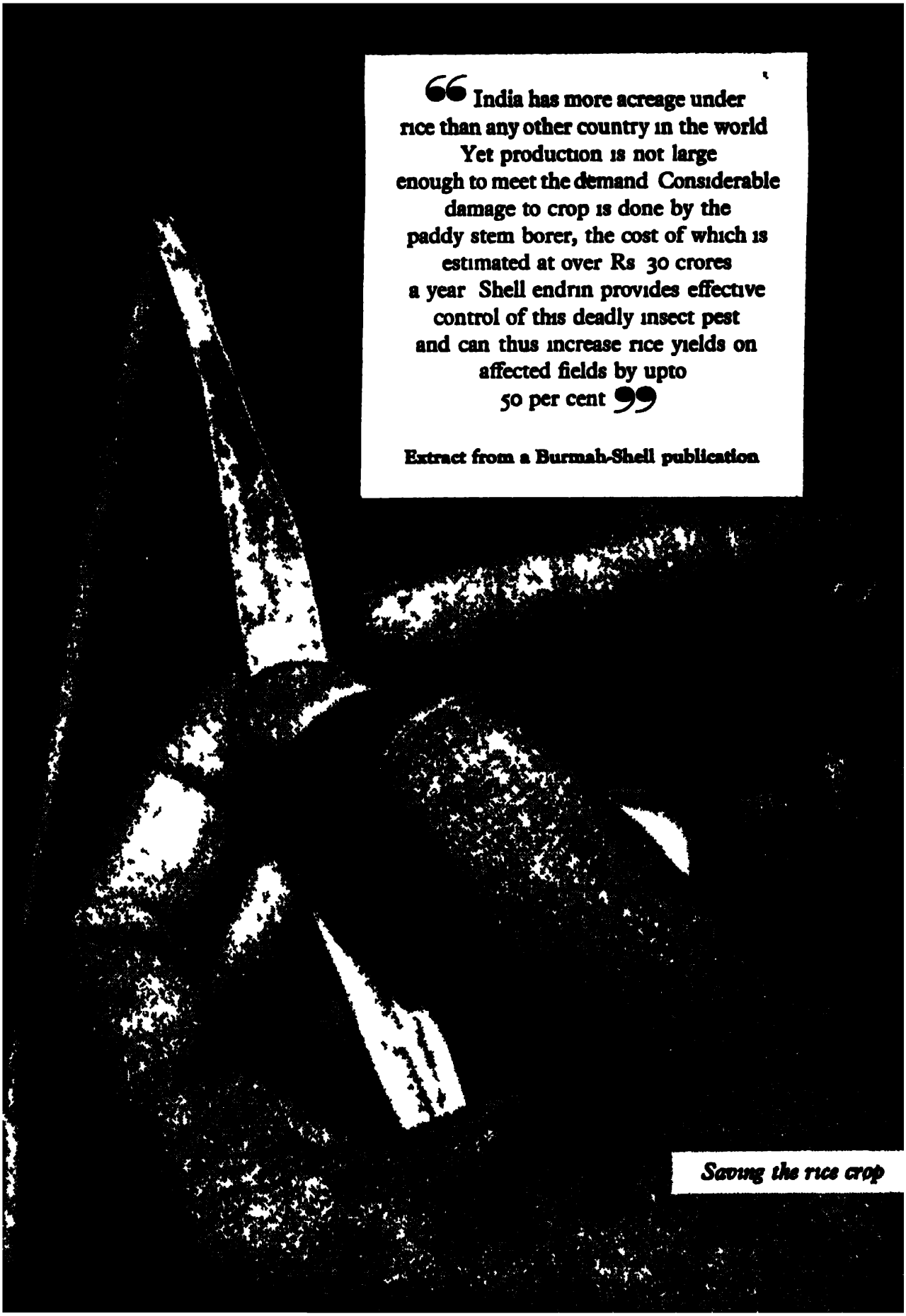
Our house had a big living-room, flanked by a bedroom for the boys, and another for the Lao personnel. At one end of the porch we built a kitchen, and installed a shower with a 50-gallon water tank (hoisted aloft by pulleys) and bamboo pipes below leading to the drainage ditch.

Behind the house the boys built a comfortable outhouse, and painted a sign over the door: "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Knowing how I hated to waste time, they stuck the Lao alphabet on the inside of the door, thus enabling me to study in my odd moments. As his personal contribution, Horace Smith, the U.S. Ambassador, paid for the construction of a cement-lined well.

Chai and his bride had to have separate living quarters, so we fixed up a little one-room house for them in the corner of the compound. Whereupon Chai went down with a bad case of yellow jaundice and became the first patient to occupy a mat in our wards.

Si, a 23 year-old lad who had worked for us in Nam Tha, became our cook and major-domo. He ran the house, did the marketing, handled household finances and cooked the meals. Without consulting me he hired two assistants, Owi and La. But he needed all the help he could get in order to feed a hungry crew of orderlies and students.

From the start I kept my sights on the long-range objective of training Lao personnel. I asked the commandant of the fortress to send me ten of his best men. They arrived the next day, a motley crew of young soldiers, surly and resentful


66 India has more acreage under rice than any other country in the world Yet production is not large enough to meet the demand Considerable damage to crop is done by the paddy stem borer, the cost of which is estimated at over Rs 30 crores a year Shell endrin provides effective control of this deadly insect pest and can thus increase rice yields on affected fields by upto 50 per cent 99
Extract from a Burmah-Shell publication
Saving the rice crop

because they thought they had been conscripted as a labour squad. When they learned the real nature of the work they pitched in enthusiastically.

We enforced rigid rules: "Wash your hands . . . Trim your fingernails . . . Keep them clean . . . Don't scratch yourself, or pick your nose . . . Don't spit on the floor . . . When wearing rubber gloves, *never* shake hands with a friend," etc. Like most young Asians, they were good students and hard workers. It was a joy to watch them mature and develop. All their lives these boys had seen misery, disease, suffering. They had always taken such things for granted. Now they saw that something could be done to curb pestilence and relieve pain. Their attitude changed, and they learned to treat sick people with tenderness and compassion.

They also learned that we were different from the white men they had heard about. We treated them as co-workers and equals. When they weren't busy, they lounged round our house, drinking coffee and looking at picture magazines. They picked up English (or American) and some learned to speak it adequately, although the words sometimes carried weird connotations. I remember Tao Souk saying that we were members of the "Angry-Saxon race."

Then I added three young girls to the staff to be trained as nurses and midwives. Of course, there was now a certain amount of pinching and giggling in the establishment, but the morale of the Lao staff improved remarkably. Co-education is a pretty good idea, even in South-East Asia.

Soon the hospital and household were running smoothly. We had what the navy calls a "happy ship." But there were times when I was lonely because, as the commanding officer, solely responsible for discipline, I had to remain rather aloof from the crew. I began to understand the loneliness of the "Old Man" commanding a ship at sea.

Office Hours

News of my arrival in Muong Sing soon reached Nam Tha, which is a hard day's journey across the mountains. Old patients from Nam Tha often appeared in the clinic line-up; they weren't ill but had made the long trip just to pay their respects. One man, with a wife and six kids, came bearing bowls of flowers and fruit, and insisted upon performing a *baci,* the traditional Lao ceremony of friendship. For the life of me, I couldn't place these people, until papa pulled down his little son's pants and pointed to the scar of a hernia operation I had performed in 1957.

My Nam Tha reputation must also have reached Muong Sing by jungle telegraph, because the new Medico clinic was crowded with patients from the day we opened. The clinic was a long room with a



❁ The chrome deposit on the full faced ring is clearly denoted in this cross section

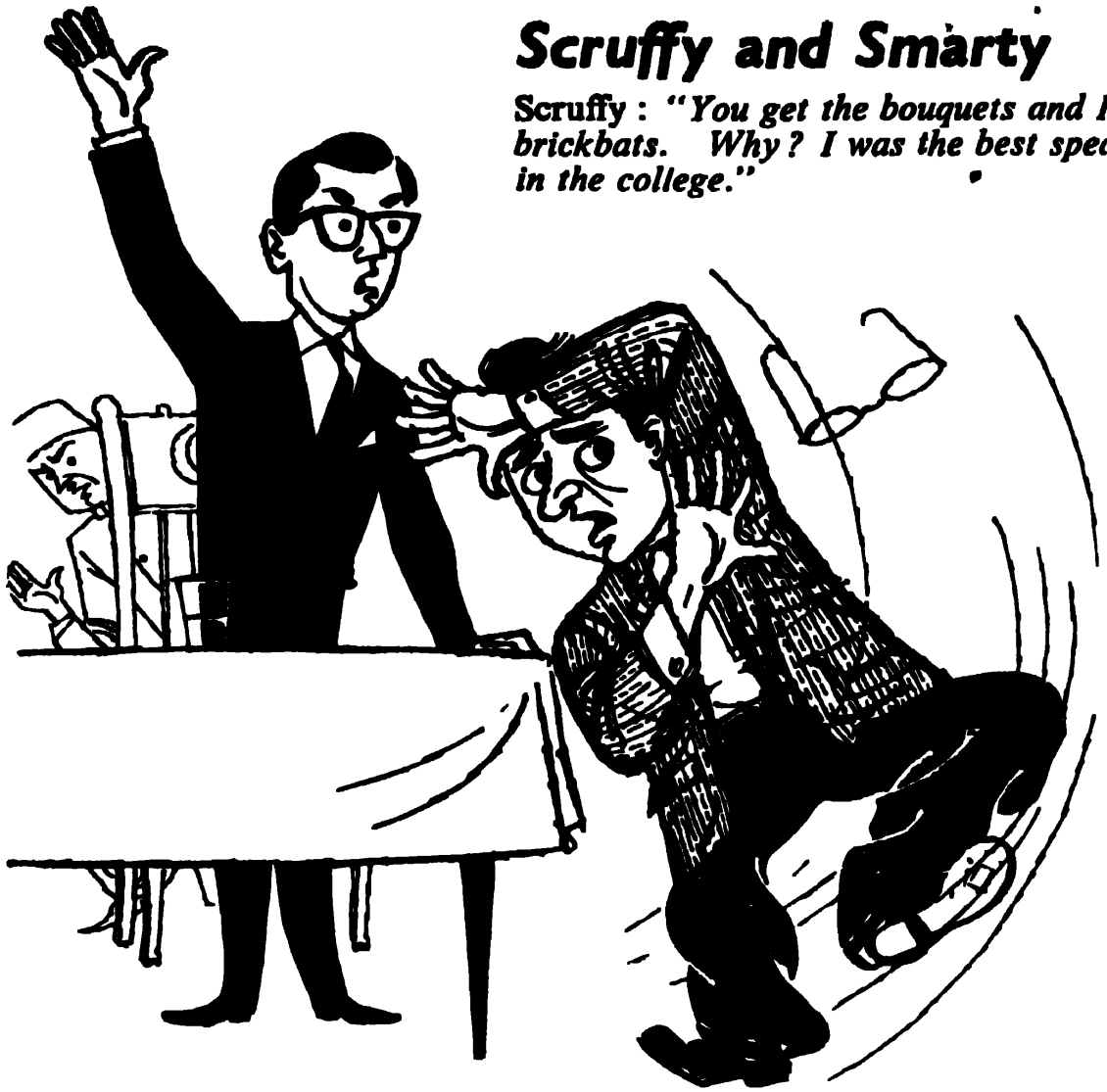
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Scruffy and Smarty

Scruffy : *"You get the bouquets and I the brickbats. Why? I was the best speaker in the college."*



Smarty : "Who is denying that? But sloppy dress and a good speaker never go together."

Scruffy: "*Why not? After all, they've come to hear me and not to look at me.*"

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window at one end and a door at the other. Every morning I took my seat before the window, and watched the room fill with people. Soon they were hanging over the railing that divided the room. There were wrinkled old men with wispy beards, who looked like El Greco saints; fat women whose ample bodies rippled with laughter; beautiful young mothers with delicate features and creamy complexions; tiny children with fragile bodies and huge, dark eyes.

I would listen as they described their ailments to the interpreters, then I would discuss the symptoms with the students.

During this discussion, which would be translated simultaneously into several dialects, the roomful of people listened and learned, and

At the clinic, patients line up for examination



often they added comments and questions of their own.

"Oh, *Thanh Mo America* (Dr. America), you have a cure for that? My mother has the same thing!"

"Chao, speak up. You must explain to *Thanh Mo America.*"

Day after day, they passed before me—people with malaria, dysentery, worm infestations, fungus diseases, yaws, malnutrition, pneumonia, tuberculosis. There were women with huge goitres, and many suffering from the sad aftermath of inept and cruel ways of child-birth. There were skinny babies dying of malnutrition that was the result of ignorance instead of food shortage; and there were also maimed, emaciated stretcher cases, with foul-smelling suppurative wounds, who were left on our doorstep.

We treated the milder, walking cases with pills, capsules, injections, wound cleansing and dressings, and sent the others into the hospital for surgery. In most cases I made my diagnosis, explained the case to the students and prescribed treatment. Then a Lao assistant would put the prescribed pills or capsules in an envelope, or he would fill in a card and send the patient to the dressing room for an injection, given by another Lao student.

Ward Rounds and Surgery

EACH morning, just after dawn, Earl and Dwight made their rounds of the wards, changing dressings, giving treatment, looking after the post-operative cases, preparing others for the operations I had to do later in the day. Shortly after noon, when my work at the clinic was finished, I made the rounds myself, usually with a group of students.

Our wards are really something to see, so make the rounds with me. We have three rooms, each with a raised platform running round three sides. We lay bamboo mats on the platforms, and hang up individual mosquito nets; each platform accommodates five or six patients.

Here on Mat No. 1 is a Kha Kho mother who is to have an operation to remove a large tumour from her abdomen. But she is anaemic, and full of intestinal parasites, and requires lots of pre-operative treatment. On Mat No. 2, behind her, lies her little girl who is suffering from pneumonia. We're treating them both at the same time.

On Mat No. 4 lies an ancient Yao tribesman whom we call "Old Indestructible" because of the suffering he's been through. I removed from his bladder a stone as big as a tennis ball, that had been torturing him for Lord knows how many years. He had a tough time after surgery; but now the old goat is feeling frisky, and is impatient to get back to the mountains. When I showed him his stone, he just said: "You may keep it, *Thanh Mo America.* I have no further use for it."

Here's a boy whose face was mauled by a bear. He's not a pretty

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sight. But I'm no plastic surgeon, and it's a miracle that the boy is alive. When they brought him in, the entire right side of his face was a massive, foul-smelling wound which the witch doctors had stuffed with tobacco and monkey fur. His right eyeball had been torn from the socket, and his upper jawbone fractured in several places.

It took me days to clear up the infection and find the tissues worth saving. I removed the lacerated eyeball. Then I performed a series of operations to reconstruct his jaw, nose and the side of his face. Despite the crooked face and the jagged scars, I think he will look quite presentable eventually.

As a token of gratitude, this boy gave me a tiny dog, which we named Fang and adopted as a pet. This amazed the boy and his Kha Kho parents. Fang, it seems, was intended for eating purposes only. The Kha Kho consider a tender young dog the tastiest morsel imaginable!

Plus a Little Witchcraft

WHEN we are in the operating room, Earl and Dwight are my surgical assistants. But, by seniority and sheer ability, Chai is chief Lao nurse and the martinet who rules over the Lao trainees. He sits at the foot of the operating table and directs things like a symphony conductor.

Quietly but firmly, he gives his commands in Lao: "Keep your hands above the table . . . Turn that haemostat handle towards the doctor . . . More anaesthetic, the patient is coming round . . . Give the doctor an Allis clamp—that haemostat is too small . . ."

Chai is a wonderful example of what can be done with a Lao boy who has had only a *lycée* education. He is about 23 years old now, and a bit heavier than when I found him in 1957—as a married man he eats better and leads a more comfortable life. He no longer greases his hair, and he has become rather careless about his dress. We often tease him about it.

"So, Chai, you have a wife now!" we say. "No more need to dress up for the girls, eh?" This makes him laugh. He goes home, takes off his sarong, and reappears in a white T-shirt and clean khaki slacks.

But when Chai crosses the threshold of my theatre, he wears a clean white gown, cap and mask. He scrupulously observes every rule of asepsis and operating-room discipline I have ever taught him, and he expects the other students to do the same. He's one of the best medical orderlies I've ever known.

Yet Chai is a bundle of contradictions. He has never lost his faith in animism, the belief that all objects have souls. He is constantly acquiring new amulets and propitiating the spirits that inhabit the trees, rocks, rivers and earth. He understands the principles of asepsis, prophylaxis, immunization. None the

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less, he still believes in sorcery and witchcraft.

Once, when his wife was ill, Chai sent for me. I arrived at the house just in time to catch the venerable witch doctor sitting cross-legged beside the patient, finishing the incantations from his fanlike "bible."

Chai looked at me, and grinned sheepishly. "She's very sick," he said. "Mustn't take any chances."

I respect Chai for what he is. I depend upon his strong points, and I even put his superstition to good use. Since he knows so much about witchcraft, one of his duties is dealing with the local witch doctors. Long ago I learned that they can be dangerous enemies or harmless friends.

To keep them from doing further harm to our patients, we follow the old line of if-you-can't-beat-them-join-them. We offer to teach them our kind of medicine, and let them teach us theirs. By pretending to let them work with us, we keep them out of mischief.

The Red Monsters

Almost from the day we arrived in Muong Sing we were targets for the vicious Communist propaganda broadcast by Radio Haiphong and Radio Peking. Broadcasting in Lao, Black Thai, French and English, the Chinese and Vietnamese Reds spread the word that we had come to poison people and mutilate them with our knives. They said that our hypodermic needles were filled with deadly germs, and that we did monstrous things to women and young girls.

For a time Earl Rhine and Dwight Davis were baffled by these barefaced lies. They couldn't understand why our little hospital was so important that the Communists should hate and fear us so. Then, as they followed the news on the B.B.C. and Voice of America broadcasts, they began to understand. A battle was raging for the hearts, minds and bodies of the people of South-East Asia. And since there were rebel Lao forces—the Pathet Lao—which the Communists aggressively supplied and armed via North Vietnam, the war clouds continued to grow darker over Laos throughout the autumn and winter of 1958–59.

Shortly after our arrival in Muong Sing the Reds decided to back up their broadcast threats by committing an atrocity on our doorstep. We were awakened one night by blood-curdling screams outside our window. We leaped out of bed, ran out into the bright moonlight and saw some men disappearing down the road. The soldiers piled out of the fortress and gave chase.

Lying outside the house was the horribly mutilated body of a young woman; near by lay a new-born baby in a bloody bundle. We recognized the woman as the wife of a young soldier; we had hired her to give her a place to eat and sleep, and enable her to pay for the delivery of

her baby, while her husband was away at war.

We carried the bleeding body into the hospital, removed the blood-soaked clothes, started giving fluids intravenously and tried to stop the bleeding. It was futile. Within a few minutes she was dead. We turned our attention to the baby. Deep slashes had cut through the tissues of one side, clear to the bone. I managed to suture the lacerations and staunch the bleeding. When at last I turned the infant over to the Lao nurse, I felt confident that the child would live.

Meanwhile, a large crowd had gathered, and the troops were returning to the fortress. The raiders had disappeared into the night.

We went back into the house, and threw ourselves on our beds. I had seen more than my share of atrocities, but this one seemed particularly cruel and senseless. Earl and Dwight could hardly believe what they had seen.

"How can you explain this?" Dwight demanded. "Why would they pick on an innocent woman and child? If they butchered one of us, or the men in the garrison, I could understand . . . But that mother and baby. . .!" He threw up his hands in defeat.

"It's a gruesome business, and hard to take," I admitted. "But you'll probably see more of it. There's a purpose behind everything these monsters do. They know this sort of thing unnerves civilized men. And they'd like nothing better than to drive us out of here."

Earl looked grim. "Well, they'll never do that."

The next morning, as we went about our work, it seemed to me that those two boys looked a little older and more determined.

Blessed Are the Children

Somehow we bounce back from stark tragedy, and manage to rise above the misery in which we have to spend our days. My escape from the wretched world was to sit at the piano in the evening and let my fingers lead me through the graceful moods of Chopin, Brahms and Liszt. The others, too, seemed to like my playing. The boys would put aside their books and letter-writing; the sounds of clattering pots and pans and shrill voices in Si's kitchen would be stilled; the villagers who wandered through our house as if it were the waiting-room at a railway station would go out on to the porch and sit quietly while I played.

But, more than music, I think it was the children of Muong Sing who brought us peace, tranquillity and renewed faith in humankind. Laos is known as the "Land of a Million Elephants and the White Parasol," but to me it will always be the "Land of Little Children." Whenever I heard their laughter, observed their grave politeness, or admired the fortitude with which they bore sickness and pain, I would

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rejoice that these wonderful children represented the true future of free Asia, and that such a future had to be wholesome and bright indeed.

There were always a couple of pathetic little patients in our hospital who nevertheless brought cheerfulness and hope to the dismal wards.

There was little Guntar, a bright and happy six-year-old. One day Guntar's father shot a tiger with an old flint-lock. The excited little boy ran up to get a good look at the fallen animal. But the tiger wasn't quite dead; it lunged out at Guntar and mauled him horribly.

When I first saw Guntar his right leg was one huge glob of bloated gangrenous flesh. Prompt amputation of the entire limb was indicated; but I decided to do my best to spare the lad his leg. Antibiotics cleared up the infection; then Guntar started the long, slow, painful course that involved a lot of surgery.

He spent months in the hospital, but went through the ordeal uncomplainingly. Indeed, as the weeks passed, Guntar seemed to forget about his own troubles because of another child who occupied the mat behind him.

Ipon was almost totally blind, because of an entropion in both eyes. An entropion is the result of an infection that scars the inner eyelid. The scar tissue causes the eyelid to turn inward; the eyelashes irritate and infect the cornea; eventually the eye may be sealed tight.

I tried to restore Ipon's sight by tackling the delicate surgical procedure for the correction of entropion. This involves excising an elliptical piece of the eyelid, and then shortening it by uniting the edges of the excised area. I operated on one eye and then the other, cleaning up the infection, and using cortisone drops to heal the corneal irritation. Then, with his eyes under heavy bandages, Ipon waited patiently in darkness for the day when we would remove the bandages.

Guntar, lying painfully on the adjoining mat, undertook to bolster up Ipon's spirits. One day I heard him telling Ipon about the new wonders he would see when he opened his eyes.

I had brought to Muong Sing a borrowed film projector complete with generator, and I had some old Disney films. The people never tired of seeing those films over and over again. The children's favourite was *Dumbo,* a somewhat unusual character even in this Land of a Million Elephants.

I heard Guntar tell Ipon, "In America they have elephants that are different from our own. The American elephants are pink and green and purple. They dance and sing and laugh. There is even one little pink elephant with ears so long he can fly like a bird! These things *Thanh Mo America* will show you with his wonderful light-box when

he takes the covers from your eyes."

Well, I am happy to say that Ipon did see Dumbo, although somewhat dimly. He will never have full and perfect vision. But then neither will he have to spend the rest of his days in the dark.

The Lotus in the Mire

BUT THE most beautiful symbol of Lao childhood wasn't a patient of ours. She was a tiny, solemn little girl, five years old, with delicate features, ivory skin and big dark eyes, who wandered into the clinic one day and fell in love with Earl Rhine. We called her Lotus Flower.

Earl Rhine was perhaps the busiest member of our team. He was a born doctor, but he had a hankering for dentistry. When he had nothing else to do, he was always scaling teeth, extracting decayed molars and teaching the Lao how to use a tooth-brush. He even picked up an ancient, foot-powered dental drill, and started drilling and filling teeth. The Lao nurses embroidered our names on the white jackets we wore in the clinic. Mine, of course, was *Thanh Mo America*. Earl's read *Thanh Mo Chep Keo*—"Respected Medicine Man for Pain-in-Teeth."

One day, while our busy doctor-dentist was hard at work, little Lotus Flower wandered in out of nowhere. It was, on her part, a case of love at first sight. Every day after that she turned up at about the same hour, walked quietly and gracefully through the room, and sat silently in a corner with her two tiny hands resting in the folds of a pretty sarong. She would sit there by the hour, watching him work.

If Earl was away, she would look around, bow solemnly to Dwight and me, and then disappear. Otherwise, she would wait patiently until Earl relaxed for a moment. Then she would climb up on to his lap and sit there in utter contentment, never saying a word, but occasionally gazing up at him in quiet adoration. When he put her down to get back to work, she would smile, clasp her hands prayerfully before her face, bow and quietly steal away.

Lotus Flower was a bright, consoling light in Earl Rhine's lonely life. He was her love, but Dwight and I were warmed by the reflection. That's why we called her Lotus Flower. The lotus is the sacred flower of Buddhism because it pushes its delicate stalk up through the earth's dirt and mire, spreading its pure and perfect blossom in the clean air and radiant sunshine, reminding man of the long struggle upward to nirvana.

The Unfinished Cage

OVER 14,000 refugees from Red China escaped through the Muong Sing valley while we were there. How many more tried and failed we never knew. The Communists were furious and proclaimed loudly that Laos was aiding and abetting

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the escapes. So, to prevent provocation, the Lao border guards turned back the refugees they caught, but I always like to think that they tried to look the other way.

The sick and wounded among these wretched people from Yunnan Province added to the already heavy load we had to carry. Still, there wasn't much I could do for them. I would have had to be priest and psychiatrist, for the sickness of these people was in their souls. What they had suffered I can best describe with the case of the bear cage we never finished.

Someone had presented us with a tiny Himalayan moon-bear. By way of diversion, we decided to build a little cage, about three feet high and three feet wide, in which to keep it. One afternoon while I was working on the cage an old Chinese came and squatted on his haunches and watched. There was something about the way he stared at the cage, as if hypnotized, that made me uneasy. Finally he began to sob bitterly. I called one of the soldiers who spoke Yunnanese, and he tried to console the man. After listening to the sobbing and babbling for a while, the soldier was sobbing, too.

"It's that cage," he blubbered. "The cage reminds him of a terrible thing that happened in Yunnan."

Through the interpreter, I heard the old man's story. He came from a large village just across the border. Many months ago the Communists had come to build a commune. Families were broken up, the women sent to the south side of the village, the men to the north, and the children and old folks to another town. Then the people were put to work harvesting the rice, all of which went to the commune.

"My wife got beriberi," the old fellow sobbed, "because she did not get enough rice to eat. One day, while we were harvesting rice, my son stole a few handfuls to take to his mother. He was caught and brought before the chief of the commune, for to steal rice from the commune is a crime against the state."

Then he pointed to our cage, and again began to sob hysterically.

"They placed my son in a small cage, much like the one you are building for your bear. This was kept in the village square so that everyone could see. It was so small that he could not move or sit up straight. He was bent over with his head between his knees.

"His mother and I were forced to watch, she from one side of the square, I from the other. But the guards would not allow us to go near him. Day after day, as we looked on, my boy died slowly, under the broiling sun, with nothing to eat or drink, covered with filth, flies and ants. It was good when the guards pronounced him dead."

Late one night, many days after the boy's death, the old man and his sick wife escaped across the border. They stayed in Muong Sing until the wife was stronger and then,

like all these wretched refugees, they disappeared into the hills of northern Laos. The cage for our moon-bear was destroyed. We couldn't stand the sight of a cage from that day on.

The Fateful River Trip

IT WAS in February 1959—four months before the night they burned the mountain—that I made my ill-starred trip down the Nam Tha River.

The people who live along the Nam Tha are probably among the most diseased and medically impoverished in the entire kingdom. They have no medicines except the brews concocted by the witch doctors. So we decided to make a 15-day trip down the river, visiting the isolated villages, treating the sick, immunizing against the endemic diseases. I had made the trip several times before, in 1957; so I knew that even such hit-and-run medical service was better than none at all.

We planned the trip reluctantly, because the Communists seemed to be poised on the brink of war. They had not seized a major chunk of territory in this part of the world for some time, and it looked as if they were getting ready for a try. But after talking things over with the chief of the military, I decided to make the trip anyway, taking along some armed guards.

Earl remained in Muong Sing to run the hospital. Dwight, Chai, Ngoan and I, accompanied by several orderlies and almost half a ton of drugs and equipment, piled aboard a government aircraft and flew to Nam Tha.

It was like returning home. Many old friends were on hand to greet me, including Ismail, a Pakistani merchant, and his two strapping sons whom I had circumcised, along with five other Moslem boys, on Easter Sunday, 1957. Joe, our favourite witch doctor, had died, but Old Maggie was still going strong with the same filthy towel wrapped round her head.

"Maggie, I miss you," I told her. "We haven't got a witch doctor as good as you in Muong Sing."

"We haven't got a doctor as good as you in Nam Tha, *Thanh Mo America*," she assured me. I gave her a tin of shaving cream as a present, she doesn't shave, of course, but the aerosol fascinated her, and the soap would keep her hands clean for a few days.

Our old house, full of memories, was occupied by some of our former students and nurses, and they gave a big party for us. The next day we loaded our gear into six pirogues, and started down the river. With each pirogue bristling with rifles, we looked more like an invasion party than a medical team. Less than half an hour out of Nam Tha we hit the first stretch of rapids. The 30-foot canoes were dashed against the rocks, water poured over us and only the skilful manoeuvring of the polesmen fore and aft kept us afloat.

We travelled like that for most of the next two weeks.

The first night we spent in the little village of Ban Saly, and the next morning nearly 100 people turned up at sick call. We did what we could in one day, which isn't much for people full of malaria, pneumonia, turberculosis, hookworm and even worse diseases.

Day after day the same dreary, depressing experience was repeated. Each night, after we had packed the medical kits, bathed in the river and eaten an unappetizing supper, I tried to convince myself that the task was not as hopeless as it seemed, that we were accomplishing some good, although it was pathetically little. Then I would drop off into the sleep of the utterly fatigued.

On the 12th day we reached the confluence where the small but swift-running Nam Tha empties into the mighty Mekong River. Ahead of us lay two days of difficult poling upstream on the Mekong to the village of Ban Houei Sai, which has a border-patrol station with a short-wave radio and a landing strip, where I hoped to get a plane to Vientiane, *en route* back to Muong Sing.

At the end of the first day poling upriver, we were really exhausted. We decided to spend the night in a small village that was perched on top of a craggy embankment about 25 feet above the river.

Chai and I climbed up the slope to see the village chief, then started down again to where the boys were unloading our gear on the beach.

Somehow I lost my balance and plunged headlong down the 25-foot embankment. I landed on the rocks, cutting my scalp and painfully bruising my right shoulder and the side of my chest. That incident was the beginning of a prolonged and painful ordeal.

The Dark Days of Nyam Fon

Less than a week after the night of the mountain burning, Nyam Fon, season of the monsoon rains, opened with a tropical thunderstorm of crashing violence. Now incessant rains whipped through the palms and frangipane, and flooded the valley. Low-hanging clouds obscured the rim of mountain-tops, and we seldom saw the sky.

Each day, in the torrential rain, the people worked in the fields and paddies, wearing their broad-brimmed conical hats, always singing as they worked. Soon Nyam Fon's blessings appeared in the fields of emerald-green rice that covered the mountainsides. But as time passed, feet became shrivelled and bloodless, fungus diseases increased and the number of cases at the clinic mounted steadily.

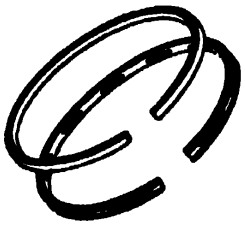
The days grew longer, the pain in my chest became worse, and I was always on the point of exhaustion. But I was also driven by a sense of urgency. One day, when there was a break in the weather, a small

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plane landed on the soggy airstrip. I climbed aboard and flew to Vientiane. There I caught a plane for Phnom Penh, Cambodia, to make a long overdue visit to our new Medico hospital at Kratie.

The Cambodian team was headed by Dr. Manny Voulgaropoulos, who was a 29-year-old bachelor when he joined Medico in October 1958. However, soon after he arrived in Kratie, he sent for his fiancée, Rose, and they were married there. The governor of the province gave the bride away in a Buddhist ceremony, with Rose dressed in the magnificent wedding costume of the ancient Khmer dynasty.

Later a smaller and simpler Christian ceremony took place. But the entire Kingdom of Cambodia heard about the American doctor and his bride being married in a Cambodian ceremony. The people loved it.

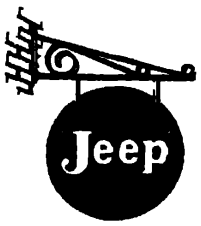
Manny's hospital was larger than mine and, being nearer to a sizeable city, it was equipped with electricity and running water. The living quarters, of course, were blessed with a woman's touch. There were curtains at the windows, pictures (not pin-ups) on the walls, flowers everywhere. Manny's study was a doctor's dream. I really envied him.

After a few days in Kratie, I returned to Vientiane. There is a tremendous amount of malaria in

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northern Laos, and we had to be careful to take our malaria suppressants regularly. However, while I was visiting Manny I forgot to take my pills. Apparently, there was just enough time for the plasmodia already present in my blood to incubate for a full-scale attack.

While in Vientiane I spent a night with the Hank Millers. We sat up late talking about the war, which we agreed would probably come with the end of the monsoon rains in October. I complained a lot about my aches and pains, which I attributed to the chest injury and creeping old age.

The next morning; when I got aboard the plane for Muong Sing, I had a pounding headache and a high fever. Every bump in the turbulent air threatened to split my skull wide open. By the time we landed I had a real case of malaria, with chills and a fever of 105°.

But with 24 hours rest in bed the chills and fever subsided. Now I was truly exhausted, but determined to get back to work. The pain in my side became more acute, and I discovered that a lump on the right side of my chest, which had developed shortly after my fall, had now swollen to the size of a golf ball. Sometimes my arm and shoulder ached so badly that I was forced to stop work and ask one of the nurses to give me a massage. I



could no longer play the piano, and I became increasingly irritable and depressed.

One day in July, as I was working in the clinic, the skies cleared momentarily, letting through a ray of sunshine. I heard the throbbing of an aircraft, and we got into the jeep and rode down to the muddy field, arriving just in time to see the plane land. The door opened, and out stepped an old friend of mine, Dr. Bill Van Valin from California. For a long time he had been promising to visit northern Laos and help me with my surgery. Now, at the height of the monsoon season, and at a time when I was feeling low, he was a welcome visitor indeed.

The Strange, Black Thing

THE NEXT day Bill Van Valin helped me with the backlog of surgery that had piled up recently. Late in the afternoon, when we had finished, I asked him to have a look at my chest. He seemed inclined to agree, although somewhat cautiously, with my diagnosis that the lump was either a sebaceous cyst or a blood clot resulting from my injury, which might be pressing on sensitive nerves.

"Whatever it is," said Van, "it ought to be removed surgically without further delay."

So, the next morning, I climbed up on to my own operating table and was prepared for surgery. For some reason, the Lao students and nurses saw something funny in this spectacle of *Thanh Mo America* getting a taste of his own medicine. There was much joking and laughing. Chai wanted to call in our favourite witch doctor. I think now that they were all trying to buck up my sagging spirits.

I was under local anaesthetic, so I could watch Van's face, although I couldn't see what he was doing. When he removed the growth, I thought I saw a worried frown.

"It's jet-black, isn't it, Van?" I asked.

"Yes, Tom, it's jet-black."

I knew that there was only one kind of black tumour, a grave thing called malignant melanoma. But the human mind can do strange things. Somehow that thought of melanoma was swept from my consciousness. I chose to believe that this thing Van had taken from my chest was nothing more than a hardened, partially calcified blood clot.

"You're probably right," said Van. "But we'll play safe and send this to the Seventh Day Adventist Hospital in Bangkok for examination. Get me some formalin."

"Formalin!" I laughed. "Where do you think you are, Van? You'll have to settle for plain old 90-per-cent alcohol."

Bill Van Valin smiled. "Nothing doing. I want formalin."

Much to my surprise, Earl went to his "bird room" and came back with a bottle of formalin which he used in his taxidermy. I never knew

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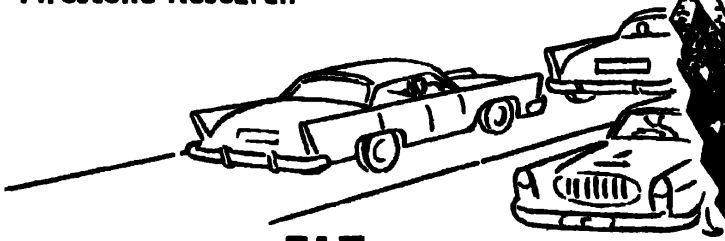
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we had the stuff. Van prepared the proper solution, and put parts of the tumour in two small bottles.

He said he would take them to Bangkok as soon as he left Muong Sing. Then he gave me an injection in the arm, and I enjoyed the best night's sleep I'd had for many a moon.

Within a week the soreness from the surgery vanished, but the pains in my chest returned. Yet now the days became so crowded that the thought of the dreaded black cancer never crossed my mind. I had too many other things to worry about.

We Prepare for War

TOWARDS the end of July it seemed that the Communists were not going to wait for the end of the monsoon season. There was active fighting in Sam Neua to the south-east. In Phong Saly the Pathet Lao wiped out more villages. The Royal Lao Army dropped parachute troops between the rebel forces and their bases on the border of North Vietnam, thus cutting their supply lines. The weapons captured were made in Czechoslovakia.

The commandant of the Muong Sing fortress told me that I could no longer go out on night calls without armed guards. He said that there were reports of a big build-up of Red Chinese troops on the Yunnan border, just north of us. Then on August 5, the Royal Lao government declared a military alert in the northern provinces.

We immediately placed our hospital on an emergency basis, and prepared to handle battle casualties. I sent Earl on a mission to Vientiane and Dwight to Cambodia. My purpose wasn't really to get the boys out of the danger zone. Primarily I wanted to impress the Lao students. I wanted them to know that I had complete confidence in their ability to run the hospital without the help of Dwight and Earl. They responded to the challenge splendidly.

Often they reported for work exhausted after a night of patrol duty in the mountains. Yet, in addition to regular duties in the clinic, they pitched in to my stepped-up programme to make them real military orderlies.

I taught them how to improvise stretchers out of blankets and bamboo poles; how to strip, cover and label battle casualties, and load them on to aircraft; how to mark the forehead of each case where morphine had been given.

But, without the boys, I felt lonelier, more depressed, and the vague anxieties increased. The entire Royal Lao Army was now being trained for guerrilla warfare. Whenever we drove the jeep outside the village limits we would be "ambushed" in the most unexpected places. In the driving rains, soldiers would drop out of the trees and surround us. When they saw the startled looks on our faces, they always laughed and waved us on. We were perfect foils for their training in jungle tactics;

but these experiences were always hard on my shattered nerves.

Earl returned from Vientiane, and everyone crowded round, eager for news from the capital. He looked worried, and insisted that he had to talk to me privately. When we reached the house he handed me a letter.

"Better read this first, Doctor. We can talk later."

The letter was from our good friend, Horace Smith, the U.S. Ambassador. "The American Embassy fears that the Royal Army may be unable to guarantee your continued security," he wrote. "As you know, the embassy is not in a position to guarantee that you or your assistants will have an opportunity to evacuate safely if the situation develops rapidly. I therefore urge you . . ."

I handed the letter to Earl.

"Well, here it is," I said. "The ambassador isn't *ordering* me to get out, but he is *urging* me to consider the desirability of doing so—*now*, pronto! He is a good friend, and a wise man. I've got to work out an answer that will not offend him."

I spent the rest of that night drafting my reply to the Ambassador. I told him how much I appreciated his patience and consideration, but explained that I felt it my duty to remain with the hospital. I told him that I had already sent a telegram to the commandant of the First Military Region of the Lao army, informing him that we were prepared to receive battle casualties and to function as a military hospital.

"I have asked that we be evacuated only if and when it becomes necessary to evacuate military units from this area . . . However, if ordered to do so by the Lao army, we shall evacuate now . . ."

A Sheet of Blue Paper

ON SATURDAY, August 15, a tired-looking soldier came in, gave me a languid salute, and said, *"Thanh Mo America,* there is a telegram for you." When I asked for it, he told me that it had come over the army network, in orders classified TOP SECRET; I would have to receive it personally at the radio hut in the fortress.

I walked over to the fortress in the driving rain. The operator handed me a flimsy sheet of blue paper. With my knees shaking, I sat down on the wooden bench beside the radio-man, and translated the cryptic message, which had come through in garbled French: FROM PETER COMANDURAS DOCTOR DOOLEY URGENT RETURN TO U.S. IMMEDIATELY.

The message didn't make sense. Why should I return to the United States now? What was so urgent? Was something wrong with my mother? Had Medico gone broke? Had the Ambassador requested the State Department to recall me? Why didn't Peter explain?

When I reached the house, my perplexity gave way to anger. I cursed Peter, the Ambassador, and

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all the damn fools in Washington and New York.

"What do they think they're doing? Don't they know what it will mean if I pull out now? They ought to know that the Reds will use this as proof that we Americans are fair-weather friends."

Dwight and Earl looked worried.

"Come on now, Doctor," Earl said. "There's no point in taking it that way. This is urgent, and you've got to get going. Perhaps when you get to Vientiane you may find out what it's all about."

Well, that made sense. I resignedly asked Earl to send a message to the Ambassador requesting a plane.

Sunday, Monday and half of Tuesday passed, and no plane arrived. The monsoon season was at its peak, and the valley was isolated. On Tuesday afternoon there was a slight break in the weather, and we at last heard the familiar drone of the embassy's twin-engined aircraft. I grabbed the small brief-case I had packed, and went out to the airstrip.

The plane finally landed, and I saw that it had but one passenger—Bob Burns, the faithful "typist in the army of the Lord." He looked rather glum, and when I asked him what it was all about he simply shrugged.

"You asked for a plane," he said. "I'm supposed to tell you that if you leave your American crew behind, you ought to consider the tremendous responsibility you're placing upon them."

"Who said that?"

"The Ambassador. That's his message, word for word."

I turned to Dwight and Earl.

"You can get aboard if you want to, fellows," I said. "You can go home, or you can wait for me in Vientiane. Or you can remain here and carry on. That's for you to decide."

Emphatically, and without any hesitation, they both said they intended to stay in Muong Sing.

When the plane landed in Vientiane, we drove to Hank Miller's house. Hank and Annie were in Bangkok, but the house was full of war correspondents. Bob Burns had told me that the Ambassador was expecting me for dinner, so I bathed and shaved, and walked over to the embassy.

Ambassador Smith said he knew nothing about Peter Comanduras's reasons for ordering me home.

"Maybe I won't go," I told him. "I'm going to Bangkok and putting through a call to New York. Why spend 1,500 dollars on air travel when I may be able to handle this business, whatever it is, by telephone for a hundred dollars?"

The Ambassador said that his plane was leaving for Bangkok early the next morning and that there would be room for me.

The Truth Is Told

SHORTLY before noon the next day I landed at Bangkok's sleek international airport, and went straight

off to the post-office building to place my call to the States. I waited there until seven o'clock that evening. When it was obvious that a connexion with New York couldn't be made, I decided to fly to Hong Kong where I knew telephone facilities were good. The next plane left at midnight.

My chest and shoulder were aching, and I was tired and hungry. I went to a small restaurant, had a miserable dinner and then asked the proprietor if I could play the piano. But Chopin and Schumann did nothing for me that night, nor did anything else that was soft and airy. I was too tired, sick, worried, frustrated, and my heart ached more than my chest and shoulder. Soon I found myself playing the crashing chords of Rachmaninov and the thundering opening of a Tchaikovsky Concerto.

Behind me I heard someone say, "Hi, Tom, how are you?" I looked round and saw Hank Miller and his wife, Annie. I went over to their table. "Tom, I've never seen you like this before," Hank said. "What's wrong?"

I poured out all my troubles. Hank looked at me solemnly for a few minutes.

"Tom, I know why you're going home," he said at last. "I'll tell you the truth. That tumour that Dr. Van Valin removed—it's been diagnosed as a malignant melanoma, in the secondary stage." (Aug 1959)

Malignant melanoma. The words entered my mind with the impact of a fist jammed into a pillow. I felt nothing—no shock, no fear, no horror, no panic. I was just numb.

When I began to think clearly, I felt tranquil, almost relieved. Perhaps, subconsciously, I had known or suspected it all along. The plunge down the embankment, the bruised chest and shoulder, had only been coincidental. They had served to mask the truth of the malignant growth that had been there all the time. Now I knew the truth. As a doctor, I knew that malignant melanoma is the quickest killer of all cancers. And I felt strangely calm.

"Well," I said at last, "there'll be no point in making that phone call in Hong Kong. I'll have to book a flight through to New York."

The rest of that night is a blur in my mind. The Millers drove me to the airport. I remember the warmth of Annie's embrace, and Hank's parting words as I boarded the plane: "Good-bye, Tom. We'll see you soon."

The Highest Mountain

I FLEW half-way round the world, changing planes at Hong Kong and London. Of course, I thought a lot about life and death. I knew the cancer statistics: only about 50 per cent of patients with malignant melanoma survive a year. I remembered what the textbooks said: "There is no tumour which disseminates more widely or involves more organs than the malignant melanoma . . ." Yet

✳ MEN OF MARK

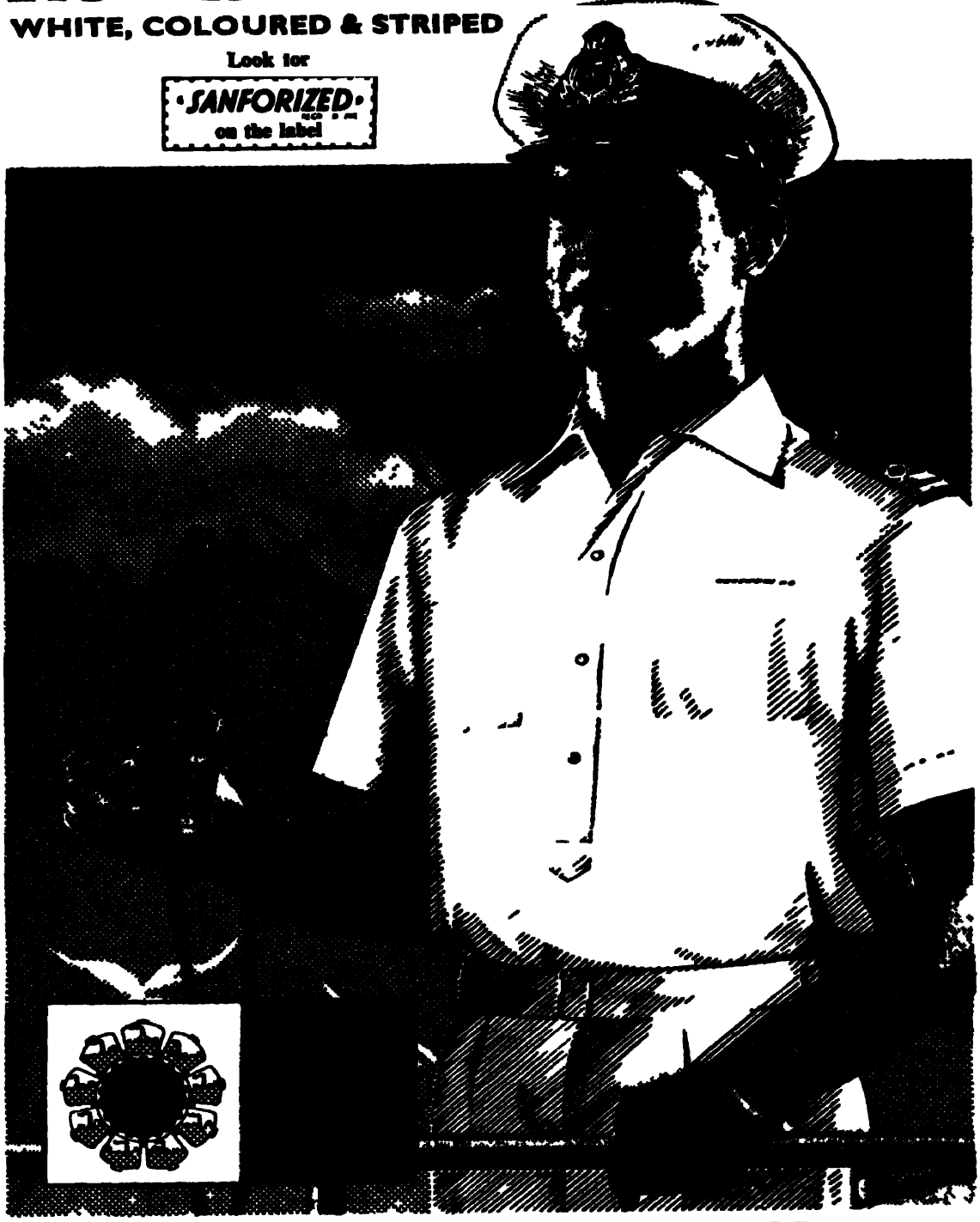
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I was not prepared to abandon hope, faith and life itself because of textbooks and statistics.

At six o'clock on Thursday evening, August 20, we arrived at the New York International Airport. Walking through the Customs, I looked up at the big glass-enclosed gallery and saw Dr. Peter Comanduras waiting for me. Soon we were in a taxi on our way into New York City.

"Tom, the Bangkok diagnosis has been confirmed by the National Institute of Health in Washington," Peter told me. "It is definitely a malignant melanoma." Then, speaking as doctor to doctor, we discussed my symptoms, and speculated on how far and into what organs the cancer might have spread. For a while, it was almost as though we were talking about some other patient.

Two days later, I entered the Memorial Centre for Cancer and Allied Diseases. I thought I had prepared myself for what lay ahead, but now everything seemed strange. Instead of the familiar feeling I have always had when entering a hospital, I felt out of place, bewildered, apprehensive.

Then I was examined, probed, tested, X-rayed. I knew that the decision on how radical the surgery would be depended on what these tests revealed. If the nodes in my neck and arm were involved the operation might involve amputation of the right arm at the shoulder. A one-armed surgeon wouldn't be worth much in Laos, or anywhere.

On the third day my doctor came to see me.

"Tom, it seems that only the chest wall and the local lymph nodes are involved," he said. "No amputation is necessary. Tomorrow we will do an extensive removal of the skin, muscles, nodes, veins, nerves and tissue of the right side of your chest and axilla [armpit]. We will take a lot of skin from your thighs to graft on to the chest wall."

I offered up a little prayer of thanks. Maybe things would come out all right.

"Okay, Doctor," I said. "I'm ready."

He grinned and said, "Good. We'll operate tomorrow. Chin up, boy!"

The next morning a priest came in early and gave me Holy Communion. Then I felt stronger and serene; I was in His hands now. How, I wondered, do people live without faith in God?

A few hours later they came in and gave me a hypo. I was to have my operation at high noon. A lad wearing a green surgical gown came and rolled my drugged body off the bed on to the hard stretcher, and I was wheeled into the operating theatre. My arm was strapped down, and the anaesthetist gently inserted a needle. I knew that was the Sodium Pentothal. The drug coursed through my veins. Then two strong hands touched my eyelids, and pushed them closed . . .

Promises to Keep

I HAD a few lucid moments in the recovery room. I remember Peter Comanduras bending over me, and I remember a nurse with a German accent whom I disliked because she wouldn't let me thrash about. Then everything became blurred, and I went to sleep again. But on Sunday afternoon, three days after the operation, I was sitting up in bed, sore as hell all over, receiving visitors and having a whisky.

The newspapers and radio had covered my operation extensively, and there were baskets of mail by my bedside, wonderful inspiring letters from people all over the world, telling me that they were praying for me, wishing me luck, urging me to get well.

By Monday they let me out of bed to walk about a bit, although I walked bent over like an old man. My heavily bandaged chest felt tight and painful, and my thighs were sore where they had removed the huge squares of skin for grafting. But I was determined to take no more morphine.

That night, without drugs, I slept soundly and had a vivid dream. I was back in Muong Sing on the night they burned the mountain. Then I was walking along the trail that winds across our valley and up into the mountains. In the aftermath of the great fire, the earth was naked, black and smouldering, and exuded the odour of death.

But in a flash, the dream changed. The rice had been planted, the rains had come, the hills were emerald green. The atmosphere of desolation and death was gone.

I didn't attempt to "analyse" that dream. I simply awakened from it full of faith and hope. I knew that the ugly black cancer was no deeper than my flesh; no cancer could touch my spirit. The Lord had seen to that. This was my spiritual rebirth, a time of rededication. Whatever time was left, whether it was a year or a decade, would be the most useful part of my life. I think my real recovery started with that night they burned the mountain in my dreams.

As the days passed, the turmoil in my room increased. Besides doctors changing dressings and nurses giving me shots, there were secretaries bringing mail and taking dictation. On September 1, Medico ceased to be a division of the International Rescue Committee, and became an independent organization—Medico, Inc. That was how many of our friends, doctors and laymen, had wanted it all along.

Of course, that meant we had to find offices, furnishings, etc. One firm gave us a suite of rooms for a dollar a year. Manufacturers gave us our office furniture, typewriters and dictating machines.

My doctor looked startled when I told him my plans. As soon as I could get out of the hospital, I would go to Hawaii to convalesce.

Then I would go on a lecture tour to raise much-needed funds for Medico and be back home in Laos for Christmas.

"Well," the doctor said, "if the dressings are finished, and if the graft takes on your chest, and if everything else goes well, I suppose there's no reason why you can't."

Of course, he knew as well as I that the "get up and fight" spirit is half the battle against cancer. I had no intention of lying in a hospital bed and withering away. There was too much to be done, and perhaps too little time in which to do it.

As I write these lines, early in 1960, Laos is still free—but still threatened by the Communists. I am back in Muong Sing, busy in our Medico hospital, and planning others. Because the American people, in their wonderful generosity, have provided me with wings—a two-engined aircraft flown by Gerald Eustas, a former military pilot—I can now cover a lot of ground and speed up my race with time.

The one question everyone asks me is: "What are your chances, Dooley?" Frankly, I don't know. We just have to wait and see, saying our prayers and trusting in God's wisdom. I believe that the important thing is not how long we live but what we do in the days allotted to us.

I still cherish some lines from a poem by Robert Frost, and have them engraved on the back of the St. Christopher's medal round my neck:

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

THE END

Deft Definitions

Nonchalance: The ability to look like an owl when you have behaved like an ass. —*S.F.M.*

Coiffure: French word, meaning "You'll keep coming to us because you'll never be able to do it like this yourself." —F. M.

Diplomat: One who can keep his shirt on while getting something off his chest. —N. F. S. A.

Harp: Steinway in the nude. —L. H. K.

Publicity: A story about some well-known person doing something he didn't, somewhere he wasn't. —Jimmy Starr



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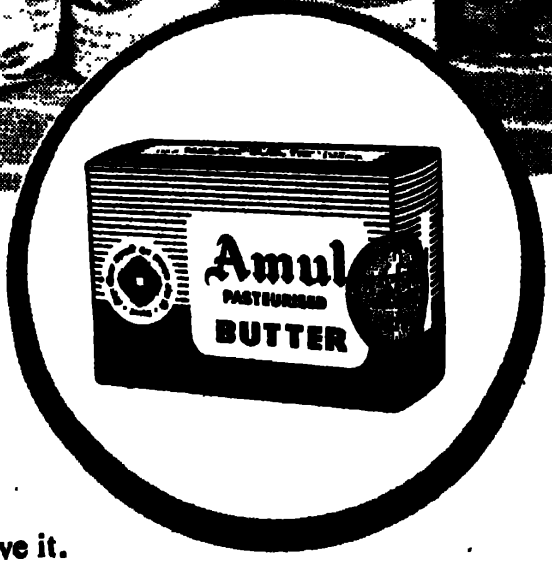
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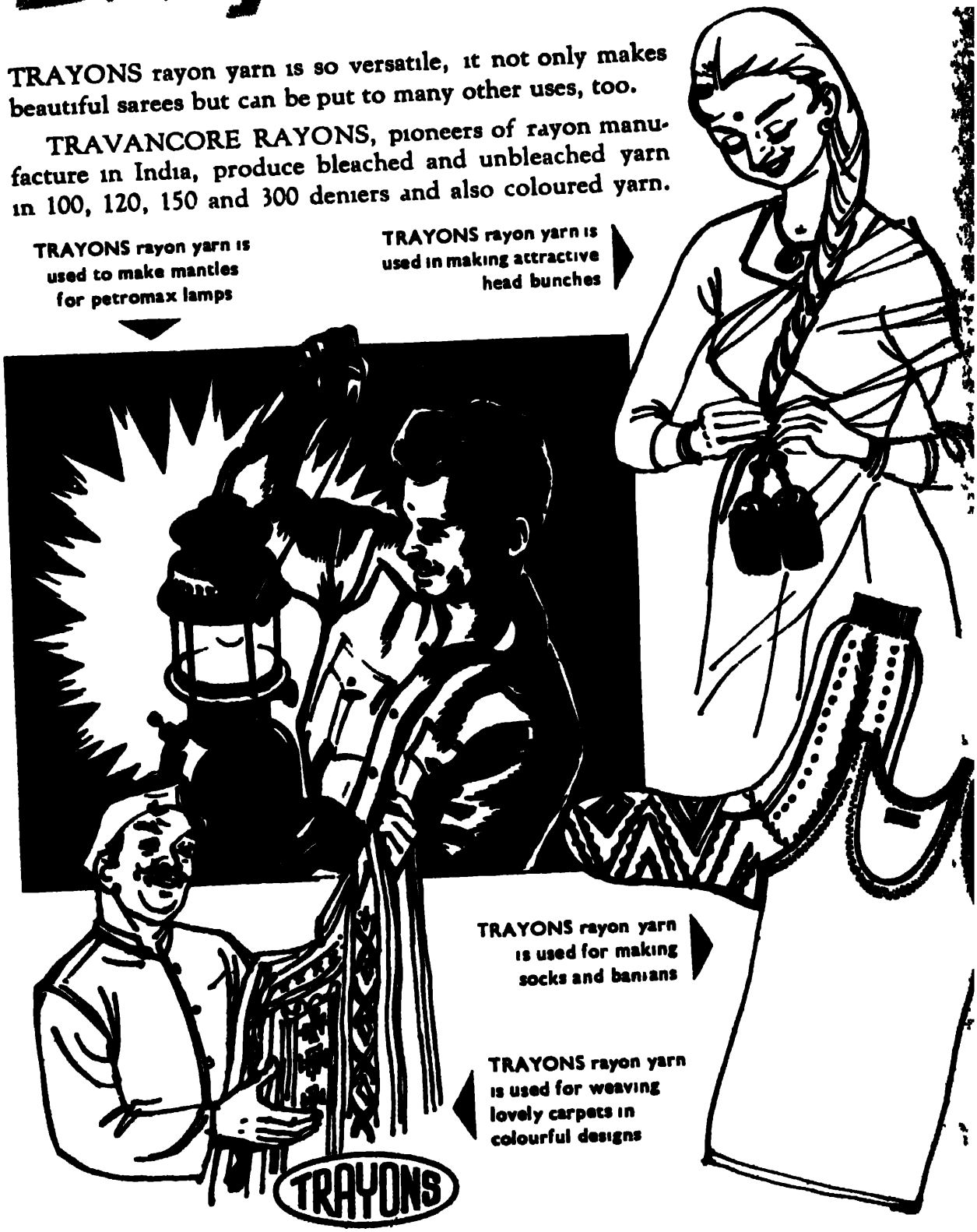
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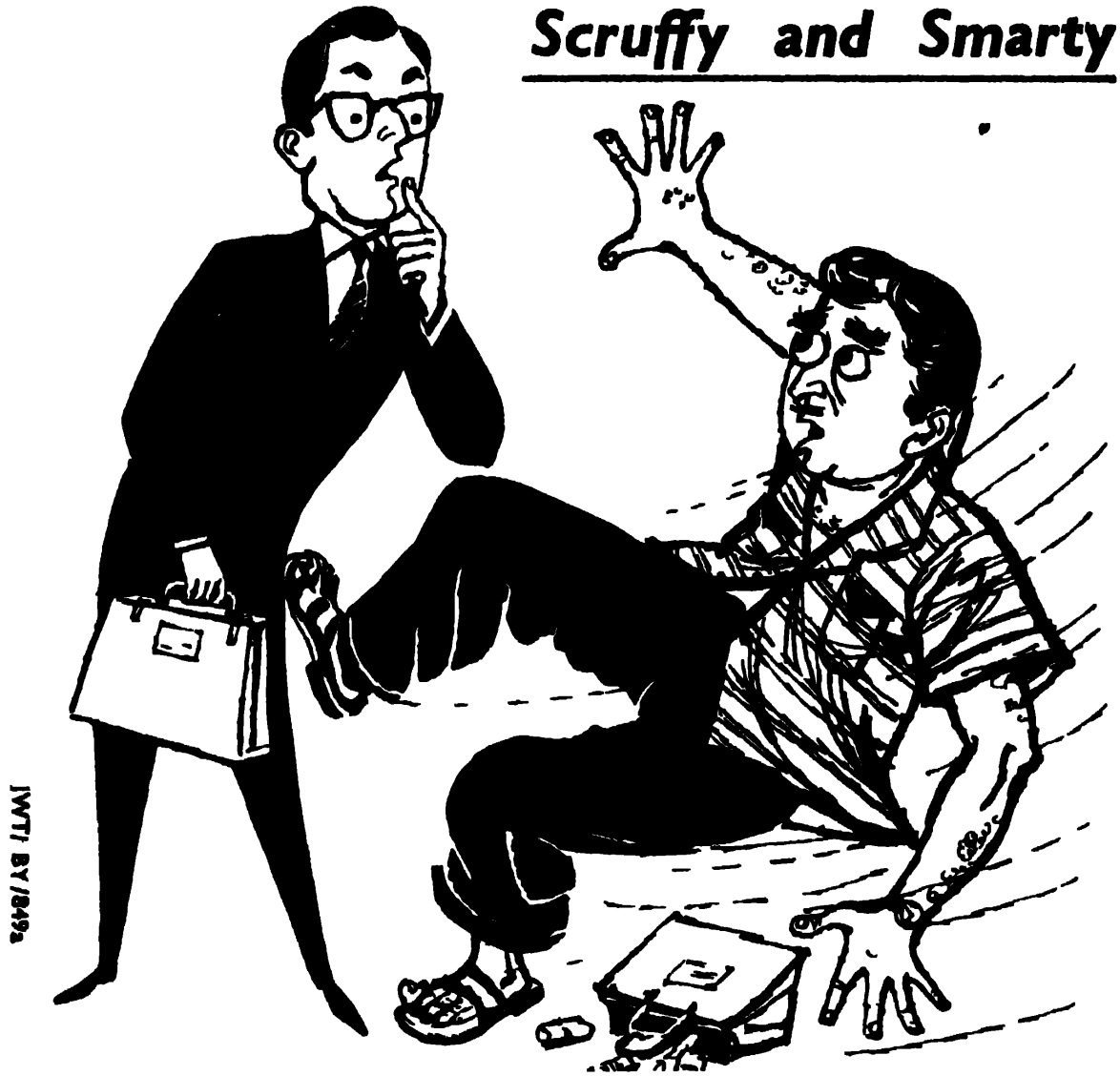
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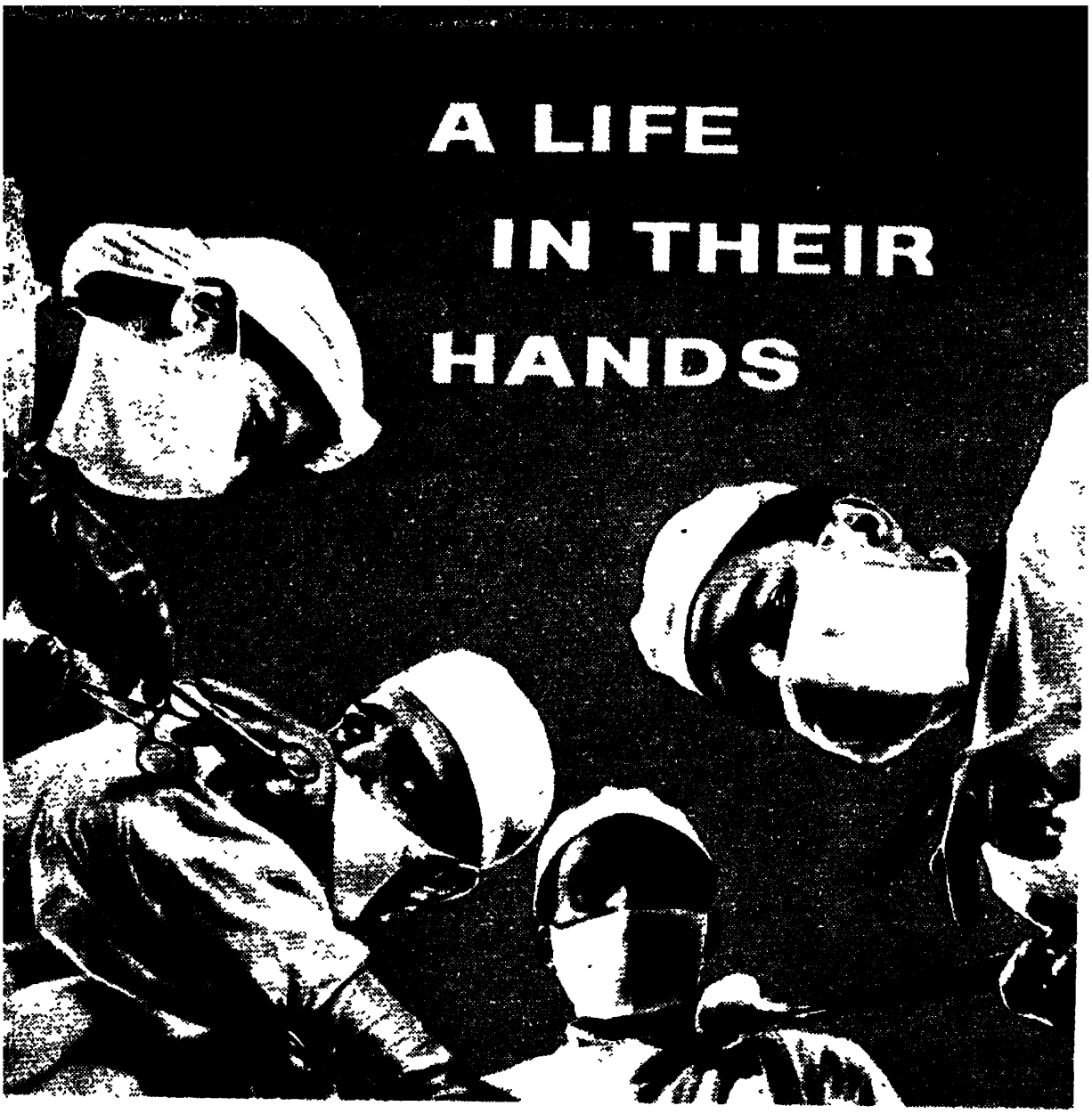
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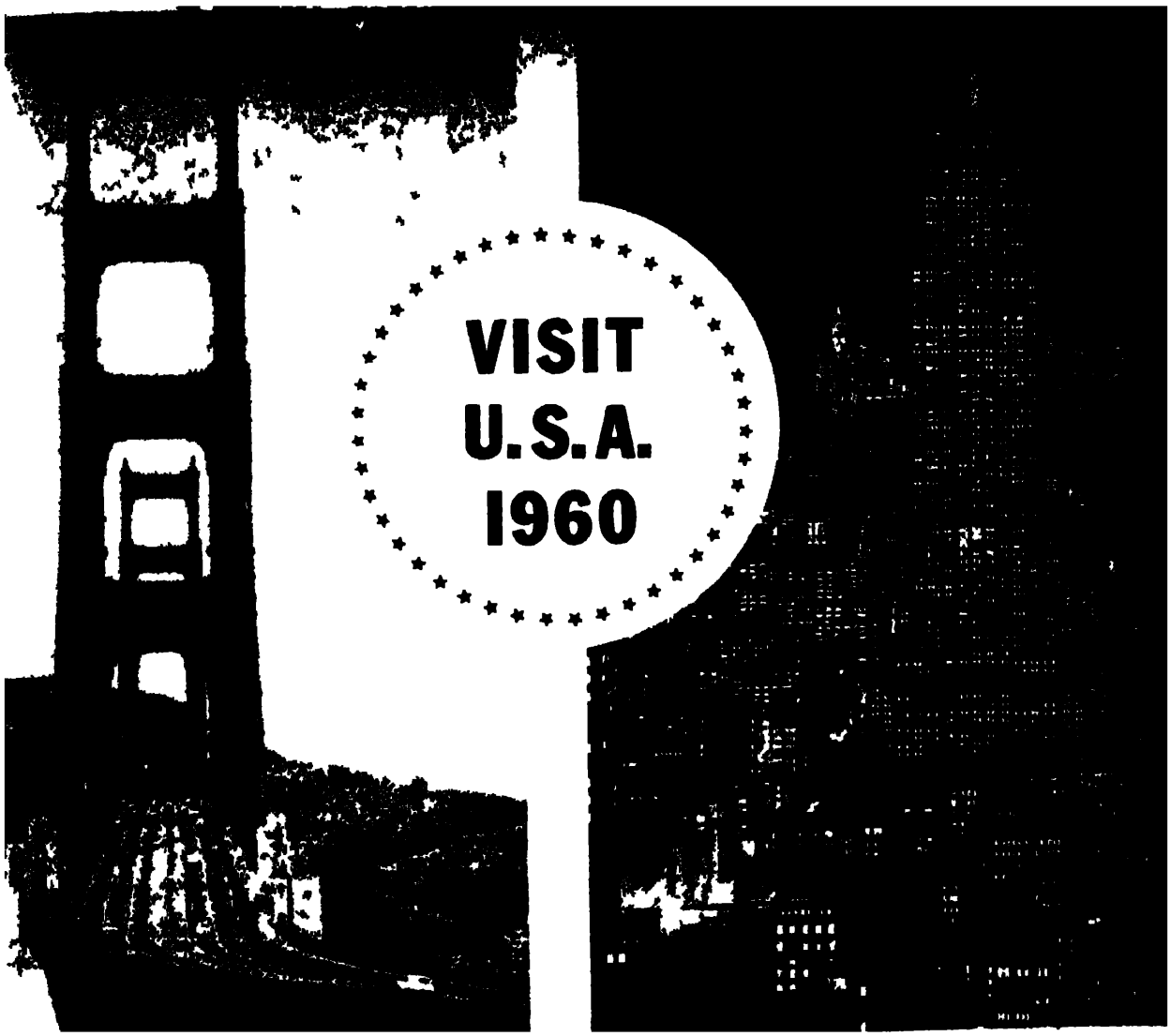


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Memoirs of an Elephant—2

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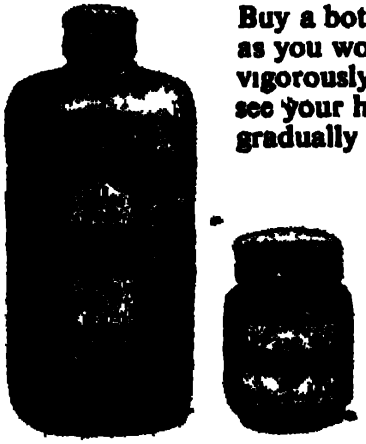
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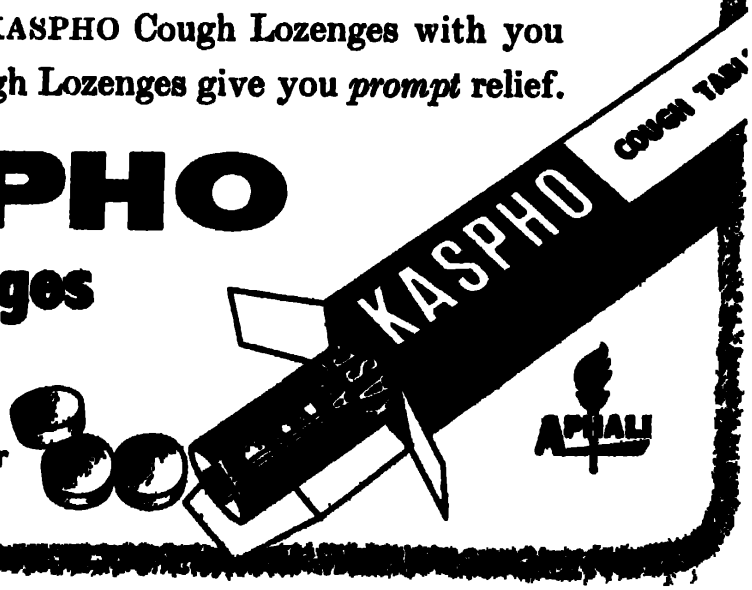
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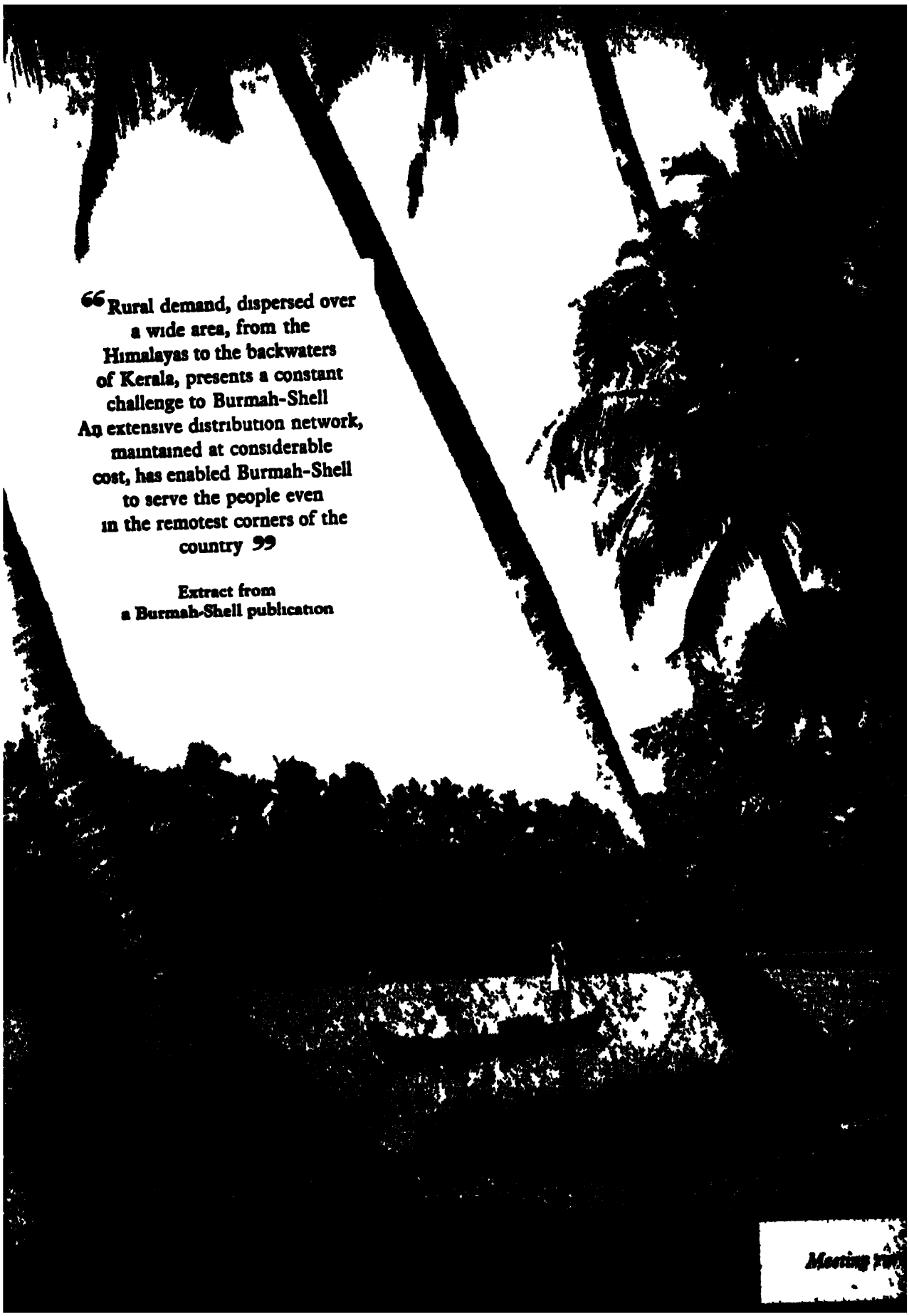
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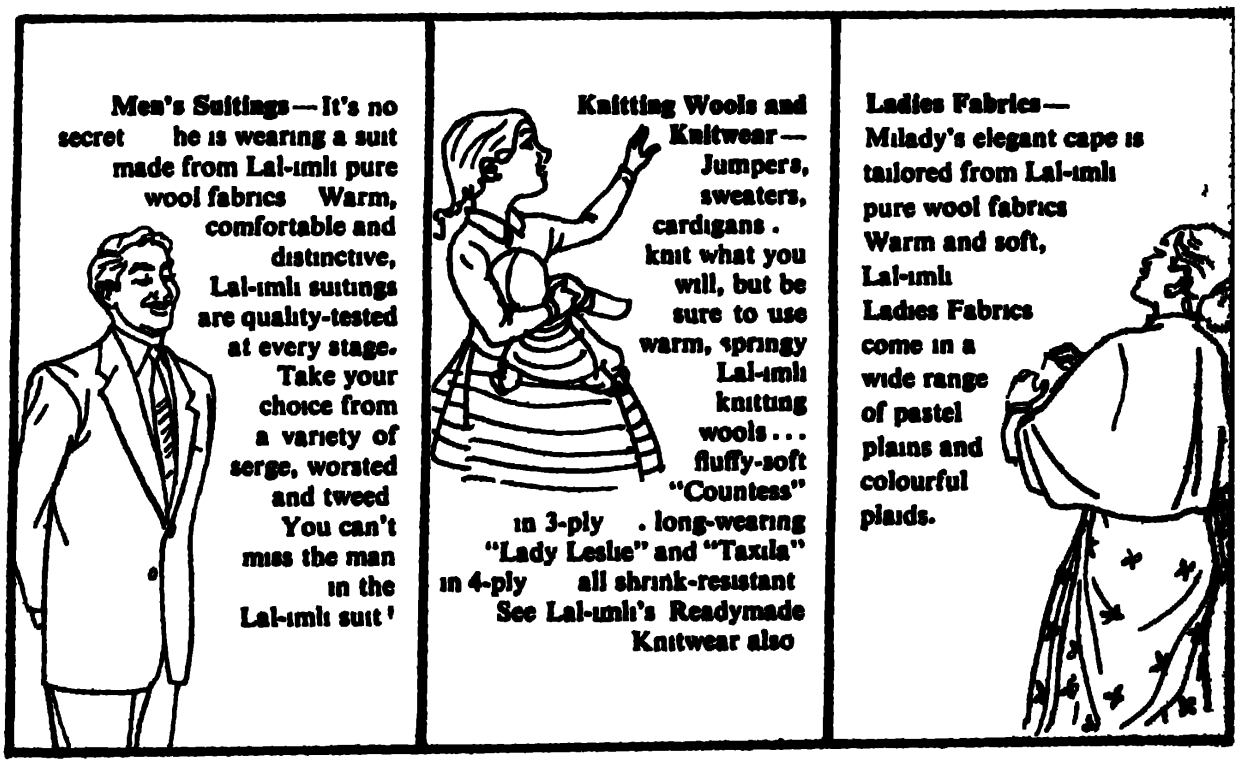

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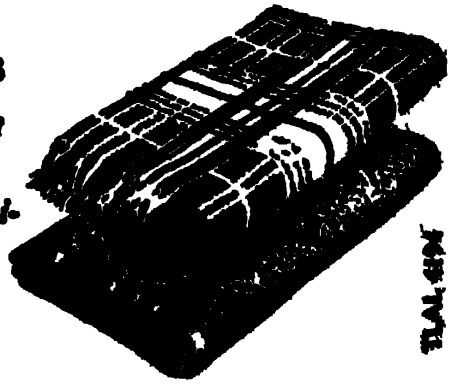
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One chance in 20,000,
but this was it—
an airline pilot's nightmare
had become reality

INCIDENT OVER PARIS

By Francis Vivian Drake

Flying an airliner across the Atlantic is mostly a routine of mathematics and organization, but there are still times when the captain lives hours in the space of seconds, when each minute seems a day The critical part of this drama lasted only seven minutes, yet during every one of those 420 seconds, death was never more than a hairbreadth away

It was a sweltering summer evening at Orly Airport, Paris In the cabin of the airliner 85 passengers fretted, eager to be off. Some were tourists; some were emigrants, with suitcases and parcels; one was the captain's 18 year old son, returning home from a trip to Europe.

The plane was to fly non-stop to Idlewild, New York, with 27 tons of fuel aboard; this brought the total weight, plane included, up to 80 tons, only a shade under the legal



maximum. But that was no concern of the passengers, relaxed now and chatting as the plane taxied out.

Up front it was a little different. The cockpit of an airliner is always full of strain before take-off. Tonight all seemed well; weather over the Atlantic was fine. Everything on the aircraft had been checked and double-checked, but still the captain was concerned about two points, known as V1 and V2.

V1 is that speed which, once passed, commits the plane to take-off. A few seconds before that, if there is any malfunction in the engines, the captain can cut the throttles, reverse the propellers, stand on the brakes and come to a stop before the end of the runway. After that, the plane will be going too fast to stop and, in case of trouble, the only safety lies in height.

The hot, thin air of this August evening, and the heavy load meant using up a lot of runway before they reached V2, the speed at which the aircraft would rise.



At the edge of the runway they stopped and tested each engine with minute care, studying the dials for the slightest sign of malfunction Everything seemed perfect Nevertheless, for five minutes they worked through the printed check list· "Compasses in sync . . . prop feathering checked . . . hydraulic pressure up . . . mixtures full rich . . . fire warnings tested."

Each member of the crew answered in turn: "Ready, Captain!" To a layman, they would have seemed almost bored, to a professional, the tension could have been sliced This crew knew, as all crews do, that despite every precaution there is always the element of chance—the statistical chance, for instance, that in one out of every 20,000 take offs an engine will fail.

The captain faced forward. "Give me take off power!" The plane shuddered and strained, held firmly on the brakes until the roaring engines built up to full power, long flames pouring from exhaust pipes

glowing red-hot in the dusk. Then the captain lifted his feet. The runway lights began to roll past, slowly at first, then in rapid flicks. The captain bent forward, left hand on the nose-wheel steering column, right hand resting lightly on the throttles. Listening intently to the engines, he was ready to chop them at any instant. The first officer sang out the increasing speed.

"Ninety . . . one hundred . . . one-five . . . coming up on V1 . . . coming . . . *V1!*"

Quickly, the captain shifted his hands to the main controls, ready for flight.

"One thirty . . . one forty . . . one forty-five . . . *V2!*"

The captain hauled back on the control yoke, the heavy plane lifted clear. "Up gear, up flaps! *Meto* [maximum - except - take - off] power!" The landing gear locked into place. The overheated engines relaxed a shade.

And then, without warning, disaster struck. On the instrument panel a red light flared. A bell clanged so loudly that it drowned the engines. From the engineer came a message that filled them with dread. It was that one chance in 20,000.

"Captain, *No. 4 is on fire!*"

This was the critical moment at which a power failure could kill them all. Minutes later they would have been high enough to maintain height on three engines. But now the heavy plane was speeding at 150 m.p.h., only feet above the ground. To the captain, the night mares of a lifetime had come true. But in those nightmares, like all good captains, he had rehearsed the decisions he would make in every possible emergency. Now he summoned the repeated experience of simulated emergencies into action during the seconds available to him in crisis.

"Feather it!"

"It's feathered!"

"Fire first bottle!" Buried in the wings were steel bottles filled with fire extinguisher under high pressure. The engineer pressed a switch.

"Fired, Captain!" A cloud of chemical streamed into the burning engine.

Almost instantly the red light shut off, the bell stopped. The fire seemed to be out.

But a hideous obstacle now confronted them. Straight ahead lay a row of blocks of flats. Though only half a dozen floors high, the roofs were above the aircraft's nose. Normally, planes made a procedural turn before they reached them. Now, with one engine out, the captain dared not bank steeply, for such a turn would decrease the lift of the wings and send the aircraft spinning groundwards. There was only one salvation: *climb.*

The captain eased back on the controls. The air speed fell five knots, and a faint shudder ran along the plane. To the captain it signalled certain death from an impending

stall. Instantly he put the nose down again. The plane would not climb

One more weapon remained—resumption of take off power on the remaining three engines But take off power imposes tremendous heat and strain, and the maximum use is two minutes The captain had used that up If he made a second call too soon, an engine might falter, and they would hit the flats dead centre

His mind, racing against the seconds, worked out the smallest increase that might lift them over

"Give me four inches more pressure Quick!"

The relief pilot was crouching at his side Together, they watched the onrushing roof It seemed to sink a fraction The crew scarcely breathed Then the relief pilot did a courageous and dangerous thing Although the captain's face was calm, he was streaming with sweat and his hands were rigid The relief pilot knew that all depended on the sensitive fingers of the man at the controls At the risk of fatally distracting him, he reached forward and touched his captain's arm

"Take it easy . . I believe you'll do it!"

The captain's hands relaxed a fraction and the aircraft swept over the roofs, a bare few feet above them.

But now all Paris lay before them, a dense mass of houses, packed among narrow, twisting streets. Somehow he had to climb.

Again the captain eased back on the controls. Again, there was the deadly shaking. Only one sure means of survival was left to dump fuel His speeding mind weighed a terrible decision. Aboard the plane were 95 people, including his son. To dump meant probable escape for them all, but 9,000 gallons of high-octane fuel, hosed down from zero altitude on the crowded old city, hitting the cooking fires and gas flames, could start a fire which would kill thousands

His decision was automatic He began inching the aircraft's nose in a long, slow turn to the right, his fingers feeling each faint tremor from the labouring wings. The first officer, reading his mind, snatched up his mike

"I Bourget Tower, Le Bourget Tower! We have a fire emergency! We are attempting to overfly the field and dump on the far side."

If they could make Le Bourget, the other big Paris airport, there was open country beyond Only the crops would be ruined by dumped fuel The nose crept round; Le Bourget came into view, then swung under the wings It was agonizing to watch salvation so close at hand, the smooth runways waiting to receive them, and not be able to land; but they were nearly 20 tons overweight with fuel (the safe weight for landing being considerably lower than that allowed for take-off) If they tried it, the landing gear might buckle and the whole of

Paris would be illuminated by their funeral pyre

As the airport moved astern, the black countryside loomed ahead "Stand by to dump!" Back in the cabin the passengers had been told of the emergency, and the stewardesses were moving rapidly up the aisle, cautioning against any violation of the "No Smoking" sign, checking each seat belt There was no panic

Up forward the engineer closed his fingers on the dumping switch, and slowly the labouring plane began to rise To the captain, no experience in life compared with the exquisite sensation of feeling the plane lighten under his hands No image in his memory compared with the sight of the altimeter needle as it began to creep round its dial The situation was still critical, for the fuel tanks were still heavy and the engines overstrained, but the awful, hopeless seconds were over

"Advise Orly Tower have completed partial dumping, am returning to field"

The French controller, fighting to keep his accented English clear and concise, answered them Everything was cleared Fire tenders were already tearing out to the runway, followed by ambulances and medical teams. In the cabin, the purser broke the seal on the escape chute that could bridge the 12-foot gap between the door and the ground if it became necessary to evacuate before the steps could be brought.

Now remained the tricky business of landing on three engines Carefully, listening to the engine pulses, the captain swung the big plane into the path that led to the runway.

"Turning on final Flaps 20 degrees Gear down!"

The captain breathed a silent prayer that the gear would not buckle on impact Exhausted as he was, he needed to put the aircraft down as softly as a master pilot could do it He eased it over the fence, the first officer calling out each five mile reduction in speed Out of the corners of their eyes, they sensed the fire tenders tearing along, striving to catch up Softly, softly

then came the thunder of the wheels, the smooth contact with the blessed runway, the solid feel of the concrete, the lovely concrete

They rolled up the runway, turned off, stopped For a moment the captain leaned heavily on his forearms, his head bowed over the control yoke Then he turned to his crew. They stood staring at him, rigid, pale as death in the dim light. Then, spontaneously, they all smiled In their exacting profession, this was a moment of perfection and pride. The years of experience had paid off.

Before midnight the engine had been replaced, the plane refuelled, a routine take-off accomplished. Fifteen hours later they landed uneventfully in New York.

By Noel Busch



THAILAND's King Bhumibol Adulyadej who, with his beautiful Queen Sirikit and their four royal children, is on a world tour, is a young man of numerous distinctions.

In the exotic land of "The King and I," a youthful monarch has inherited an awesome weight of tradition—and the responsibility for keeping his people free

Some of these distinctions are included in his full name which, when spelt out *almost* in full in English, reads: His Majesty the Supreme Divine Lord, Great Strength of the Land, Incomparable Might, Greatest in the Realm, Chief of the Sovereign People, Sovereign of Siam, Supreme Protector and Monarch. Some others, not included, are that he is the first king ever to be born in the United States and the first king who ever wrote a song good enough to be included in a Broadway musical.

His song, "Blue Night," formed part of the score of *Peep Show,* produced by the late Mike Todd in 1952. It is one of many composed by His Majesty, who plays the saxophone, trumpet or clarinet in a jazz orchestra which gives weekly broadcasts over the Thai radio. The royal melodies include a song for Bangkok's Chulalongkorn University (named after his grandfather); a naval march; and a waltz which he dashed off for Princess Alexandra of Kent when she visited Thailand last autumn.

King Bhumibol's more conventional achievements as a constitutional monarch are even more substantial. His reign, which started off inauspiciously in 1946, has shown

signs of being one of the most successful in Thailand's long history. His was the stabilizing influence which helped Thailand not only to survive but to prosper through a period of unique political strain, both internal and external

As a warm-up for his world tour, the King (also known as Rama IX) several years ago began a series of regional excursions, first inside Thailand and later to neighbouring countries. The former endeared him more than ever to his own 24 million subjects. The latter have made him and Queen Sirikit walking (or flying) testimonials in South-East Asia to the usefulness of monarchy. In the past year the royal couple have visited Burma, Vietnam and Indonesia, whose President Soekarno called Queen Sirikit one of the world's most beautiful women.

In finding out about Thailand generally, and Thai royalty in particular, we may be at some disadvantage because we have been greatly misinformed by the popular film, *The King and I*, along with the book and musical on which it was based. Those of us whose knowledge of Thailand derives chiefly from such fictions might be surprised by the home life of the present rulers.

Besides lacking a harem full of wives and several troops of singing children, the present King lacks a herd of elephants and a corps of palankeen bearers. The palace grounds do occupy a considerable area—about two miles square on the outskirts of Bangkok—and they include an 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, theatre complete with stage and recording equipment, a school for the royal children and the palace itself—a rambling Edwardian edifice open to the breezes, as is appropriate in a capital where the temperature is usually well over 25°C. The King and Queen live in a smallish flat on the second floor, however. Their children, Prince Vajiralongkorn, who is just eight, and the Princesses Ubol Ratana, nine, Sirindhorn, five, and Chulabhorn, three, along with four nurses who take care of them in relays, have their quarters on the first floor.

Despite his private golf course, the King has not yet acquired a taste for this pastime, which enjoys such popularity in Bangkok that people often play not in conventional foursomes but in eightsomes, twelvesomes or even sixteensomes. He prefers badminton for weekdays and skin-diving or water-skiing at week-ends. His sporting proclivities are hampered somewhat by short-sightedness aggravated by an injury to one eye sustained in a motor accident some years ago. The glasses he wears accentuate his habitual expression of earnest concentration, rarely broken by a smile.

The King's departure from Thailand's tradition as a land of ready laughter is understandable in view

of his background, which has had its periods of tragedy His father, the public-spirited Prince Mahidol of Songkhla, was at Harrow, then at the German Naval College, which awarded him a pre First World War lieutenancy, and finally at Harvard University Medical School, where he got an M D

The present King, youngest of three children (two sons), was born on December 5, 1927, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where his father was taking a special course in public health U S law provides that children born in the United States of foreign parents are entitled to American citizenship unless, later in life, they become appointed or elected officials of some other country Since King Bhumibol falls into neither category, he remains in effect an American citizen, and could run for President if he were a few years older



King Bhumibol Adulyadej and Queen Sirikit

Two years after the King was born Prince Mahidol died, and his widow took the three children to Switzerland, where they lived in an unpretentious villa in Lausanne. The children attended school there and entered the University of Lausanne

The elder son, Ananda, acquired the throne under a regency at the

age of nine (because his uncle, the logical successor, had died young—well before Prince Mahidol). After the Second World War, Ananda was deemed old enough to go back to Thailand as its ruler. But the young King, a revolver enthusiast, was found dead on the morning of June 9, 1946, with a bullet through his brain and one of his revolvers by his side. Whether his death was a genuine accident, or a simulated one designed to enable Thailand's then Prime Minister, Pridi Panuyamong, to do away with the monarchy, has never been satisfactorily determined. Pridi fled the country and finished up in Red China, where he is now apparently waiting out Thailand's 20-year statute of limitations. The net result was to place Bhumibol on the throne under trying circumstances.

Shortly after his brother's death, the new King returned to Switzerland to complete his studies. Up to that time, science had been his major interest as, next to music, it still is. But Thailand's new Prime Minister, Pibul Songgram, sensibly suggested that he prepare himself for his responsibilities by studying law, and the King followed his advice. In Lausanne, also, he carried on his courtship of the glamorous Sirikit, daughter of a Thai prince who was the Thai Ambassador to France and the King's second cousin. The royal wedding took place in April 1950, soon after the King returned to Thailand for his coronation.

The people he was called to rule made their appearance on the stage of world history when they migrated *en masse* from South China into what they named Muang Thai (Land of the Free) about the year A.D. 650. Modern Siam came into being in about 1781. At that time, after a disastrous war with Burma in which the previous dynasty had been overthrown, the founder of the present one established his new capital of Bangkok on the banks of the Chao Phya River.

King Mongkut, the widely celebrated hero of the Anna legends and, as fourth ruler in the line, the present King's great-grandfather, was totally dissimilar to the hairless and shirtless despot portrayed by Yul Brynner. Actually, he was a religious recluse and philosopher who spent 27 years in a Buddhist monastery prior to his accession to the throne. He shaved his head only while he was a monk. His wide-ranging interests, however, did lead him into contact with the Western world—though on a plane far above learning the waltz from an English governess.

If Thailand today has a good king, it is also a first-rate country to be king of. It has the advantage, unique in the area, of having avoided the indignity of colonization. Economically, it can rely on a huge exportable surplus of high-quality rice, as well as tin, teak and rubber. It is blessed with a climate which, while sometimes too warm

for comfort, is eminently enjoyable; a culture pleasantly conditioned by Buddhist philosophy; and, best of all, a people of unusual beauty, charm and equanimity.

Thailand still has a long way to go, however, before its government —outside the royal element—can claim endorsement by the whole electorate. Ever since 1932, when King Prajadhipok's long-standing intention to hand over the reins of government to his subjects was rudely anticipated by a bloodless *coup d'état,* the *coup* has been the conventional way for Thai governments to change hands. Under Pibul and Pridi, who instigated the first *coup* together and then became rivals who took turns in running the country until 1958, the technique was perfected to such a degree that hardly anyone knew what was happening until it had happened. Nonetheless, *coups* were undeniably nerve-racking for the constitutional monarchs, who ruled under one or another of the half-dozen new constitutions that have been drafted since 1932.

In handling the affairs of such a state, Pibul's advice that he study law has doubtless been helpful to Bhumibol. And, as sometimes happens, the advice eventually proved less than beneficial to its dispenser. Having returned from Switzerland armed with a thorough juridical grasp of his obligations and prerogatives, the King quite often found serious flaws in legislation sent up by his Prime Minister for signing. Pibul was naturally upset to get it back for re-drafting.

The climactic display of the King's legal prowess was provided in the *coup* of 1957. The principals were General Sarit of the 20,000-man Thai army, and his bitter rival, General Phao of the Thai police force—a powerful organization with its own tanks, aircraft and paratroopers. When Pibul, siding with Phao, intimated that the King should sack Sarit, the King coolly and correctly refused. The consequence was a somewhat ignominious exit across the Cambodian frontier by Pibul, while Phao made off to Switzerland. Sarit has handled the government to the nation's more or less general satisfaction since.

As befits a country which has maintained its territorial and cultural integrity for more than a thousand years, Thailand has acquired numerous national idiosyncrasies. These include complex court ceremonies ranging from periodic excursions on the Chao Phya in one of several royal barges—vast gondola-shaped craft draped in gold silk and manned by a hundred or so paddlers—to putting a jewelled shawl around the shoulders of the Emerald Buddha at the start of the "cold" season, when the temperature begins to fall.

To outsiders, such pomp and ceremony may well seem obsolete. But it is precisely the King's superiority

to the rough and tumble of politics, symbolized by such ritual, that gives the monarchy its unique prestige and makes it the ultimate asset without which no Thai politician can hope to obtain acceptance What it boils down to is that the King gets credit for everything good that happens, while blame for everything bad attaches to the politicians

Hence, the young King takes his part in the ceremonials as seriously as he does his position as "Defender of the Faith" During his Lausanne childhood, his Buddhist ritual was limited to a bedtime prayer consisting of the Thai words for "May the Lord Buddha help me to be good and kind" On his return to Thailand, however, he set about remedying his religious deficiencies promptly He followed the Thai convention whereby all properly devout young men at some time in their teens or 20's spend a week or two in a Buddhist monastery This involved having his head shaved, dressing in yellow cotton robes, eating only once daily and securing the ingredients of this repast by going out barefoot at dawn and begging from door to door

While the King's main devotional obligations are Buddhist, these by no means exhaust the list In line with Buddha's generous teachings, he is responsible for keeping religious freedom in Thailand more complete than it is anywhere else in the world Such freedom extends not only to Moslems, of whom there are several hundred thousand, but also to every conceivable kind of Christian, whose missions are all tax free and often get direct grants from the royal treasury

Though this exalted personage may have seemed exotic and a trifle unreal to the Western world as he passed through with his family and a retinue of 50, we will do well to salute the serious young man behind the façade For King Bhumibol's comprehension of both the ceremonial and the legal position of a modern South East Asia monarch —and the firmness with which he has applied this comprehension in crises—accounts for the fact that Thailand, despite *coups* and the presence of some three million overseas Chinese, is the only South-East Asian country in which Communism has never been a serious menace.

Cheek to Cheek

KHRUSHCHEV, on visiting Rouen Cathedral

"There is much in Christ that is in common with us Communists, but I cannot agree with Him when He says when you are hit on the right cheek turn the left cheek I believe in another principle. If I am hit on the left cheek I hit back on the right cheek so hard that the head might fall off. This is my sole difference with Christ." —Quoted in New York *Times*

The thermo-electric engine promises to revolutionize home-making—and the world's technology

Hot News of Tomorrow's Power

By Hari and Manchester

In a research laboratory I watched an old fashioned copper kettle bubbling away on a gas ring, while dance music came from a small radio beside it A familiar scene, but deceptive For the radio was *not* plugged into a wall point, nor was it a battery powered portable Its electric power was furnished by a cable running from the kettle In the base of the kettle was a small pioneer "thermo electric generator" which converts heat directly into electric current



Unless hundreds of scientists and engineers throughout the world turn out to be wrong, this scene is a symbol of future power as exciting in its implications as another kettle which stirred the imagination of James Watt two centuries ago

Watt's kettle grew up to be a steam boiler, and most electric power today is produced by burning fuel under boilers and using the force of the expanding steam to drive turbines, which in turn drive electric generators. For decades engineers have been describing this system as cumbersome, wasteful and noisy, and have been dreaming

about eliminating the mechanical middleman and converting heat into electricity in one simple, silent step.

Now, in a great surge of development throughout the world, they are doing it. In the laboratories of industrial firms and government research centres, dozens of thermo-electric power-makers of various types are experimentally running radios, lighting bulbs, turning fans, heating babies' bottles and performing other chores.

In Russia, thermo-electric devices have been put on the market in quantity. Old-fashioned paraffin lamps, equipped to convert heat directly into current, are said to be running radios in Russian villages. Their efficiency is low: engineers calculate that they run for 24 hours on a pint of paraffin.

An American firm has built a lighter and more efficient fire-powered radio which uses transistors instead of tubes. It will operate for ten days on a pint of fuel and can also be powered by the heat of a wood-charcoal fire or the embers of a camp-fire. Engineers are now working to bring down its cost, with a view to distribution throughout remote areas where there are no power lines, and batteries are hard to get.

These fascinating new machines are still a long way from putting steam plants out of business, but engineers are confidently pointing to a wide range of practical uses, not only in small home machines but in big nuclear power plants and many intermediate jobs.

The basic principle which makes these devices work has been known to science since 1822 when Thomas John Seebeck of Berlin, experimenting with two wires of different metals joined in a circle, noticed that when a junction was heated, a magnetic needle held near the loop dipped sharply; a tiny but measurable flow of current had passed through the loop.

Now scientists have developed loops made of special alloys which are hundreds of times more efficient. In the base of the kettle, and attached to the Russian lamp, a battery of these loops converts heat directly into electric power. This giant stride is only the beginning, engineers say.

Curiously enough, some thermo-electric devices also have a future in refrigeration. In 1834, Jean Peltier, a Paris physicist, discovered that if he passed a current through the loop in one direction, the junction of the two wires became hot, and that if he reversed the current, it became cold. I placed my hand on a metal panel in an American laboratory, and Dr. John Kelly threw a switch. It soon became uncomfortably warm. "This is a thermo-electric panel," he explained. He flipped the switch over, and soon the panel felt as cold as ice.

Four U.S. manufacturers have exhibited basically similar home

refrigerators. In the model that I saw, the thermo-electric panel, contained in the rear wall, pulls the heat from the box and dissipates it into the room. Considerable space is saved because it has no motor, compressor or other moving parts. It is completely silent, and engineers say that "nothing can wear out but the hinges."

Dr. Clarence Zener, the director of research at one American firm, believes that within five years it will be able to compete in every way with modern refrigerators.

There are reports that a similar refrigerator developed in Russian laboratories will soon be mass-produced for use in city flats.

"Such devices may change the whole concept of household refrigeration," one engineer told me. "With these thermo-electric panels there would be no costly multiplication of motors and compressors, and we could distribute small units throughout the kitchen: ice-maker, food freezer, drink cooler, vegetable drawer—all kept at the required temperatures."

A small, portable thermo-electric de-humidifier has been developed for use in cupboards to keep biscuits and so on crisp; or it may be used in wardrobes to dry clothes in humid climates.

Another device that Dr. Kelly showed me was a portable thermo-electric baby's-bottle cooler and warmer. "A small thermostatically controlled refrigerator keeps the bottle cold," he explained. "You set the time clock, and at the baby's feeding time the current is reversed and the milk is warmed to the correct temperature. It's easy to think of other possible uses for the device —for example, fitting it under a car dashboard to dispense either hot or cold drinks on demand."

Meanwhile, thermo-electric engines of a completely different type are being developed by scientists at other research laboratories. While they vary widely in detail, all convert heat directly into electric power by means of vacuum tubes.

One vacuum-tube engineer has a metal-ceramic vacuum tube, a little larger than a man's wrist-watch. When he plays a blow-lamp on it, two attached wires take off enough power to run a small motor.

Another research team is working on a "thermo-electron engine." This device consists of a tube, two inches in diameter and three inches long, which it is said will convert heat into power with efficiencies of 15 per cent and better. One day a box a foot square may hold enough of these units to supply electricity for the average home.

There have been all manner of predictions and suggestions for the use of a thermo-electric engine. Wernher von Braun, the rocket pioneer, has suggested using these generators, operated by the heat of the sun, to provide power for space satellites. And last year at a meeting of radio engineers someone

commented that a silent thermo-electric lawn-mower would be a boon to people with gardens.

The possibility of employing radioactive isotopes to furnish the heat for small thermo-electric generators is especially intriguing for certain communication uses. One of many is "SNAP III"—a five-pound device in which the heat from an isotope pellet is converted into sufficient power to work the instruments of a space satellite. Such generators are expected to produce current for radios and other small devices for several months, until the disintegrating isotope cools off.

There are many different radioactive isotopes—made by bombarding bits of stable metals in atomic reactors—and they vary widely in their longevity. If anyone wants to place an unmanned weather broadcasting device at the North Pole, or on the moon, there are isotopes which will furnish heat for a century. One low-power electric generator can run for several years without attention on a cylinder of cooking gas.

An alluring goal for the new engine which many scientists are discussing is to boost the power of atomic plants, which are still at a primitive stage compared with the most efficient coal-burning plants. The reactors make more heat than the steam turbines can use, and throwing it away is like putting money down the drain. Already there are blue-prints for a plan to put thermo-electric tubes inside the reactor and convert the excess heat directly into electric power. Such a device was tested in an American reactor last year. One of these new engines might make atomic power pay off years earlier than now seems likely.

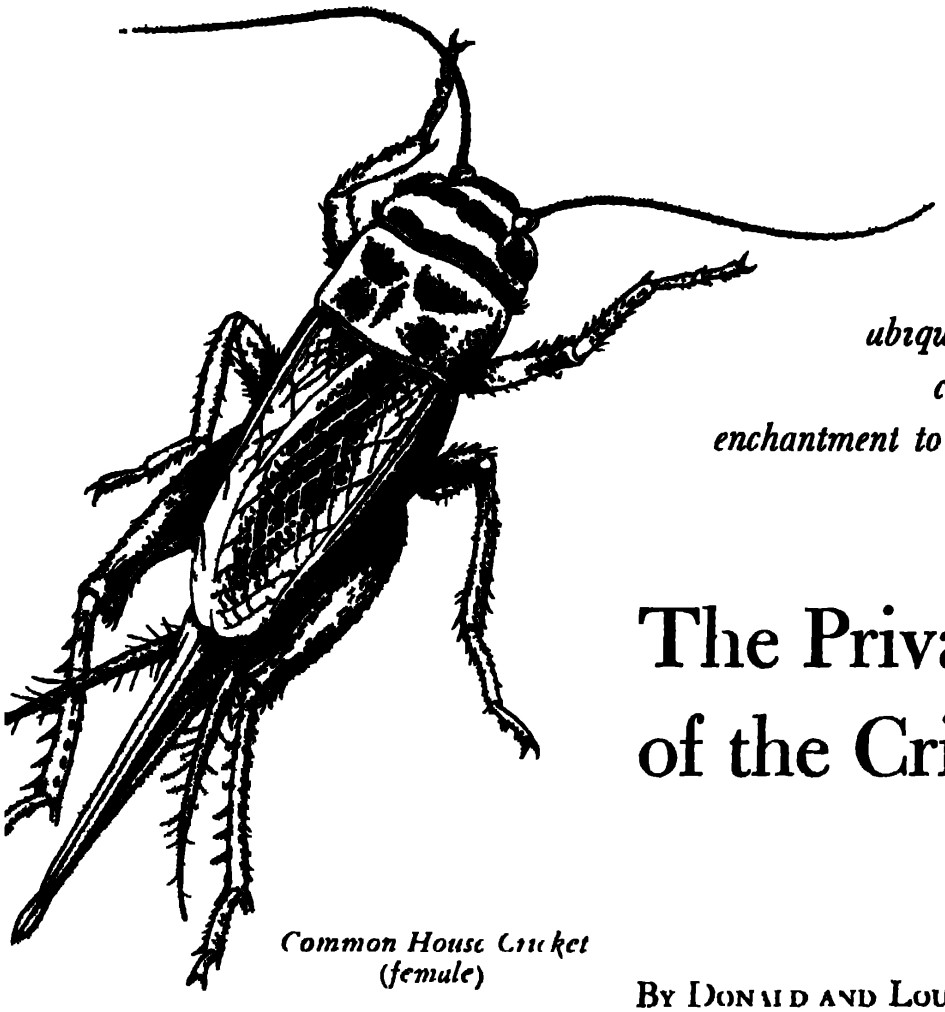
All hands agree that there is a great deal of work to do before many of these dreams are realized. Making due allowance for optimistic enthusiasm—essential to all progress—it would appear that a versatile new power-maker is moving in, and that it will have a profound, and perhaps unexpected, effect on the technology of the world.

Critical Opinions

OSCAR LEVANT: "My doctor won't allow me to watch Dinah Shore. I'm a diabetic." —*Parade*

FROM a book review: "It is not a book to be lightly thrown aside. It should be thrown with great force." —S. Z.

OF AN exhibition of D. H. Lawrence's paintings, largely nudes, a critic once noted: "Mr. Lawrence has very pink friends." —Paul Darcy Boles



Common House Cricket (female)

The humble, ubiquitous insect whose cheerful song lends enchantment to the summer night

The Private Life of the Cricket

By Donald and Louise Peattie

One of the world's humblest voices has for centuries been prized in many lands It is the cricket's—a chirp of contentment in the rusty summer grasses that, as dusk falls, seems touched with wistfulness Fiddler, ventriloquist, acrobat, fighter and optimist (even when chill autumn nights give warning of his end), the cricket long ago jumped into the affections of mankind. "I love it for the many times I have heard it, and the many thoughts its harmless music has given me," says Dickens for us all in *The Cricket on the Hearth.*

Familiar in the Orient, Europe and the Americas, crickets hold a place in human life no other insect can claim In his Swedish home the great naturalist Linnaeus kept crickets to send him to sleep. In Japan, where children delight in collecting them, shops carry on a busy trade in caged crickets.

Only the adult male cricket chirps, and he creates the sound partly for pure pleasure, partly to attract a lady. His instrument is a delicate one, consisting of one wing cover set with a ridge of a hundred or more fine triangular teeth, across

which he scrapes the other wing, rather like a fiddler. This stridulation with lifted wings, the right one always over the left, can be heard sometimes nearly a mile away.

Some entomologists have doubted whether the female cricket hears the male at all. But to this unsentimental cynicism, experiment found answer. Male and female crickets were put in separate cages, out of sight of each other but connected by telephone. When the male crickets struck up, the females eagerly crowded close to the receiver in their cage. The monotonous chirping was music to their ears. (The ears are not like ours, but rather a drumlike surface located near the knee, which receives vibration like the tympanum within the human ear.)

Scientists have studied cricket chirps with tape recorders, stroboscopic illuminators, heterodyne oscillators and other gadgets, and have worked out accurate charts of the pitch, frequency and form of the music in the grass or trees. But, long ago, cricket lovers in China and Japan discerned with the unaided ear the exquisite differences between the crying of one species and another, and gave each a lovely name —Golden Bell, Grass Lark, Little Bell of the Bamboo Grove.

A cricket can "throw" his voice like a ventriloquist. A slight pressure of his wings against his sides makes the chirp seem to come from now here, now there, so that if you are hunting a cricket in the house you'll be more on the jump than the insect is. Furthermore, weather changes affect the song: as it grows colder the pitch drops, the tempo slows. You can thus even tell the temperature by counting the chirps. The physicist Amos Dolbear, working this out in 1897 with the snowy tree cricket, produced Dolbear's law: count the number of chirps in 15 seconds and add 40; the sum is the temperature in degrees Fahrenheit.

The house cricket used to be considered a luck-bringer, but today we know that it will eat almost anything and is likely to leave holes in the clothes in your cupboard bigger than those made by a moth. A champion champer, it can even chew through leather. Out of doors its appetite turns as easily to decaying food as to fresh, to either animal or vegetable. There is even horrid evidence that occasionally a newlywed cricket provides an unwilling dinner for his bride.

A father mole cricket is likely to turn cannibal if he gets a chance at his own tender young. Understandably, the male and female of this species live apart, in burrows dug some six to eight inches under the grass roots. This kind of cricket has front paws which serve not only as digging tools but also as oars when he is lost at sea in a puddle.

In front of the mole cricket's tunnel there is often a bit of neatly swept earth shaded by grasses,

rather like a veranda, where he likes to sit and pluck a guttural note from his fiddle. This has charms for the lady of the species, but she never trusts him to baby sit. She digs a hole for a nursery at the end of her own burrow, carefully polishing its walls, and lays a great quantity of eggs. She is a devoted mother, even brooding her young, on chilly nights, under her six legged body.

The gentle old French genius of entomology, Henri Fabre, once observed the hatching of cricket eggs. Each egg had a cap rather like the lid of a biscuit box which opens more easily because of the line of perforations running round it Pushed open by the head of the infant cricket, the cap fell back to let the infant pop out, still in swaddling clothes. These were soon cast off, and within 24 hours the pallid mite, little bigger than a flea, had turned a handsome black and was already jumping like a jack, waving his informative antennae and daring the dangers that surround us all on earth.

At mating time male crickets may fight it out for a lady like the boldest of knights Indeed, a cricket may be said to wear a light, elastic armour —the hard, protective cuticle which covers his soft body. Perhaps it is this thorough equipment of high-jump legs, light armour and strong jaws that gives a cricket the nerve incessantly to proclaim his presence, whether he lives in a house, a burrow, under a log or up a tree.

We may be grateful that he has such valour. Poet David McCord lamented, "The cricket's gone, we only hear machines"; but the cricket's chirp is still here for all who care to listen—a sound of peace and of longing, a chant of praise for the life we humans share with this humble companion.

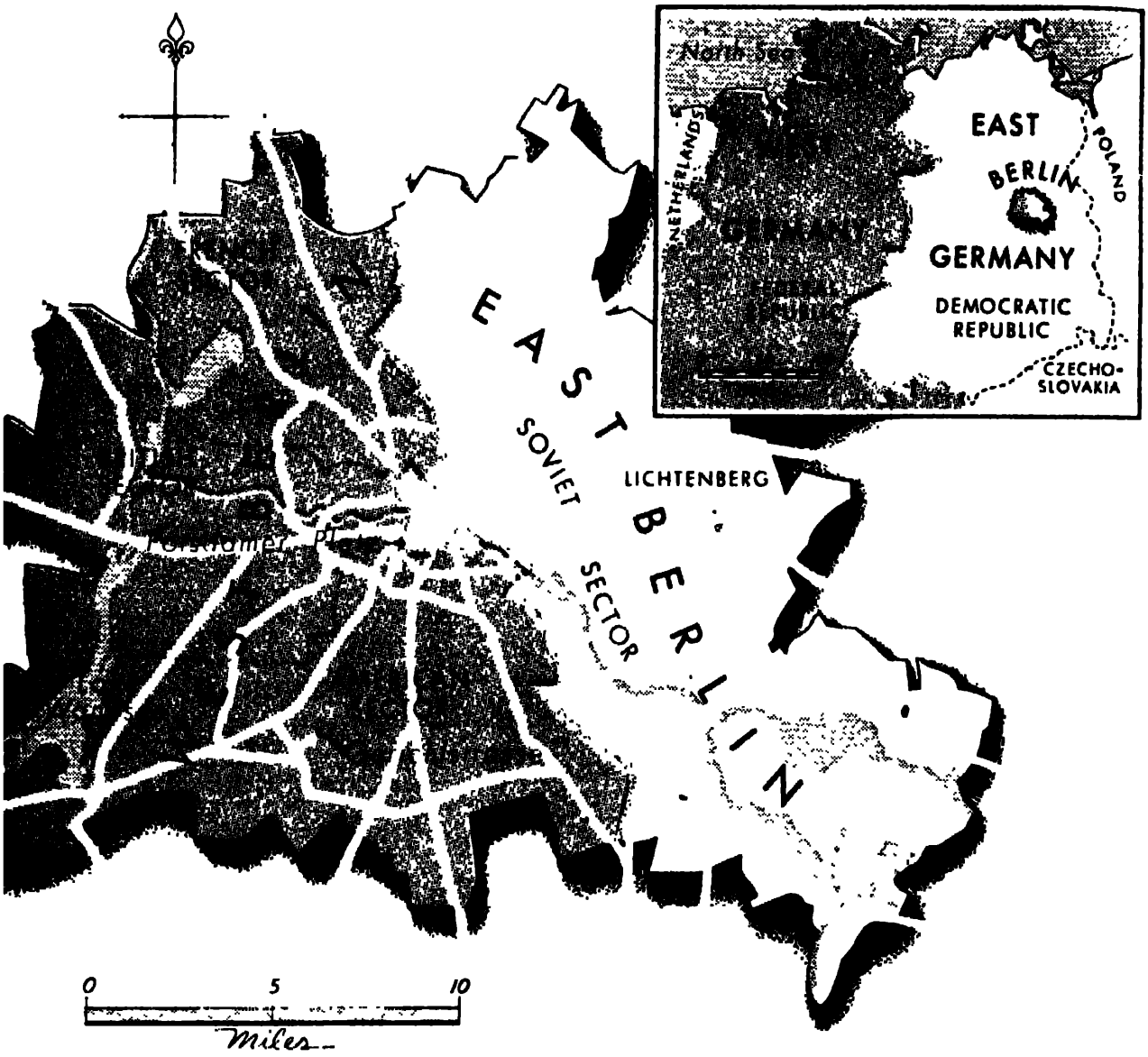
American Ways

IN THIS DAY of almost total dependence on mechanical gadgets, one American supermarket has found it necessary to put this warning on its entrance: "Caution. No Automatic Door." —*N Y T*

A NEW ORLEANS drugstore features a special lunch consisting of a hamburger, a soft drink—and a vitamin pill. —W F Farbstein

SIGN IN a Texas drive in cinema. "Please answer your car telephones promptly. Don't disturb other patrons." —Hy Gardner

THE LATEST revised edition of the *Boy Scout Handbook* contains an interesting change in the section on how to make pancakes over an open fire. It begins: "Make the pancake batter according to instructions on the box . . ." —*N Y T*



REIGN OF TERROR IN WEST BERLIN

Nowhere else in the world have the Communists brought to bear such a sinister and sustained campaign of psychological warfare

By Frederic Sondern

In the Lichtenberg section of East Berlin, housed in a huge complex of grim buildings, is an organization which has been called "one of the heaviest concentrations of subversive and espionage activity in the world." Its name is the East German Ministry of State Security (known to the Germans as

the MFS) Its efforts are directed, to a large extent, at two million remarkably courageous West Berliners who for 12 years have fought off every sort of psychological warfare and physical terror that the Communists could devise Their struggle is one of the most extraordinary—and crucial—in modern history.

Moscow has pressing reasons for wanting the whole of Berlin under East German— and thereby Soviet—rule Orderly, well fed, genuinely democratic and prosperous, West Berlin is an island of freedom behind the Iron Curtain, an embarrassingly visible symbol of the validity of free political and economic principles As such, it exerts a galling pressure on the Communist East Germans, who live in comparative poverty and mediocrity

To undermine West Berlin and to destroy the morale of its inhabitants is one of the main functions of the MFS Its budget is practically limitless Its enormous secret network reaches into every part of West German life, not only in Berlin but in the entire Federal Republic

Chief of the organization is Colonel General Erich Mielke, Minister of State Security Of all the Kremlin's viceroys in the satellite countries he is probably the most sinister. A stocky, granite faced man of 55, he became a Communist at 15 in pre-Hitler Germany. When, as head of the Party's terror and assassination squad in Berlin, he shot two police officials, he escaped to Belgium. (A warrant for his arrest for murder is still active in the Federal Republic) In 1940 he went to the Soviet Union and was put through the various schools for foreign agents In 1945 he returned to Berlin as principal organizer of the system designed to keep East Germany in the Soviet orbit. He is responsible only to the Kremlin.

Under this completely Russianized general are some 13,000 officers and men of the State Security Service (SSD), who work with more than 200,000 agents and informers.

Germans refer to the SSD in the same hushed tone in which they used to refer to the Gestapo Specifically entrusted with the attack on West Berlin is Section Five of General Mielke's ministry, an enormous apparatus which uses all conceivable means, including kidnapping and murder, to harass the West Berliners.

Its victims have been many. One of them was Dr. Walter Linse, a lawyer and member of the Committee of Free Jurists, which reports offences against the law committed by the U S S R . and its subservient East German Government.* The Free Jurists have become both an international symbol of West Berlin's fight, and the repository of a steadily growing mass of information about Eastern Europe. Dr. Linse was in charge of compiling

* See "German Lawyers v Communist Crimes," The Reader's Digest, August 1951

and checking the economic aspects of this material, and the MFS decided that he had to be removed.

It was a routine operation for them. On a July morning in 1952, as he walked to work, he passed a taxi with its engine running. A man materialized from a doorway and asked him for a light; as he fumbled in his pockets for his lighter a cosh crashed down on his head.

By chance an early morning lorry-driver, passing down the Gerichtstrasse, saw two legs being pulled into the already moving taxi. One shoe fell off. The lorry-driver stopped and picked it up, then roared in pursuit of the taxi until it streaked into the Eastern sector of the city. West Berlin police established that the shoe was Linse's all right—all that remained of a brave man.

On June 8th this year, the Soviet Red Cross at long last advised the West German Red Cross that Dr. Linse had died in a Russian prison on December 15, 1953—an implicit admission that previous Communist denials of the kidnapping had been lies.

Dr. Linse was succeeded at the Free Jurists by Dr. Edwin Neumann, an outstanding economist By now, the Free Jurists had learnt their lesson: their headquarters and files were heavily guarded, and their members were taught to take care of themselves. Dr. Neumann, a withdrawn, austere sort of man, was cautious about whom he saw, where he went and when.

But unfortunately he had a passion for sailing. At his boat club on the Wannsee, Berlin's big lake, he became friendly with a pleasant new member who was equally enthusiastic. Eventually the friend—an SSD agent, of course—was able to sail Neumann on a stormy day into the East German zone of the Wannsee where a People's Police patrol boat was lying in wait. Neumann was last heard of in October 1958, when he was reported to be in an East Berlin jail.

Besides removing men dangerous to them, like Linse and Neumann, the SSD has systematically snatched hundreds of relatively unimportant people from all walks of life. A West Berlin police officer explained this to me. "They want all sections of the populace to think that the SSD can come and get anyone they want, no matter where he is. It's the old Nazi trick of creating an atmosphere of terror. The system has great psychological impact and it's difficult to combat."

Some of the kidnapped are destroyed; others are forced to work as spies and agitators in the West. They know that unless they perform efficiently the SSD will get them again. A typical example was an escapee from East Germany, a section foreman in one of West Berlin's biggest industrial plants. Tricked into visiting his supposedly ailing mother in East Berlin, this

honest, hard-working craftsman of 50 was taken to MFS headquarters, charged with desertion and given the choice of going to prison indefinitely or providing the MFS with information on new electronic components produced in his factory.

The terrified foreman co operated with the MFS for several months Finally his conscience drove him to the police He also confided in a fellow worker Within 24 hours he had vanished

The Senate of West Berlin, using the coldly precise records of the West Berlin Police Presidency and other government agencies, recently published a Black Book giving details of the operations of General Mielke's MFS and its SSD Much of it would be hard to believe if it did not come from so trustworthy and meticulous a group of men

To undermine the West Berliners, confuse them and poison their lives, the MFS directs systematic personal attacks on leaders in politics, industry, labour, the Church and the professions A horde of informers supplies Section Five with details of the lives of such men, their families, friends, character, habits and finances These dossiers, some of which have fallen into the hands of West German authorities, are masterpieces of careful investigation. With them as background, the anonymous telephone calls and letters begin—to wife, employer, friends. "It's fiendish," an industrialist said to me. "No matter how guiltless you are, they can make your life miserable with slander that you cannot stop."

Section Five is also expert in forgery One bureau, for example, has perfect replicas of the letterheads, rubber stamps and principal officers' signatures not only of the various government officials in West Berlin and the Federal Republic but of most of the political organizations and important industrial and other companies in West Germany These are used in all sorts of ways

One continuous and unfortunately effective barrage is aimed at valuable refugees from East Germany. An able doctor (one of many examples) fled to West Berlin recently He was given a very cool reception at all the refugee aid centres to which he applied Disillusioned and in despair, he was on the point of returning

Luckily, at the last minute it was discovered that the confidential file on him, indicating that he was a Soviet agent, had been forged by Section Five on what seemed to be official stationery of the Free Jurists.

The doctor was saved and is now an asset to West Berlin But many refugees have not been so fortunate. Not receiving the asylum they expected in West Germany, thanks to the machinations of the MFS, they have returned to East Germany and become implacable foes of the West —exactly what Section Five intended. "It seems incredible that

they would go to such detailed trouble," a West German official said to me. "But they do. And the cumulative effect is very telling."

Another method of creating confusion and fear involves malicious practical joking. A West Berlin manufacturer received a written order from a highly reputable firm in West Germany and carried it out —only to discover, after much distress and hard feeling, that the order was entirely fictitious. Section Five had sent it. A prominent West Berlin legislator received an impressive invitation to go to Hamburg to address an evidently important group of businessmen. He went, only to find that no such group existed. "These may seem like crude practical jokes to you," he said. "But they have great psychological impact on us. Our nerves are raw— as you can understand."

Section Five's main effort, however, is its enormous system of infiltration. Well-informed West German officials estimate that at least 8,000 Communist agents are established for subversion in West Berlin. Their main targets are the police, the political parties, trade unions, public utilities, transport, schools and the big industries. Many such agents have been discovered in key positions by the Federal Republic's Intelligence system. More than 500 have been arrested for treason during the last few years.

The forces which West Germany can array against this army of subversion are pitifully small in number.

The Federal Office for Protection of the Constitution has the whole of the Federal Republic to police, and all too few men to spare for Berlin. The West German Socialist Party, with its years of experience in fighting Communism, does valiant service to keep the workers in the factories from breaking under the strain. And the Western Allies military force in West Berlin, small though it is, is an assurance of support.

But the main forces are the West Berliners themselves. They and their determination are symbolized in Berlin's Potsdamer Platz, the teeming intersection where six main thoroughfares of the Western and Eastern zones meet, and two grim groups of policemen stand opposite each other. On the eastern side of the circular plaza are the heavily armed, always restless Communist People's Police in their grubby uniforms. Opposite them is a looser cordon of immaculate West Berlin police in their traditional tall caps. These are usually big men and have an impressive, quiet dignity that the *Schupos,* as the Berliners call them, have maintained for a century. They rock calmly on their heels, as good policemen do, take everything in, and are always ready for trouble.

"That's *us,*" a taxi-driver said to me, pointing towards the *Schupos.* "As long as the West is with us, we'll all be able to stand like those fellows are standing."

It Pays to Increase Your WORD POWER



By Wilfred Funk



ALL THE KEY words below end in *ic* This suffix—from the Latin *icus*, Greek *ikos*, meaning "pertaining to"—is often used to form an adjective from a noun. Pick the word or phrase you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to each key word. Answers are on the next page

(1) **erotic**—A wandering B given to mistakes C difficult to understand D amorous

(2) **exotic**- A strange or foreign B temperamental C vain D clear

(3) **soporific** (sŏ por ĭf ĭk)—A flattering B sickening C exciting D sleep producing

(4) **axiomatic** (ak sĭ o mat' ĭk)—A placed in order B pivoting on a central point C self-evident D accurate

(5) **aromatic** (ăr o mat' ĭk)—A crippled B fragrant C sentimental D evil-smelling

(6) **archaic** (ar kā' ĭk)—A awkward B damaged C lame D belonging to an earlier period

(7) **nostalgic**—A indolent B diseased C homesick D soothing

(8) **apathetic**—A without emotion B extremely sympathetic C imitative. D causing sorrow

(9) **meteoric**—A explosive B temporarily brilliant C disastrous D overwhelming.

(10) **sadistic**—A smart. B malicious C. given to deriving pleasure from inflicting pain on others. D. depressed.

(11) **phlegmatic** (fleg mat ĭk)—A sluggish B ignorant C fat D having stiffened joints

(12) **enigmatic** (en ĭg mat' ĭk)—A displeased B puzzling C learned. D short-sighted

(13) **sporadic** (spŏ rad ĭk)—A epidemic. B whirling C occasional D stagnant

(14) **egocentric** (ĕ go sen' trĭk)—A retiring B self centred C circular D. enclosed

(15) **ironic**—A good humoured B inflexible C hard in texture D disguisedly sarcastic

(16) **acoustic** (a kōōs' tĭk)—A pertaining to sound or hearing B jumbled. C. shrewd D keen

(17) **prolific**—A skilful B swift C fertile D wearisomely verbose

(18) **choleric** (kŏl' er ĭk)—A hot-tempered B feverish C pain-racked D. yellow

(19) **aesthetic** (ĕs thĕt' ĭk)—A austere B. sensitive to beauty C effeminate. D pertaining to morals

(20) **epic**—A given to severe judgements. B. lengthy. C strong. D heroic.

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

(1) **erotic**—D: Amorous; arousing sexual desire; as, *erotic* literature. Greek *erōtikos*, from *erōs*, "love."

(2) **exotic**—A: Strange or foreign; unusual; as, an *exotic* flower. Greek *exōtikos*, from *exō*, "outside."

(3) **soporific**—D: Sleep-producing; tending to make lethargic; as, a *soporific* speech. Derived from Latin *sopor*, "heavy sleep."

(4) **axiomatic**—C: Self-evident; needing no proof; as, an *axiomatic* rule of law. Greek *axiōmatikos*, "thoughtworthy."

(5) **aromatic**—B: Fragrant; spicy; having an agreeable smell. Greek *arōma*, "spice."

(6) **archaic**—D: Belonging to an earlier period; antiquated; as, *archaic* statuary. Greek *arkhaikos*, from *arkhaios*, "ancient."

(7) **nostalgic**—C: Homesick; yearning for a former place or time; as, "A penny-farthing race provided a *nostalgic* touch." Greek *nostos*, "return home," and *algos*, "pain."

(8) **apathetic**—A: Without emotion or feeling; indifferent; as, an *apathetic* audience. Greek *apatheia*, "freedom from emotion."

(9) **meteoric**—B: Temporarily brilliant; as, a *meteoric* career. Greek *meteōron*, "thing in the air."

(10) **sadistic**—C: Given to deriving pleasure from inflicting pain on others. From the name of an 18th-century sexual degenerate, Marquis de *Sade*.

(11) **phlegmatic**—A: Sluggish; impassive; stolid; as, a *phlegmatic* disposition. Greek *phlegmatikos*, from *phlegma*, "inflammation."

(12) **enigmatic**—B: Puzzling; perplexing; mysterious; as, an *enigmatic* smile. Greek *ainigmatikos*, "in the form of riddles."

(13) **sporadic**—C: Occasional; as, *sporadic* machine-gun fire. Greek *sporadikos*, "scattered."

(14) **egocentric**—B: Self-centred; looking at everything with its relation to oneself in mind; as, an *egocentric* person. Latin *ego*, "I," and *centrum*, "centre."

(15) **ironic**—D: Disguisedly sarcastic; using words to mean the opposite of what they usually express; as, "The play ended with an *ironic* twist." Greek *eirōnikos*, from *eirōn*, "dissembler."

(16) **acoustic**—A: Pertaining to sound or hearing; as, the *acoustic* properties of a theatre. Greek *akoustikos*, "relating to hearing."

(17) **prolific**—C: Fertile; producing abundantly; as, a *prolific* writer. Derived from Latin *proles*, "offspring."

(18) **choleric**—A: Hot-tempered; fiery. Greek *kholē*, "bile." (Aristotle thought that a hot temper was caused by an excess of bile in the liver.)

(19) **aesthetic**—B: Sensitive to beauty or to the fine arts; as, an *aesthetic* temperament. Greek *aisthētikos*, "perceptive."

(20) **epic**—D: Heroic; noble; as, a novel of *epic* grandeur. Greek *epikos*, from *epos*, "word."

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct ..... excellent
18–16 correct ..... good
15–14 correct ..... fair



All That Love Could Do—

The Inspiring Story of Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall

He gave the performance of his life to shield his wife from the knowledge of her fate

By Jhan and June Robbins

On a chilly November day in 1956, a New York doctor opened a routine laboratory report It revealed that his patient, Kay Kendall, a gay and beautiful 29-year old actress, was mortally ill with leukaemia—cancer of the blood. He sent for the actress's friend, Rex Harrison, who had accompanied her on the day of her examination.

Harrison arrived at the doctor's surgery wearing the grey flannels and check tweed hat of his stage character, Professor Henry Higgins in *My Fair Lady*. Sinking into a chair, he raised an enquiring eyebrow The doctor began to speak.

To the usually nonchalant actor, the news was a stunning shock. For some minutes Harrison sat there,

rubbing his nose. Then he asked for more information. The doctor explained that nothing could be done to save Kay Kendall's life. But with the help of some devoted person, he said, the end could be peaceful and relatively comfortable.

The actor rose to his feet and stood, stock-still, with the look of a man who has been struck by a mallet. As the two men shook hands, tears sprang to Harrison's eyes. It was at that point, he said later, that he made up his mind not to tell Kay about her illness: "She had been through so much trouble, and she was so happy then. I could watch over her and care for her so tenderly that she need never know."

When Harrison reached the street, he shoved his hat to the back of his head. He smiled. He tried two or three different smiles until he had one that he liked. He was running through his first rehearsal for the most difficult role he had ever played. He was to play it for 33 months.

Judged on past performances, Rex Harrison seemed badly miscast. He had built his stage reputation playing an imperious, mocking heel or a frankly lecherous playboy. Members of the Press sometimes implied that his private life was closely modelled on his theatrical roles. He had been married twice and was soon to be divorced from his second wife, Lilli Palmer.

This was the man from whom Kay Kendall's doctors—in New York and later in London—sought help. They were not to be disappointed.

On the evening following his talk with the doctor, when *My Fair Lady* went into its final act, Harrison sang the wistful lyrics of "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face." There was no emotion in his voice that did not belong in the script. But he told friends long afterwards, "Show must go on and all that, but God knows how I got through it. And then, there she was in my dressing-room, waiting for me. She had on a new dress and she turned round and said anxiously, 'I paid a frightful lot for it—do you think it's all right?' "

Harrison took a firm breath. "It's lovely, darling," he said brightly. "It's good style and you can wear it for ever!"

Kay Kendall was lithe and long-limbed. She looked as delicate as blown glass, but her generous mouth and great, roaring laugh were reassuring. Unaware of her own assets, Kay wept or stormed when columnists called her the "exquisite bean pole."

She mourned over her nose, deplored her small bosom: "It's simply not equipment enough for a professional life!" She brushed frantically at the natural pompadour in her beautiful hair, wailing, "I look like Danny Kaye hiding behind Jimmy Durante!"

Born into a family of music-hall entertainers, Kay had led a rootless,

life-in-a-trunk childhood. Evacuated from London to escape the wartime bombing, she slipped back at 14 to look for work and joined the chorus of a travelling revue. Afterwards, she landed bit parts in a series of third-rate touring shows. "You don't know what loneliness is," Kay said, "until you've lived like that, rushing from town to town, waking up every morning in a strange hotel bed." At 18 she starred in *London Town,* but the film was a flop. Kay was now exhausted and, her doctor said, anaemic. Her humour was irrepressible, however, and soon she was a familiar figure in post-war London's café society, where her zany antics caught the attention of film makers. They cast her in four films in quick succession, including the now-classic *Genevieve,* which established Kay as that rarest of theatrical types —a beautiful clown.

But she was again laid low by a mysterious attack of fatigue, which doctors could trace only to anaemia. They advised her to take a long, restful holiday.

Kay rejected this plan when she was offered a part in *The Constant Husband* opposite an established star—Rex Harrison. It was a wonderful opportunity, she felt, and she could learn much from him.

When Kay and Harrison met on the set, she put out both hands and all but curtsied.

"It's a privilege to work with you," she burbled.

Harrison inclined his head stiffly and muttered a curt "Thank you."

"I think he's a beastly snob!" she told a friend after the first day's shooting. And she began to cry.

Before long they were unashamedly and wildly in love. When Harrison took the role of Professor Higgins in *My Fair Lady,* Kay followed him to the States, signed a contract to film *Les Girls* and began to travel back and forth between New York and Hollywood.

When she flew into New York one week-end, she reported that she had lost seven pounds and complained of being tired. Harrison marched her off for what all assumed would be a routine check-up. The diagnosis—anything but routine—was myeloid leukaemia.

Harrison made up his mind to marry Kay as soon as possible. Kay set the date for June 1957. After the ceremony she said to reporters, "Now I have everything I've always wanted."

Rex Harrison is not easy to live with. He keeps irregular hours, is short-tempered and a hopeless hypochondriac. What's more, he has always cheerfully acknowledged his faults and made no effort to overcome them. Now, for the first time in his life, he wanted to reform and dared not—afraid that Kay might suspect something. "Every line I spoke, every move I made," he said afterwards, "was directed towards keeping that secret." He allowed her to take solicitous care of him.

She chased guests home early, saying, "Rex has a matinée tomorrow. He must rest." A servant who worked for the Harrisons said, "Those two loved each other in a special, wonderful way. They would just look at each other and suddenly burst out laughing."

In December, Harrison left the New York company of *My Fair Lady* and the two returned to England. There he was rarely seen by his old friends. "I know he's fond of her," said one, "but why does he spend *all* his time with her?"

Harrison showered gifts on his wife. In rapid succession he bought her four mink jackets and a full-length mink coat. Kay put them all on and had her photograph taken. "We are going to Switzerland," she announced, "because it is too warm here to permit me to wear all my furs at once."

In St. Moritz, on December 28, Kay collapsed. She was rushed to hospital, put in an oxygen tent and given blood transfusions.

Rex Harrison released the first of a long series of false statements with which he deceived Press and public for the next 20 months. "Kay has a touch of food poisoning," he told reporters.

Kay was out of hospital within the week. "Leukaemia is like that," Kay's London doctor explained to Rex. "A quiet phase goes into an acute phase. Now that she has recovered she will probably be all right for perhaps a year."

Back in London, Kay told everyone how wonderful it was to be alive and to be Mrs. Rex Harrison. "In Switzerland," she said, "when I thought I was going to die, Rex sat by my bed for two whole nights. Whenever I opened my eyes he was there. He got no rest at all."

In April *My Fair Lady* opened in London. "Now that you're so famous and well liked," Kay said, reading Harrison's notices, "we'd better have a baby right away."

Harrison looked at his slender wife, now considerably underweight. "You haven't the shape for it," he teased. "You look like a sixth form schoolgirl."

Kay protested. "I may not look like a matron coming at you, but I certainly look like one going away!"

Harrison hastily proposed that they do a film together instead, and made arrangements to leave the cast of *My Fair Lady*. "I am a little weary of Higgins," he insisted. "And I rather think Higgins is bored with me. It's time someone else had a go at it."

With the earnings from their film *The Reluctant Debutante*, they moved into a Georgian house in Chelsea, hired two servants and bought a Rolls-Royce. Kay insisted that the car was a present for Rex. "What I'd like for myself," she said, smiling tiredly, "is a wooden wagon with a very old horse."

Although her now failing body begged her to slow down, nervous

energy drove her onward. The next spring she signed to appear in *Once More, With Feeling,* her last film comedy

In May, Kay collapsed on the set She was rushed to the London Clinic, suffering from what Harrison, prompted by the doctor, called a minor lung infection Revived by blood transfusions, she was back at work nine days later, clowning around with the film's co star, Yul Brynner

Harrison stood quietly on the side lines When the day's shooting was over, she went off hand in hand with her husband

Harrison said, "It meant so much to Kay to finish that picture I had to let her do it, even if it killed her I guess in a way it did"

He knew his wife did not have much more time In August, the film completed, they went to Italy At Portofino, Kay and Harrison sunned themselves on the rocks, dipped in the warm sea and picnicked in the hills. Kay grew weaker

Then one night, Rex Harrison walked into the small hospital in near by Rapallo with his wife in his arms. Kay's doctor rushed from England to his patient "I found her with a temperature of 104," he said later. "Her face was grey and covered with sweat. She whispered, 'Please take me to London.'"

An air trip was ruled out because of the high altitude. They managed to board the Rome-Paris express at a near-by town when a passenger on the solidly-booked train gave up his compartment to Kay

"The trip was a nightmare," Kay's doctor recalls "She said she was unable to breathe Her lungs were functioning, but her pulse was low

"We had to change trains in Paris Rex tore out, saying something about getting a stretcher. I turned round, and there was Kay, standing on her feet, gamely smiling

"She insisted on walking aboard the Channel steamer at Calais. Those were her last independent steps We carried her off the steamer at Dover in a canvas deck chair Rex had been recognized and dozens of reporters and photographers blocked the way to our limousine. Rex waded through them, saying calmly, 'No, Kay's not seriously ill. Perhaps a touch of flu'"

A blood specialist was consulted. Was there anything that might beat down the disease for a few more months? Nothing Harrison moved into the hospital, his room adjoining Kay's. When he emerged for a restless prowl round the square, reporters nabbed him He no longer bothered to put on an act. His voice was thickened by tears.

"She is suffering," he said. "When I'm with her she tries to hide the pain. The doctors said I could help her by going away for an hour or so."

Towards the end of the sixth day,

Kay sank into a merciful coma. The following noon, she opened her eyes. Her hand moved along the sheet to clasp Harrison's. "Rex, I love you," she said clearly, and was gone.

To dispel any false impressions, Rex Harrison has summed up their final year together. It was not a burden for him, but a privilege. "She gave back so much more than I gave to her," he said. "I tried to shield her, but no one could do Kay Kendall a favour, she was always there first. For years people have been saying to me, 'Harrison, when are you going to grow up?' Now I know what they were talking about. I know how it feels to try to give something to someone. I have learnt that the most difficult part of giving is to receive."

The deep desire to help a loved one to face a crisis doesn't always generate the strength or ability to do so. Harrison was called upon to do the one thing that he could do best: act. He did, superbly.

THE FINAL curtain, however, rings down with a major question unanswered. Despite all that was done to conceal the facts, it is hard to believe that a sensitive, intelligent person can be deathly ill and not know it. Was Kay Kendall, too, acting all that time? If so, which of them was in the supporting role?



Made in Japan

TOURISTS in Ireland are understandably reluctant to buy souvenirs stamped "Made in Japan." But the Japanese have got over the problem, and the souvenirs are reported to be selling very well indeed. The bric à brac is still stamped "Made in Japan," but in Gaelic. *UMWJ*

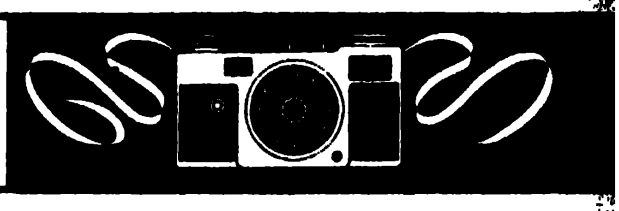
IN A fortune-telling booth near the Big Buddha shrine in Kamakura, a bird accepts your coin, drops it in a slot, enters the miniature shrine and returns with your fortune on a slip of paper in his beak. Visiting the booth with a Japanese friend, I was charmed as I watched the little bird go through his paces at the bidding of his master. But what really amazed and delighted me was that the slip of paper delivered to my Oriental friend was written in Japanese—and mine in English!

Contributed by Kristina Moore

AT A police station in Yokohama an "electronic" approach to drunks has been adopted. The morning after the night before, the drunks are made to listen to a tape recording of the babbling they did after they were hauled in. Worse than a fine, some say. *UMWJ*

Professional hints for the occasional photographer

Snaring the Snapshot



CONTRARY TO advice in the instruction books, snapshots made by holding the camera at angles and not on the level make by far the best pictures. In this way it is possible to "see" a picture that one never thought existed before. Point the camera upwards, downwards, sideways, climb up on a ladder, look down from the elevated steps, and you will be astonished by the effective results. Photographing a person from a higher level will give you a clearer picture of his features. To shoot over the heads of a crowd, hold the camera upside down and look into the viewer from below.

FORGET THE old warning about keeping the sun behind you when you take a photograph. The best pictures are made with the sun coming from right or left across the picture. This "side light" gives more modelling to the details and enlivens the whole picture. By the same token, high noon is the worst hour for good pictures, as the light, being directly overhead, gives a minimum of interesting shadows. If you are careful not to get the sun directly into the lens, you can sometimes shoot almost directly towards the sun, especially if you cup your hand over the lens to shade it. This "back-lighting" is very beautiful when properly handled. However, when shooting towards the sun you must quadruple the exposure time because the shadows are much stronger than in direct light.

WHEN YOU take close-ups, make sure that you get a glint of light in both eyes—catch-lights, they are called professionally. If you don't, the eyes will lack sparkle and lustre. A light within eye range of the subject will do the trick.

BEFORE YOU take that lovely picture of the lake with its perfect reflections, stop long enough to toss a stone into the water. The resulting ripples will greatly enhance the pictorial effect.

TO GET a striking effect of the sun breaking through the shadows in the woods, and to make fine shafts

of sunlight in the shadows, stamp about and stir up as much dust as you can. Then make the exposure with a filter.

PICTURES OF landscapes are hopelessly incomplete without the beauty of clouds and sky. Yet in the average landscape snapshot, the clouds either do not show at all, or appear as mere smudges, over-exposed because the light from the sky is much stronger than that from objects on the ground. To avoid these "bald-headed" landscapes, take pictures of beautiful skyscapes alone—with short exposures and a cloud filter over your lens. These sky scenes can easily be printed over your bald-headed landscapes, giving a beautiful and natural composite.

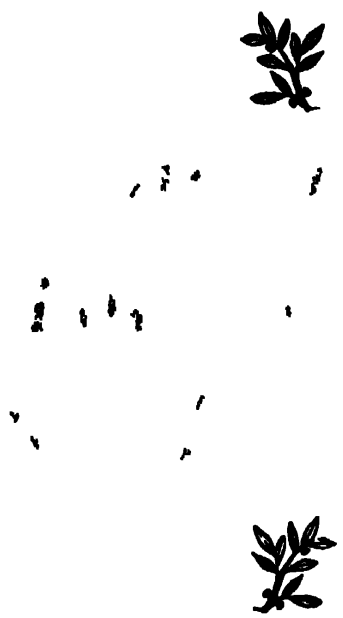
An excellent way for the amateur to get a soft, diffused effect with a simple camera is to stretch a piece of chiffon or, better still, a piece of nylon stocking across the lens. The piece to be mounted should be dampened, glued and stretched evenly across the lens.

THERE ARE several ways in which a photograph may be given a 3-D look. Taking the picture when there are long shadows, getting a reflection in the foreground, and using strong side-lighting or back-lighting. Shadows, thrown in long-drawn-out splotches across walls and paths, give the feeling of looking *into* a picture instead of looking *at* it. When a body of water can be included as part of the foreground, let the reflections carry one's attention back to the principal point of the composition.

WHEN YOU take a picture of a moving train, of a 100-yard sprinter, or any object moving towards you, the more directly head on you take the picture, the better it will be. The more directly an object approaches an observer, the less blur its motion will cause.

When you take indoor portraits by daylight, block out the lower half of the window with anything that comes to hand, and see the remarkable improvement in lighting for your purpose. And don't for a moment think that in order to take good indoor portraits you have to have a battery of artificial lights. Wonderful pictures are made with daylight alone.

ONE DODGE in taking night pictures of a city—a shot from your hotel window, for example—is to set the camera on a tripod or table where it won't be interfered with, and then make a very weak under-exposure of the scene just about dusk. Don't wind the film or touch the camera, but after dark when the lights are on, take another shot to get the night effect. The original under-exposure gives body to the buildings, but it shouldn't be so strong that the night effect will be lost. Try it a couple of times to find out how much time to give.



By Sydney Harris

I WALKED with a friend of mine, a Quaker, to the newspaper stand the other night, and he bought a paper, thanking the newspaper seller politely. The man didn't even acknowledge it.

"A sullen fellow, isn't he?" I commented.

"Oh, he's like that every night," shrugged my friend.

"Then why do you continue to be so polite to him?" I asked.

"Why not?" enquired my friend. "Why should I let *him* decide how I'm going to behave?"

As I thought about this incident later, it occurred to me that my friend has a sense of inner balance which is lacking in most of us, he knows who he is, what he stands for, how he should behave.

He refuses to return incivility for incivility, because then he would no longer be in command of his own conduct.

When we are enjoined in the Bible to return good for evil, we look upon this as a moral injunction which it is. But it is also a psychological prescription for our emotional health.

Nobody is unhappier than the perpetual *reactor*. His centre of emotional gravity is not rooted within himself, where it belongs, but in the world outside him. His spiritual temperature is always being raised or lowered by the social climate around him, and he is a mere creature at the mercy of these elements.

Praise gives him a feeling of well being, which is false, because it does not last and it does not come from self approval. Criticism depresses him more than it should, because it confirms his own secretly shaky opinion of himself. Snubs hurt him, and the merest suspicion of unpopularity in any quarter rouses him to bitterness.

A serenity of spirit cannot be achieved until we become the masters of our own actions and attitudes. To let another determine whether we shall be rude or gracious, elated or depressed, is to relinquish control over our own personalities, which is ultimately all that we possess. The only true possession is self possession.

"There's a Tidal Wave Loos

By Lawrence Elliott



in Here!"

Drama in Real Life





IN JULY 9, 1958, Howard Ulrich, a 32 year old commercial fisherman, of Pelican, Alaska, was trolling off the mouth of Lituya Bay with his seven year old son when he heard the 6 p m weather report a possibility of high winds from the south east

Normally he would have ignored such a warning, but now he went into the wheelhouse of his 38-foot *Edrie* and radioed his partner, Julian Graham, who was running a parallel course 50 yards off his port beam "Julian," he said, "as the boy is aboard, I'm going into Lituya for the night"

Ulrich didn't much like Lituya Bay. Its mouth is constricted by rock to a very narrow 80 foot channel, while violent tidal currents make navigation of the channel difficult. And there were fishermen about who remembered that October morning in 1936 when several giant

waves swept across the bay, leaving destruction in their wake.

Still, Lituya was the only natural harbour along 100 miles of the Gulf of Alaska coast, and Ulrich went in.

About ten that night, just before he went below to get some sleep, a second troller put into Lituya. In the distance it looked like Bill and Vivian Swanson's *Badger*. A few minutes later a third came in and anchored beside the second. But by that time Ulrich was sleeping peacefully. There was no wind. The water was glassy smooth. Small icebergs floated about, sparkling in the deepening twilight.

But one thing was ominously wrong. The gulls and terns that usually screamed above the rocky crags of Cenotaph Island in the centre of the bay were silent. What was even more strange, they had disappeared. Graham, who had gone on five miles north after leaving Ulrich, had come upon the birds at Cape Fairweather, and the sight made him uneasy. "I never saw so many of them," he said. "They must have covered 20 acres. The funny thing was, there wasn't a single one in the air. They were all squatting on the beach, as though they were waiting for something."

It was still light at 10.17 when an abrupt and violent shudder brought Ulrich bounding out of his bunk. Not quite awake, he thought the anchor must have pulled loose. We've run aground! The moment he came plunging out on deck, he knew the truth.

"It was an earthquake, a bad one," he said. "The water churned, the mountains shook. Those mountains—it was just as if they were going through some awful torture. Can you imagine what it's like to see a 10,000-foot mountain twisting and shaking?"

Clouds of snow and rock were thrown up into the sky. Great chunks tore loose from the mountainsides and came avalanching into the bay. Huge pieces of ice came flying off the Lituya Glacier, at the head of the bay, like a load of rocks tumbling off a lorry.

Ulrich didn't know it, but in Juneau, the capital city, the earthquake shook people in their beds. Near Cross Sound large numbers of octopus, cod and halibut were killed by shock waves. The Alaska Communications cable between Haines and Skagway was severed in four places. In Seattle, the University of Washington's seismograph needle was knocked completely off its graph. When a final reading was taken, the quake was found to have been among the four severest in North American history, registering close to 8 on the Richter Magnitude Scale. (The San Francisco earthquake of 1906 had registered 8.25.)

As his boat thrashed at anchor, Ulrich stood transfixed by the spectacle before him. It had a hypnotic, other-world quality from which he had to wrench himself free.

His son stood beside him on the deck now, sleepily rubbing his eyes. Ulrich made a tentative effort to get a life-jacket on the boy. He didn't feel any real sense of danger—he was fairly certain that the *Edrie* could ride out the quake—but it seemed the thing to do. He didn't bother about a jacket for himself. In fact, a long time passed before he realized that he was wearing nothing but the pants in which he had slept. It was seconds short of 10.20 p.m.

About two and a half minutes after he first felt the earthquake, Ulrich heard a rumbling, gathering roar. Soon it filled the hollow of the bay with crashing sound. He actually felt its vibrating impact on his bare skin. Along the top of the bay, six and a half miles away, an enormous wedge of mountain and glacier, thousands of tons of ice, rock and earth, had heaved, then plunged down into the narrow inlet, causing a cascading wave of water which now seemed to explode across the bay at incredible height. Ponderously, inexorably, the wall of water began bearing down on the *Edrie*.

"Get below!" Ulrich cried to his son. Then, "Wait!" he shouted. "The life-jacket!"

Terrified and trembling, the boy stood fast as his father fumbled with the strings on the jacket. Precious seconds fled by. Fragments of panic-flecked thought jarred against Ulrich's brain: he had to get away from the beach; he had to raise anchor! Then he remembered that Graham and his 17-year-old son, Ken, were only a few miles away at Cape Fairweather. He ran to his radio.

GRAHAM had just turned out the fo'c'sle light when his *Lumen* pitched forward, then rolled hard to starboard. He and his son bounded on to the deck. The sea was contorted by six-inch waterspouts; waves smashed crazily against one another and churned the water to frenzied white foam. "Start the engine!" Graham commanded. Remembering Ulrich, he ran to switch on the radio. A babble of excited sound came over the receiver—shouts, half-sentences and cries of alarm. Then, sharper than the rest: "Mayday! Mayday! This is the *Edrie* in Lituya Bay! A tidal wave's broken loose in here! I don't think we've got a chance."

ULRICH doesn't remember sending his "Mayday" emergency call. His recollection is that as the wave tore through the bay, the first thing he did was to start his engine and throw in the full power of his anchor winch. "I meant to head into it. I felt I had to get into deep water before the wave threw us up on to the beach."

The anchor wouldn't budge. The tortured heaving of the earth had probably opened a crevice and swallowed it. Desperate, Ulrich let the

chain pay out to its full 40-fathom length: perhaps there would be enough slack to permit the *Edrie* to ride up over the wave. Then, with engine and rudder, he began manoeuvring the pitching troller about so that she would be facing into the onrushing wall of water.

The wave had tapered to a height of approximately 100 feet as it cut a path through Cenotaph Island. It now stretched two and a half miles from one shore to the other, breaking sharply as it swept over the north side of the island. And, wherever it struck, it sheared away trees that had stood for 100 years and peeled the earth to bedrock. Flung into the bay, six-foot spruce trunks were shaved as clean of bark as though they had been through a sawmill.

Ulrich had not quite got the *Edrie's* bow swung into the wave when it hit. "It was like going up in a lift," he said. "Only there seemed to be no end to it. The half-inch anchor chain snapped off at the winch like a piece of kite string, and the short end came snapping back around the wheelhouse and almost took my head off."

The wave lifted the *Edrie* high up over the shore line. Swooping along above the treetops, Ulrich abandoned hope. "There was just nothing I could do," he said. "I could see the trees snapping off below us. I reckoned we would be dumped and smashed on the rocks."

Miraculously, the *Edrie* slid over the wave's crest and was caught by the backwash. Down and down the little troller swept. Ulrich threw his throttle wide open and clung to the wheel in a frantic effort to keep his bow pointed at Cenotaph Island. For the first time, he began to think that he and his son had a chance.

NEITHER of the other two boats anchored in Lituya Bay lasted so long. On the *Badger,* Vivian Swanson saw the great wave coming and cried out to her husband, "What can we do?" For a moment, Bill Swanson considered following the example of Orville and Mickey Wagner on the 44-foot *Sunmore,* which had anchored beside them—hauling anchor and making a run for the channel and open water. But he decided that the *Badger* could never make it in time. He moved closer to his wife and just waited. He remembers that the wave was still sweeping them upward when he heard Mickey Wagner's last, plaintive cry on the radio, and he saw the sleek new *Sunmore* awash to the wheelhouse and heading straight for a sheer cliff.

Swanson's boat went up like a matchstick over the 150-yard-wide spit of rock at the mouth of the bay, up and out into the open sea. "I looked down on rocks as big as houses when we crossed the spit," Bill Swanson says. A quarter of a mile off-shore, the boat hit the bed of the sea, stern-first. With the icy Gulf waters rising over them

through the shattered stern, the Swansons tore frantically at the lines which secured their eight foot skiff to the wheelhouse roof The water was at their knees when they shoved off from the stricken trawler As the oars had been swept away, Bill tore loose one of the skiff's thwarts and began paddling

By now, radios were crackling all over the area as skippers set out to account for every boat in the little fishing fleet, interdependent in crisis as never before Racing down from Cape Fairweather at top speed, Graham kept repeating "This is the *Lumen* calling the *Edrie* Are you receiving me?"

Ulrich felt that he had been dumped, pell mell, into another world Inside the bay, a stench "It smelt like an explosion in a root cellar," he said– hung in the gathering twilight A strange fog was closing in He could see water surging up on to the shore, forming lakes hundreds of yards inland and dumping mountains of debris on to the beach But the eeriest sight was the shore line, thick with trees only moments before, now naked, shorn to glistening rock In the bay, felled trees were pitching and tossing in unnatural currents and eddies, criss crossed and up ended like spillikins. Great chunks of glacier ice spun round and round, grinding against one another.

Nevertheless, Ulrich decided to have a try at getting out of the bay. Carefully he began threading his way towards the channel.

"I could hardly see a thing by now," he said, "not a single landmark I had to follow a compass course The tide might be against me; I might get a tree through the hull on the way out But it was still a better gamble than milling around inside until we were crushed"

The *Edrie* hit the channel on the full ebb tide Ulrich eased his boat into the swift running water and within seconds the *Edrie* was being thrown towards the open sea, pitching under waves that broke solidly over the wheelhouse Still, she held steady fore and aft, her snub nose rising stubbornly after each breaker. It seemed to Ulrich that he hardly breathed until, at last, the stout little trawler reached the comparative calm of open water He began to shake – a delayed reaction to the harrowing moments behind him Then he went below and dressed

Bearing south east at full throttle, Graham was soon forced to cut his speed, first to five knots, then to two, as the debris flung out of Lituya Bay began spreading up and down the coastline Ken Graham lay prone across the *Lumen's* bow, playing a torch on the dark and littered water, guiding his father to port or starboard, and sometimes shouting, "Reverse!"

Inexplicably, Graham cut his engine as he approached Lituya. "There was no reason for me to

shut down," he said. "In fact, it was plain dangerous. I couldn't have been in more than five fathoms of water. I might have drifted aground. It was just one of those senseless things you do sometimes. Now, I'm not a religious man, but when something like that happens —when senseless things add up to a purpose that you couldn't possibly know about—then I say that somebody or something higher up is keeping track of things."

The moment Graham's engine faded, a new sound broke the stillness—a thin, plaintive cry. "It could have been a bird—it sounded like one—but Ken and I kept running from one corner of the boat to another, trying to find where it came from."

Now there was only silence, and soon Graham turned the engine on again. In a little while he felt impelled to turn it off. Twice more he repeated the process, and the fourth time he again heard the weak call for help.

Bill Swanson's tiny skiff was almost alongside the *Lumen's* port bow, barely four inches of freeboard remaining. Waist-deep in the water, the Swansons were all but senseless with shock and cold.

Graham and Ken sent out word that the Swansons had been picked up—"Tell 'em to send a plane!"—while he got Bill and Vivian into sleeping-bags and heated some coffee for them. Then he and Ulrich—with a third boat which had arrived, Red Embree's *Theron* — began searching for some trace of the Wagners. About 1 a.m. Graham heard that a plane had left Juneau for Dixon Harbour, about 40 miles away; he was to take the Swansons there.

Graham suggested that Ulrich should follow him to Dixon Harbour. Ulrich declined. "There was only Red Embree and me to look for the Wagners. I felt the least I could do was to stick around."

All night long the two searchers alternately drifted and called, then cruised on to another area and called again; but it was a futile search. By now the sea was completely littered. Floating clumps of earth, roots and trees, some still standing upright, drifted by like ghostly islands.

It was 5.30, with the morning sun already reddening the sky, when other trollers reached the scene. Ulrich turned to his son. "Well, sport, what do you say to all the excitement?"

"Daddy," the boy replied, "let's go home to Pelican."

Ulrich hugged the slim shoulders close to him, then turned the boat south-east and increased speed. As he cruised past Dixon Harbour, the *Lumen* hailed. Graham had been standing by, waiting for his partner, so that they could return to Pelican together, as partner boats should. In the full light of the new day the friends made for Cross Sound. It had been a long 24 hours.

What were people doing as the clouds of the Second World War gathered menacingly on the horizon?

Only Twenty-One Years Ago

By Samuel Williamson

September 30, 1938: Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of Britain, landed this rainy evening at Heston Airport near London, waving a sheet of paper at a cheering crowd "Peace!" he cried happily. "Peace with honour!" The paper was an agreement signed at two o'clock that morning in Munich by Chamberlain, French Premier Edouard Daladier, Hitler and Mussolini.

This summit meeting broke a summer-long tension which by the end of September had brought Europe to the brink of war. The quarrel was over part of multilingual Czechoslovakia: the Sudetenland, largely German-speaking, restive and riotous under Nazi agitation Hitler demanded first its autonomy, then annexation by Germany.

Chamberlain had made two conciliatory visits to Hitler. Each time the Fuhrer added to his demands but assured the Prime Minister, "This is the last territorial claim I have to make in Europe." On the second visit he threatened that the "intolerable" situation must be remedied by October 1, or the Nazis would march in.

The Big Four meeting, two days before the October dead-line, produced the Munich Agreement immediate German acquisition of the Sudetenland and arbitration of Polish and Hungarian claims to other Czech territory. The news brought

widespread relief to keyed-up Europe (except to Czechoslovakia).

On this day Queen Elizabeth and her daughters, Elizabeth, 12, and Margaret Rose, 8, were back from the launching of the world's largest commercial ship, the *Queen Elizabeth,* at Glasgow. Another recent launching was at Peenemünde, Germany: Wernher von Braun's model of a rocket bomb with a range of 11 miles. At Portsmouth, Brigadier Bernard Montgomery was warned by the War Office that he had broken regulations and might have prejudiced his chances of promotion; he had rented an army sports ground to a travelling fair in order to benefit his Brigade welfare fund.

October 5: Amid mocking interruptions in Parliament Winston Churchill denounced the Munich Agreement as "a total unmitigated defeat." The House of Commons backed Chamberlain by a vote of almost three to one.

Two days earlier Mahatma Gandhi reached his 69th birthday. Sir Henry Wood celebrated his half-century as a conductor, with a Jubilee Concert in London's Royal Albert Hall.

October 10: While Czechs, Jews and German Social Democrats fled from the Sudetenland, Nazi occupation was completed today. Poland forced the Czechs to cede the Teschen area.

Hungarian-born Dr. Edward Teller began another academic year as visiting professor of molecular and atomic physics at George Washington University. A radio manufacturer declared, "Television in the home is now technically feasible."

November 1: German-Italian arbitration awarded Hungary part of Ruthenia. In one month Czechoslovakia had been forced to yield to Hitler, Poles and Hungarians one third of her population and territory.

Five days later Pandit Nehru, after resigning the presidency of the all-India Congress, visited Egypt as the guest of Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafd Party. In France, military and government officials were ignoring Colonel Charles de Gaulle's latest book, *La France et Son Armée,* but German staff officers were studying it keenly. India mourned the death of Kemal Ataturk, President of Turkey, described as "the greatest Moslem in the modern Islamic world."

January 11, 1939: Chamberlain, umbrella in hand, arrived in Rome with Britain's Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, to establish friendlier relations with Mussolini. "Nothing was accomplished," Count Ciano, Fascist foreign minister, reported to von Ribbentrop, his Nazi counterpart.

In Paris, a theatre critic had written of Ram Gopal: "A new priest of the dance has come to us . . .

from that mysterious and enchanting land of India"

Alec Henshaw flew from Gravesend to Cape Town and back in four days, 10½ hours, breaking all previous records Vivien Leigh was chosen to play Scarlett O'Hara in the screen version of *Gone With the Wind* In Soviet Russia, Anastas Mikoyan was appointed commissar for foreign trade

February 14: Hitler watched the launching of the battleship *Bismarck*, a German Valentine's Day challenge to British naval supremacy

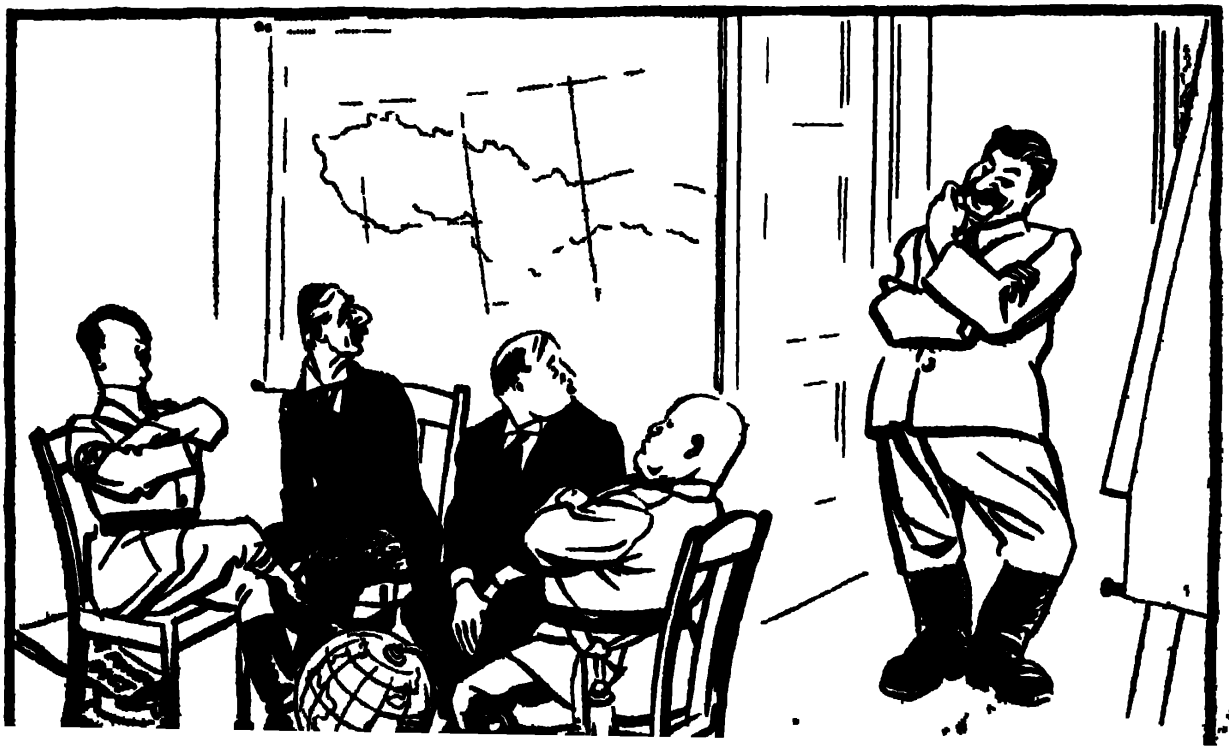
This day the British Interplanetary Society estimated that a voyage to the moon might cost £300,000 (Rs 40 lakhs)

March 15: Violating his pledge, Hitler with four German armies seized Moravia and Bohemia on the pretext of Czech "persecution and massacre" of Germans

On this Wednesday Edward Murrow arrived in Prague to broadcast a description of Hitler's entry into the city The victorious English Test team were on their way home from Durban, their last Test match had been declared a draw after ten days of play and a record 280 run second-wicket stand by W J Edrich and P A Gibb Archbishop Angelo Roncalli– the future Pope John XXIII—was in Istanbul as Apostolic Delegate to Turkey and Greece

March 23: Hitler began pressure on Poland return the Free City of Danzig to the Reich and provide an

David Low's cartoon comment on the international situation of September 30 1939
Evening Standard London



extra-territorial corridor across Poland from Germany to East Prussia.

Prince Rainier de Grimaldi, 15-year old grandson of Prince Louis of Monaco, was at school in Switzerland; nine-year-old Grace Patricia Kelly was at the Ravenhill Convent in Pennsylvania.

April 7: This Good Friday Italian troops invaded Albania, expelled King Zog and thrust a wedge between Greece and Yugoslavia.

Lord Linlithgow was about to begin his third year as Viceroy of India.

April 27: Parliament passed Britain's first peacetime conscription act. Hitler retaliated next day by abrogating the British-German naval agreement and the German Polish non-aggression treaty.

After his release from a Nazi prison Konrad Adenauer, Cologne lawyer and ex-mayor, spent his time writing and gardening. Shirley Temple was eleven and had just finished making her first Technicolor film, *Little Princess*.

May 3: Maxim Litvinov was succeeded as Soviet commissar for foreign affairs by Vyacheslav Molotov. Because Litvinov was a Jew, his departure was taken as an omen of closer Nazi-Soviet relations.

Nikita Khrushchev had become a full member of the Politburo. Eighteen-year-old Philip Mountbatten had been a Dartmouth cadet for four days. The Literacy Campaign Committee started more than 400 adult education classes in Bombay.

May 22: Germany and Italy signed a political and military alliance. Hitler's military might was now almost twice as strong as it had been the previous September. Booty from the Czech army equipped 35 divisions, and Czech Skoda Works output equalled Britain's total armament production.

Andrei Gromyko, a senior researcher at the Academy of Sciences, became head of the division for American countries, under Molotov. Althea Gibson, 12, was playing paddle tennis in a Harlem "play street."

June 17: Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels, in Danzig, said the city's joining the Reich is "inevitable" and "any power trying to prevent" it makes a mistake, because Germany is "unlike some other states whose destinies are in the hands of weak men." In the Far East, Japan provided Britain and France with a counter-diversion by blockading their Tientsin concessions.

Marlene Dietrich, cast for her first Western, *Destry Rides Again*, had just formally renounced her German citizenship. David Ben-Gurion, chairman of the Executive of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, was stunned by the British decision to limit Jewish immigration to Palestine.

July 10: With two million Germans under arms and facing Poland,

Chamberlain expressed his anxiety to Parliament and repeated his intention to stand by Poland if her independence was threatened

Lhamo Dhondup, a four year-old boy in a remote village, was chosen to become the new Dalai Lama of Tibet.

At Dartmouth Cadet Mountbatten was awarded the King's Dirk as the best all-round cadet of his term.

Appointment this month Nikolai Bulganin to be Vice-Premier of the U.S.S.R.

August 23: In a surprising somersault, the mutually hostile Nazis and Soviets suddenly concluded a mutual trade and non-aggression pact which made it impossible for Poland, already blocked on the west, to get war supplies from the east

Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten was standing by to take command of the destroyer H.M.S. *Kelly*. General Georgi Zhukov, commanding Soviet forces in Outer Mongolia, routed the 6th Japanese Army in the Khalka River battle. Greta Garbo was cast for the lead in the film *Ninotchka*.

August 25: Britain and Poland signed a military alliance, confirming guarantees already given, whereupon Hitler postponed Polish invasion plans "to see whether we can eliminate British intervention."

Wladyslaw Gomulka, a Polish Communist, was in prison in Lodz for subversive activities.

Lieutenant Gamal Abdel Nasser, in his second year out of Egypt's military academy, was stationed at Alexandria.

August 28: Britain warned Hitler that there must be "a peaceful and freely negotiated solution of the Polish question." France closed her German frontier; rationing began in Germany, Britain, France, Germany and Poland were nearly fully mobilized

Mao Tse-tung, 46, was leader of Communist forces in North China

August 30: Hitler had agreed, on the night of the 29th, to receive a Polish negotiator provided he came within 24 hours with full powers to act. British Ambassador Sir Nevile Henderson in Berlin, at midnight, presented to von Ribbentrop Britain's protest against the "unreasonableness" of expecting a Polish negotiator to arrive in Berlin without knowing what he was to negotiate. Ribbentrop thereupon read at top speed a 16 point programme and refused Henderson the text because it was "now out of date, since no Polish emissary had arrived."

At this time Yul Brynner, 22, was a summer life guard in southern France. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor asked the Cannes prefect of police to stop ten-shilling boat excursions "to see the Windsors bathe" at their shoreline swimming pool

September 1: Without formal declaration of war, Hitler's forces

invaded Poland. Britain and France demanded their withdrawal and resumption of negotiations. Hitler donned his First World War uniform and said, "I will not take it off until the victory is ours—or—I shall not live to see the end."

On active service with Britain's Territorials was Second Lieutenant Selwyn Lloyd, a London barrister King George VI called on the Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing-Street—the first English monarch ever to do so

September 3: Britain's 9 a.m. ultimatum to Germany: order withdrawal from Poland by 11 or we go to war. A similar French ultimatum expired six hours later.

At 11.15 Chamberlain broadcast to the British Empire "This country is at war with Germany May God bless you all and may He defend the right"

Not Up to Scratch

AN INEBRIATED golfer staggered up to the first tee and asked the caddie, "Whisch way is the hole?" Pointing towards the flag, the caddie handed him his driver.

"No, no!" said the golfer. "Gimme m' trusty brassie." He took a big swing, and the ball dribbled a short distance down the fairway.

The drunk insisted on using his brassie again. This time he swung with all his might. The ball hooked into the woods, ricocheted off a tree, landed square on the green and rolled into the hole.

The caddie ran towards the flag, with the drunk stumbling after him When they reached the green, the caddie pointed to the ball nestling in the hole and shouted, "Look, sir!"

The drunk looked. "We're in a hell of a fix," he mumbled. "Gimme m' niblick"

—Contributed by Philip Humphrey

The Garden of Eden

I CANNOT help feeling disappointed in Adam and Eve. That is, in their temperaments. Not in *them,* poor young creatures—afflicted with temperaments made of butter, which was commanded to get into contact with fire and be melted. What I cannot help wishing is that Adam and Eve had been postponed, and Martin Luther and Joan of Arc put in their place—that splendid pair equipped with temperaments not made of butter but of asbestos. By neither sugary persuasions nor by hell fire could Satan have beguiled *them* to eat the apple. There would have been results! The apple would be intact today; there would be no human race; there would be no you; there would be no me. And the old, old creation-dawn scheme ultimately launching me into the literary guild would have been defeated.

—Mark Twain

the best medicine

FOR SEVERAL days my four year old son had been complaining that one of the neighbourhood children had been picking on him Deciding that the time had come to teach him something about the manly art of self defence, I showed him how to make a fist and told him to let fly the next time his playmate picked on him That afternoon the door burst open and my son rushed in His eyes were shining with triumph and excitement "Daddy," he shouted, 'I did it! I did it! I HIT HER!' Contributed by U S Grant

A GOLFER sliced his drive, and the ball went through the windscreen of a passing car The startled motorist lost control and quickly hit two other cars Soon a policeman arrived, surveyed the accident scene and found the golfer standing by his ball on the road

"What are you going to do about this?" demanded the policeman

"First of all," replied the golfer, 'change my grip" —D M P

THE LIGHTS of a huge car delivery transport blacked out suddenly as a fuse blew. Faced with a long trip to the next service station, the resourceful driver climbed on top of the trailer and switched on the headlights of a new car perched at the front of the second deck Shortly after getting on his way with this improvised lighting system, he spotted headlights coming towards him Suddenly they veered from the road and appeared to swing up a steep embankment

Expecting to find a tangled mass of wreckage, the truck driver stamped on his brakes and came to a stop There, perched high on the embankment, was a convertible with a man white faced and shaken behind the wheel

'In trouble, mate?" the driver called out

'No," came the reply "It's just that when I saw those headlights coming at me, I thought if it's that *high*, how *wide* is it going to be?" Gene Coleman

A TEXAS oilman dispatched an agent to buy some oil property Bid 32 million," he instructed, 'but don't go over 34 million'

A couple of days later the agent was on the phone 'I got it for 33 million," he reported 'But we're in trouble"

'How come?" asked the boss

They want 5,000 dollars in cash!"

Dick Hitt

A YOUNG MAN took a pair of shoes to the menders and was given a receipt, which he put in his desk A few days later he was called up

On his return home, after two years in the army, he came across the old ticket and went to see if the shop was still going It was The young man asked whether his shoes were still there

"Yes, they are," said the shoe mender "And I'll have them ready for you next week." —H H

THE MAGIC WORLD OF Walt Disney

A conducted tour of the world's most fabulous amusement park—with the man whose soaring imagination created it all

By Ira Wolfert

"Twenty years ago," Walt Disney said as we drove towards Disneyland, the amusement park some 25 miles south east of Los Angeles, "I was always trying to think of a place to take my two small daughters on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon—a place where *I* could have fun, too

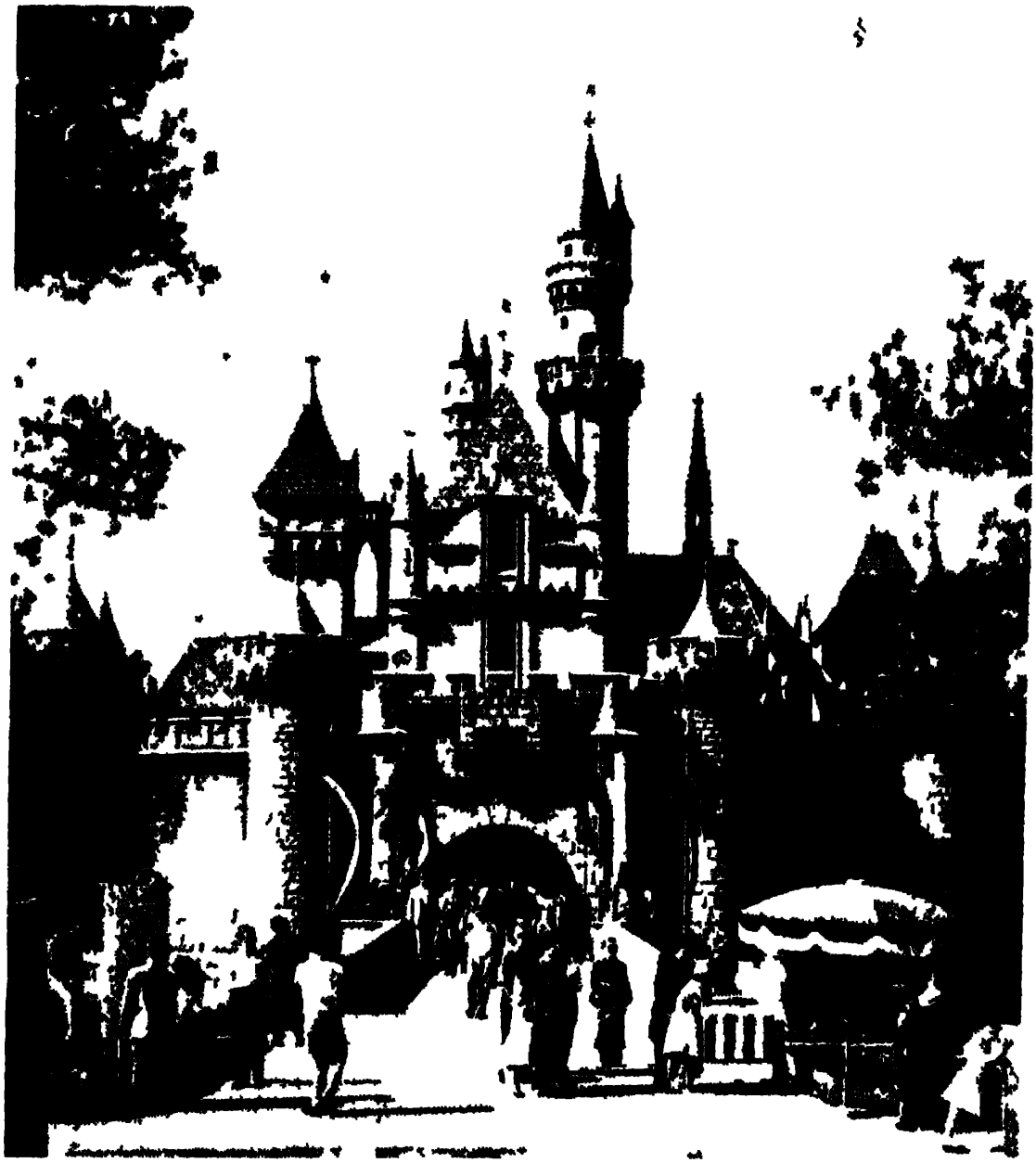
"At an amusement park the only fun provided for a father, besides having his bottom dropped out from under him on the roller coaster, was the same as he enjoyed all week buying the tickets"

Now Disney has created his own park, to satisfy—in parents and in children—the profound human hunger to wonder, be amazed and make believe. With that incomparable Disney sorcery he has combined fantasy and history, adventure and learning, in a way that sets every tendril of the imagination tingling.

More than 19 million people from 70 countries have visited Disneyland in the five years of its existence. Among them are King Baudouin of Belgium, King Hussein of Jordan, Princess Sophia of Greece and President Sukarno of Indonesia King Mohammed of Morocco, after his official tour of the park, sneaked back and paid to get in, so that he could enjoy it incognito.

From the beginning, Disney decided to lay out this 31-million dollar playground like a gigantic theatre. You're in the foyer the moment you hand in your ticket: it's Main Street in a small town, as it looked to Disney 50 years ago, when he was growing up. To left and right and straight ahead are the entrances to four "stages"—Adventureland, Frontierland, Fantasyland, Tomorrowland. On these stages are 45 different attractions—irresistible toys more costly than an emperor could afford.

Main Street has gaslights, hand cranked telephones, a penny sweetshop with jelly beans and orange slices, a bank where the clerks (real ones) wear high stiff collars and massive watch-chains and work at



Where dreams come true Across the drawbridge of Sleeping Beauty Castle lies Fantasyland

roll-top desks An apothecary's shop offers herb remedies and real live leeches in bottles of water. At the "Main Str. Cinema" real ancient (1914) silent films are shown. Only the ceilings and lighting inside the shops are modern. "I'm sorry you noticed that," said Disney disconsolately. "We had to change the gaslights here—people complained that they made the goods look too gloomy."

At the far end of Main Street stands Fantasyland, the entrance guarded by moat-encircled Sleeping Beauty Castle "It's not far away," said Disney, "but let's have some fun getting there." He led me to a quaint old horse bus pulled by a gleaming, burly Percheron. The

driver snapped the air between his tongue and his teeth, said, "Giddy-yap," and clanged a bell We clip clopped down Main Street

The ride over, Disney explained why it had been shorter than it looked

"It's not apparent at a casual glance," he said, "but this street is only a scale model We had every brick and tile and gas lamp made five eighths true size This cost more, but it made the street a toy, and imagination can play more freely with a toy Besides, people like to think that their world is somehow more grown up than Papa's was" That's how you make people feel taller and confirm their belief in progress—if you have the genius of a Walt Disney

Fantasyland, "the happiest kingdom of them all," is a place where childhood dreams come true Here you can go to the Mad Hatter's Tea Party in a whirling cup and saucer, ride Dumbo the Flying Elephant or fall down the rabbit hole with Alice in Wonderland When you take the Peter Pan ride, sitting in a pirate galleon, you make lovely, airy swoops over roof tops that seem to lie far below You feel the speed and the wind of your passage as, through the masterly use of tricks of perspective, you soar through the inky night towards the stars

This sort of thing might scare some people, but whenever it seems necessary Disney interrupts reality with a wink to let you know it isn't really real On this ride the wink

The paddle wheel steamer Mark Twain plies the Mississippi in Frontierland



comes in advance. The galleon is lifted on to its rails *outside* the Peter Pan building, before you go into the darkness, so that you can see for yourself it's all going to happen only three feet off the ground



The attractions include the Submarine Voyage a Monorail and in the background the Matterhorn

"When you go to Frontierland, make sure that Walt takes you to Tom Sawyer's Island," said Dick Irvine, chief designer at the Disney Studios "Walt was brought up in Missouri—Mark Twain country– and that island is all his He didn't let anybody help him design it"

You go out to the island on a replica of the raft Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer built. All around you there are authentic keelboats, Red Indian canoes paddled by real Red Indians, a grand gold and white stern-wheel steamboat, the *Mark Twain*. The swift-flowing waterway is kept warm and brown, like the Mississippi River itself.

Everything on the island is free; you only need a ticket to get there. "I put in all the things I wanted to do as a kid—and couldn't," Disney explained. "Including getting into something without a ticket."

So there's a tree-house to climb into, a pontoon bridge to cross, like those built in frontier days—planks laid on empty barrels that bob up and down when you walk on them. From the top of a log fort you can take aim at a forest in which Red Indians lurk The guns don't fire bullets—they're hydraulically operated -but the recoil is so realistic that you'd never guess they weren't the genuine article You can fish in the water around the landing stage, and your chances of catching something are good A net has been hidden there, and it is kept stocked with catfish Fishing tackle? You borrow a bamboo pole and some worms from an overalled, straw-chewing lad so freckled and friendly that he looks just like a Mark Twain character.

We went into Injun Joe's Cave. This is just a rock tunnel with a hill heaped over it, but it has been fitted out with dripping caverns and

a "bottomless pit" (three feet deep) from which ghostly roarings emerge to curdle the blood. Here Disney has added something to the pages of Mark Twain: a series of little passageways looping off from the main tunnel, just large enough for children *only*. The kids make straight for them like chickens for feed. There is nothing to see in them and nothing to do, but it's the dimensions that count. There is joy and nourishment for the spirit in being alone from time to time in a space which adults can't enter—that's what the children's excited shouts proclaim.

From Frontierland we moved on to Adventureland. "Everyone dreams of travelling to mysterious far-off places or exotic tropical regions," Disney said. "Let's go."

We climbed aboard a powered launch. The cruise took us down the misty Amazon, up the murky Mekong, through the hippopotamus-filled Congo, with tropical rain forest and bright orchids all around us. Adventure lurked at every bend; crocodiles snapped at us, bull elephants trumpeted, lions, tigers and headhunters eyed us suspiciously through the jungle growth.

From this primitive world it was quite a jump—mentally—to Tomorrowland. Suddenly I found myself in the interior of a space ship, and Disney and I were about to take a ride to the moon. Actually we were in a theatre. Around a giant viewing screen in the floor the seats rose in circular tiers: in the ceiling hung another great screen. Our pilot spoke over an intercom, warning us in a matter-of-fact voice to prepare for take-off. The lights went out. A view of the earth as seen from a launching pad appeared on the lower screen, and overhead was a moon as seen from the earth.

Now a great shuddering and jarring began. Our seats and the walls and floor of the theatre shook. Rockets gushed in deep-throated tones. There was a sudden, uncanny clattering—cosmic rays pelting like bullets as we passed through the radiation belt beyond the atmosphere. We saw the earth drop away and become round, the moon come close enough to touch, the stars and planets as they look when there's no atmosphere to dim them. All this is authentic, made of film taken from missiles and satellites, from planetariums and observatories. The effects were so carefully worked out that the sensation of drifting in the stillness of gravity-free space became real, too—astounding and blissful.

"Two of the leading figures in the space field, Wernher von Braun and Willy Ley, helped us with the engineering of this ride," Disney told me. But the biggest help was the father who, 20 years ago, longed to sit with his children and enjoy not just a thrill ride but also a genuine sense of wonder.

In Tomorrowland, too, is the Submarine Voyage, one of the most

elaborate illusions ever created. You have the sensation of being completely submerged. Actually, the craft rides on rails and only the part of the hull where you sit facing a porthole is beneath the surface

The sub starts out under a waterfall, with water foaming and splashing over the portholes as over a submerging conning tower. The commands "Dive! Dive!" coming over the loud-speaker are the real thing: they were tape-recorded in submarines in actual ocean dives. Ballast tanks are blown, and bubbles stream past the portholes at a 45-degree angle, to give you the feeling that you're at the angle of descent. When the uproar stops and the bubbles clear, not even a veteran submariner could resist the illusion that he had levelled off after a dive.

Now you are cruising in the deep. Monsters of the underwater world peer at you curiously through the portholes. Giant squid loom up, and clams large enough to trap a man. But—the Disney wink—when the huge clams open their jaws, you see that they're holding pearls. It reassures the children and makes their elders smile.

Suddenly you are under the North Polar ice cap, pale cold sunlight filtering eerily down. Overhead, icebergs grind and scrape, and the conning tower bumps as it glides under the floes. None of this is exaggerated. The sounds were recorded by submarines in the Arctic.

Now you slide into another ocean, one peopled by snow-white mermaids with flowing purple and silver tresses. "Listen," Disney cries, as the submarine's "sonar" tunes in to the silliest symphony ever recorded: the gruntings, whistlings and shriekings of fish and shrimp. These sounds, too, are genuine, brought back on tape from the wild world of deep waters.

For our last ride in Tomorrowland, Disney and I boarded the Monorail, a train that runs on rubber tyres on a single elevated concrete beam. No toy, this 1,300,000-dollar installation is a seriously proposed commuter-transport system. It occupies only a narrow strip of ground, which doesn't have to be graded; the piers supporting the beam just have to be built to different heights. Since the Monorail can cope with difficult topographical conditions—rounding sharp curves at high speed, and climbing steep slopes—the track could be erected on the dividing strip of existing dual carriageways. It is being considered as one solution to the traffic problems of congested metropolitan areas.

Where is the roller coaster? In Disneyland you don't just zip up and down hills that stand on stilts. Between Tomorrowland and Fantasyland is a 1,500,000-dollar model of the Matterhorn, "snow-capped" and breath-taking, every feature reproduced exactly at one-hundredth the actual size—which makes the mountain as high as a 14-storey

building. (Even the evergreens, the edelweiss and other plants growing on the slopes are to scale; when they grow larger they're replaced.) You swoop down the slopes on a bobsled, hearing the roar of mountain winds. You pass behind real waterfalls, through icicle-hung caverns and a glacial grotto. And at the bottom you glide to a halt on a glacier lake.

In Walt Disney's magic kingdom there is nothing to convey the feeling you get at most amusement parks—that's you're watching a nervous breakdown and being invited to share it. In place of a neon nightmare to lure customers at night, tiny lights resembling fire flies have been set twinkling in the trees. Adults whose children have strayed are soothed by a sign that reads: "Lost parents, please wait here for your children to find you."

Something unique and intangible is expressed in Disneyland—the creative personality of a master of the fairy tale.

Printers Bedevilled

AN AUTHENTIC selection of newspaper stories that went slightly astray:

"The University Symphony Orchestra will have its first rehearsal on Wednesday in Crouse Auditorium. Louis Krasner, conductor, will be available for consolation from 6.30 on."

"D & S Health and Reducing Salon offers figure help to ladies with a wide assortment of equipment."

"Air Force Fires Atlast Missile."

"Club pictures are being taken now, while following the exams the faculty will be shot."

"Tokyo's newest luxury hotel, 350 rooms appointed with best of both oriental and accidental design."

"Wanted—Defendable woman to take care of two-year-old boy."

"Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hulst celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on Monday evening. The Rev. Rikkers gave some comments and closed with a prayer. The group then sang 'Blast Be the Tie That Binds.'"

"A beautiful luncheon complimented the muchly feeted bride-elect."

"THE sub-committee is also investigating charges that servicemen are used to perform mental tasks for officers."

"OPENING TINY TOT DAY NURSERY. Mothers: shop or work with an easy mind, knowing your child is probably cared for."

Hypnosis— Help or Hazard?

In the right hands it can be a healing pathway into the mind- for a wide variety of ailments. In the hands of unqualified practitioners it is a danger

By Robert Coughlan

Hypnosis is of potential value in the treatment of almost any physical illness in which a pronounced emotional element is involved. It can help directly in the treatment of anxieties, compulsions, phobias and other more severe cripplers of the mind. It can be useful, too, in correcting harmful habits such as excessive smoking and sometimes in treating drug addiction and alcoholism. Finally, hypnotic techniques may help the patient who needs to have his desire to live reinforced, or who merely seeks peace of mind.

This covers such a broad spectrum for the simple reason that the body's behaviour is constantly influenced by the mind. The mind in turn can be influenced by suggestion—and the most important property of hypnosis is that it makes the mind extraordinarily receptive to suggestion.

One commonly used technique of inducing a trance is the simple one of making the patient look fixedly at a spot or small object, meanwhile telling him that his eyes are growing tired, his body is beginning to feel heavy, and he is entering a state of complete relaxation. He pays attention to only one sound—the hypnotist's voice, which gets the brain's undivided attention and

literally talks it into a sleep-like trance.

As the subject drifts off, he may feel slightly dizzy, as though swaying, floating or falling down a shaft. Objects around him may seem to waver, as if seen under water. His temperature may fall slightly.

Once in a trance the patient lacks volition, feeling that resistance is too much effort. A light trance has been induced if, for example, the patient fails to open his eyes after he has been told he cannot. He *can* open his eyes, but he has put his own will power temporarily aside and accepts the hypnotist's suggestions more or less uncritically. After this, a receptive subject can be brought by degrees towards other and increasingly spectacular responses.

In a medium trance stage, for example, he can accept suggestions about skin sensations, smells and tastes. He can be made to feel a fly crawling on his hand, smell a rose held under his nose, enjoy a cup of coffee—all non-existent. If he is told that his body is becoming rigid, his large muscles will lock so tightly that he can be stretched between two chairs without bending or feeling discomfort.

In the next stage, the deep trance, he can be regressed in age. Informed that he is only six years old, he reverts to most or all of his six-year-old physical and mental skills, and is able to describe minutely or even to relive the events of his six-year-old life. Even without regression, memories can be amplified tremendously. One example is the German author who wrote a novel about his concentration-camp experiences but lost the manuscript and then could not remember the events he had described. Under hypnosis he soon recalled these circumstances and even dictated entire sections of the book. Conversely the subject can be made to forget things, even his own name or what his wife looks like.

In the extremely deep or "somnambulistic" trance stage the subject can be made to see or not to see practically anything the hypnotist suggests. Informed, for example, that someone has left the room, the subject looks right through that person and is deaf to the sound of his voice. If he has to undergo surgery, he will be convinced that he is pain-free. Physically he will be receiving pain, for damaged nerves will be sending signals to his brain. But psychologically he will not be receiving pain, for his brain will refuse to perceive these signals and coordinate them into the feeling of pain.

A person who is in a deep hypnotic trance can be told that he will do or say or feel or believe a certain thing after waking from the trance. He will act accordingly but will think the idea was entirely his own. This is the remarkable phenomenon known as post-hypnotic suggestion.

A psychiatrist who uses hypnosis in psychotherapy, told one subject

that exactly two years and two days from the date of a trance he would read a certain poem by Tennyson. A week before that time the subject "developed a yearning to read poetry. Perusal of the bookshelves of a library caused him to thumb through one of Tennyson's volumes. It interested him, and he borrowed it. He placed it on his desk until suddenly, on the prescribed day, he found an opportunity to read the poem. He was positive that his interest in Tennyson was caused by a personal whim."

The medical value of this is clear. Through post-hypnotic suggestion a therapist can arrange almost any hypnotic manipulation while the patient is engaged in his normal activities. The patient can be given amnesia, a sudden recollection, a desire to exercise, a craving for liver—anything, in fact, that the therapist decides is good for him.

It must be noted, however, that hypnosis is far from a cure-all. It is of no use whatever in certain medical conditions, and it will not bring *recovery* from any illness except in conjunction with other medical measures.

Moreover, hypnotherapy will not work with everybody. There are people who either cannot be hypnotized or who require too much effort to make it worth while. These include children under the age of four, the senile, the feeble-minded, certain kinds of neurotics and many psychotics. Some people find it difficult to co-operate with the hypnotist, even though they consciously want to, because of a particularly sceptical or analytical turn of mind, an ingrained habit of command or some other emotional opposition to hypnosis.

Perhaps the most important application of hypnosis is in the relief of stress and anxiety through induced relaxation. Twenty peptic-ulcer patients, all of whom had had an ulcer for at least six years, were the subjects for one experiment in "hypno-relaxation." They were divided into two groups. Ten men continued with the normal treatment; the other ten were taken off medication and began a series of 13 hour-long hypnotic sessions.

During these sessions they were told that they would become more relaxed in their daily lives and would feel progressively less pain. At the end of several months the hypnosis group showed significantly more improvement than the men who had been taking medicine.

Since various other familiar disorders are influenced by stress, hypnosis has been helpful also in cases of dyspepsia, chronic gastritis, colitis, high blood-pressure, rapid pulse, heart palpitation, sexual impotence and frigidity, poor bladder control, menstrual difficulties, speech disorders, asthma and an assortment of skin disorders such as eczema and hives. It can help considerably in dealing with the pains of childbirth.

Dr. William Kroger, a pioneer in

the use of hypnosis in obstetrics and gynaecology, has delivered hundreds of babies by hypnosis, using little or no chemical anaesthesia.*

In altering habits such as excessive smoking, the subject is talked into a hypnotic trance. Then his desire to stop smoking is reinforced by suggesting to him that the taste of tobacco will become disagreeable, that his will power is going to increase and that the tensions he has relieved by smoking will be discharged in other ways.

The same process can be used to help insomniacs to sleep, and to help plump people to lose weight.

In a selected group of 42 women, who were up to four stone overweight, hypnotherapy was successful in every case. Treatment periods averaged 14 weeks; the smallest weight loss was 9¼ pounds; the biggest 58½.

Naturally, there are limits to the behaviour changes that can or should be brought about by hypnosis. Someone who persistently gorges on rich foods, for instance, is probably suffering not merely from a bad habit but from a neurosis. If his appetite is curtailed by an outside influence, he may develop another and more damaging symptom in its place. One man had been hypnotized by his dentist in an effort to stop him grinding his teeth. But the man was neurotic, and when he could no longer use tooth-grinding as an outlet for his tensions, he started to overeat. His weight soared from 10 stone to 20 stone. Accordingly, symptom removal is not something that may be indulged in casually.

But symptom control has an important place in therapy, and ways to sidetrack and minimize symptoms are being worked out. One device is "symptom substitution," by which a conspicuous twitching of facial muscles, for instance, may be transformed into a much less conspicuous twitching of the little finger. The latter takes on whatever neurotic value the face twitch once had for the person.

Just how far *can* hypnosis safely go? Among those inclined to hysterical reactions, being hypnotized may precipitate uncontrollable laughing or crying, furious anger, convulsions, paralysis, twitching or other erratic behaviour. Thus, the effects of deep trance can be serious unless correctly handled by the hypnotist.

Unfortunately, "healing" by untrained hypnotists is prevalent. Many reputable hypnotists now warn their patients under hypnosis: "You will never under any circumstances allow yourself to be hypnotized by anyone who is not qualified to do so."

The moral should be obvious: one should not submit to hypnosis unless there is convincing evidence of the integrity as well as the scientific ability of the hypnotist.

* See "Childbirth Under Hypnosis," The Reader's Digest, September 1957.



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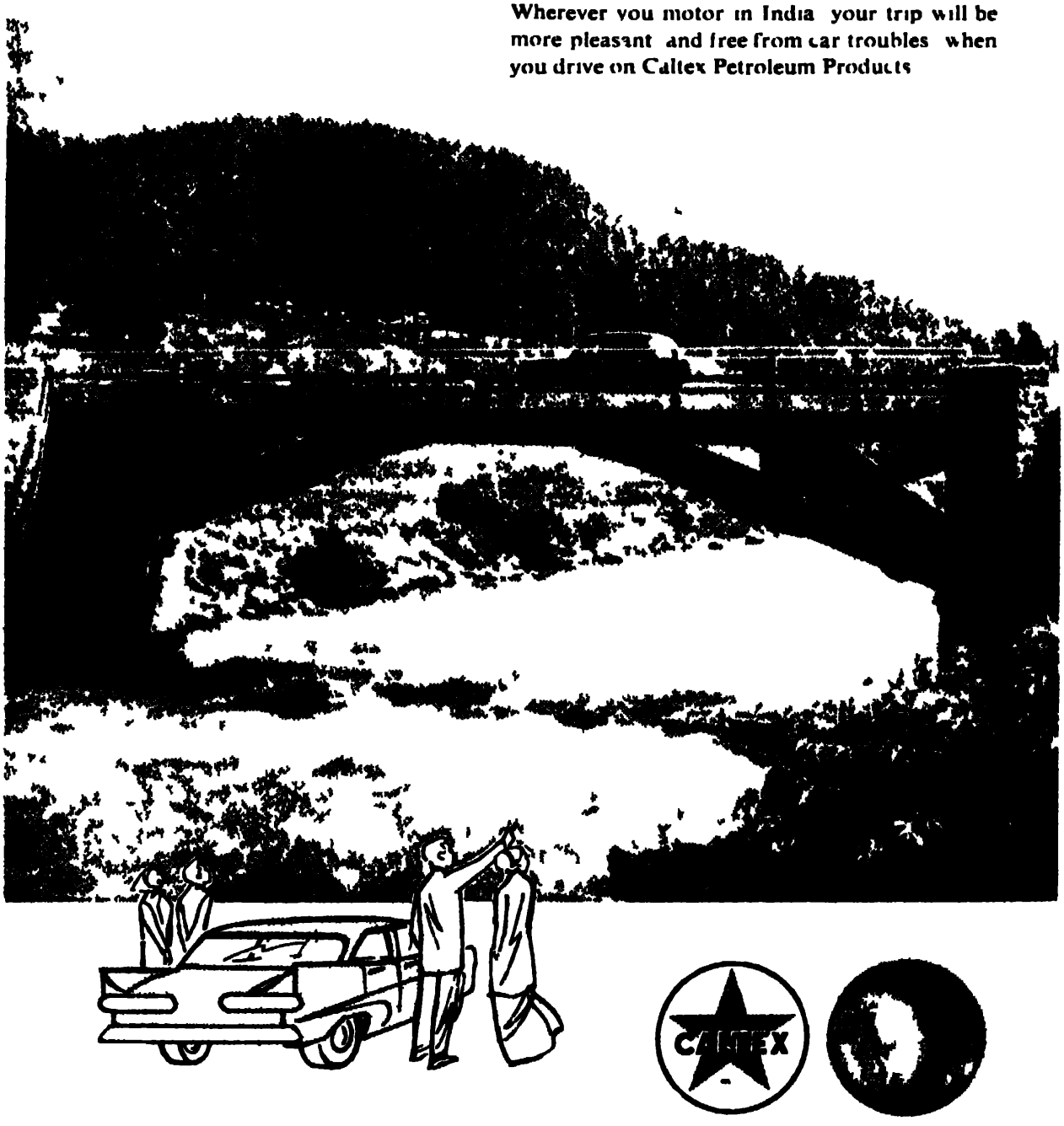
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THE BEST ADVICE I EVER HAD

By Keith Fenston
President New York Stock Exchange

Until I went to secondary school my future seemed assured. My father owned a small bank, and he expected to send me to university. Then, in the bank panic of 1924, we lost practically everything.

By the following summer I knew clearly that if I wanted a university education I would have to earn it—and soon. I had several ideas for summer jobs: working in the office of a local factory, doing clerical work at the post office, or helping a local grocer, as I had done on Saturday. But I kept putting off action.

Then one rainy afternoon my mother came in, shaking the water from her umbrella, and said, "Keith, I have a job for you. Mr. Rowley, at the bank, says he will take you on as a messenger. You'll be paid a salary of ten dollars a week."

I was ashamed. Here I was, a gangling boy nearly six feet tall, telling myself every day what a man I was, and Mother had had to go and get a job for me!

She could see how I felt. "Son," she said quietly, *"when you know you should do something, do it."*

In my shame, the full effect of her words sank in. They guided my course so often in later years that I learned to treasure them.

When I went to university, I soon realized that after dinner each evening there was enough studying to do for the next day to warrant getting down to it immediately. But it was much more tempting to go to a film or to play "just one hand of bridge," or to slip along to Joe's room "for a couple

of seconds." Remembering my experience at home a few years earlier helped me time and again to get on with my job—the next day's preparation.

After four years I had the satisfaction of graduating fairly well while some brighter friends barely managed to squeeze through. The principal difference between us, I think, was that I had more often done, without delay, those things which I knew I should be doing.

When I was asked to be president of my college in 1944, the most pressing need there was for cash. "But don't rush into fund-raising," some people advised. "Get to know the graduates, feel them out, wait a year until you know the ropes."

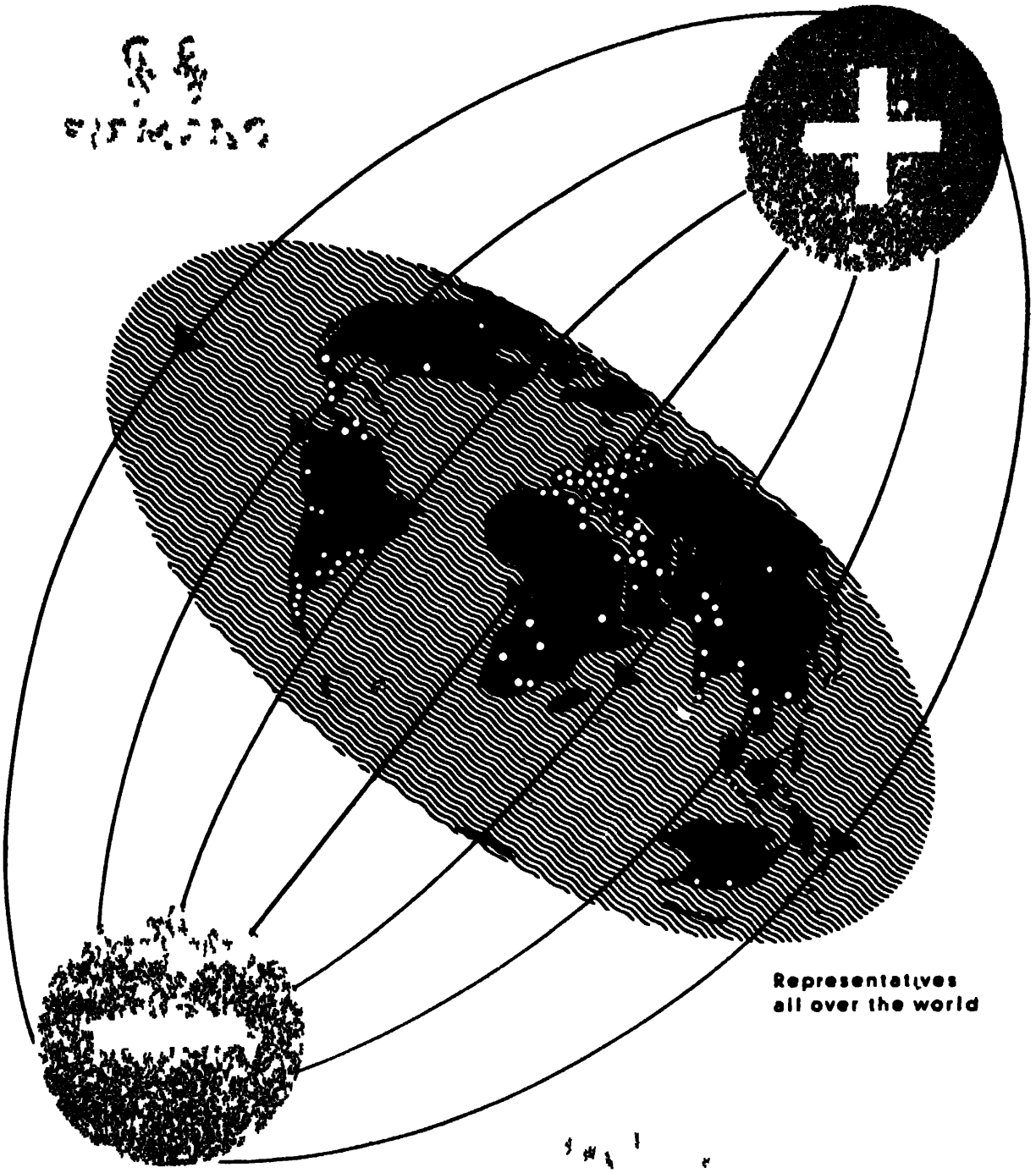
I thought we should try to raise funds at once, and worked out a plan of development that the college seemed to need. On the day of my inauguration the Board of Trustees approved it. Then, instead of waiting to know everybody, I walked in on them, introduced myself and said, "I hope you will be able to give us some of the money we need so badly."

The approach worked. The results eventually included newly landscaped grounds, four new buildings, increased scholarship and endowment funds, and—perhaps the thing I'm proudest of—a 65 per cent increase in staff salaries. Had we waited, spiralling costs might well have made the whole development plan seem hopeless.

Doing immediately what one knows must be done eventually has also helped me as head of the New York Stock Exchange. Because I believe that the success of our free-enterprise system depends on the people everywhere having the chance to own a direct stake in the country's businesses, some of my Stock Exchange colleagues and I proposed a nation-wide programme to tell people about the opportunities, risks and rewards that go with investing in publicly owned companies. As part of this programme we developed a method — the Monthly Investment Plan—whereby small investors could purchase shares for as little as 40 dollars per month or per quarter.

To us the programme seemed logical. To my surprise, a number of my friends questioned it. They wondered whether the general public could become familiar enough with the complexities of investing to make sound decisions. They wondered, too, about the red tape and the complicated book-keeping necessary to handle 40-dollar M.I.P. accounts. Finally, they felt, the current market might be too uncertain for small investors. "Wait a while," one friend advised. "It'll be as good an idea five years from now."

At times I felt like giving in to these arguments. But a number of Stock Exchange governors, leaders in the financial community and people on the Stock Exchange staff continued to express enthusiasm. I



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thought· "We feel we should do *something* to show our faith in cap italism and in people's ability to par ticipate in it Let's set this pro gramme in action—now "

So, we issued millions of pam phlets describing the investment process in down to earth terms We carefully explained the risk shares can go down as well as up; they should be purchased only after an investor has a regular income, has provided for family emergencies and has something left over We emphasized the need for getting *facts* and good advice We pointed out that sound investments have a way of returning a steadily higher standard of living and, through the Monthly Investment Plan, we dra matized the idea that investments are within the easy reach of most wage earners.

Before long our programme caught on. Clearly people had an impelling desire to own a share of the tools and facilities with which they work, and to share directly in America's bright industrial future Between 1952 and 1956, for many reasons, the share owning popula tion in the United States jumped 33 per cent, to more than 8,630,000 people—some two-thirds of them having incomes of less than 7,500 dollars a year

I would say to any young man or woman to "achieve," you don't necessarily have to dream the great dreams or do the great things Simply do each day what you know you should do—and do it at once

Cartoon Quips

MATRONLY member of woman's club addressing fellow members. "Before I give my treasurer's report, I want to make it clear that the exact figures I use are only approximations." —W C

MAN discussing holiday with friends "We stayed at home this year. We took a pay later holiday last year!" —H B

FATHER to daughter's suitor munching chicken leg: "What other kind of work do you do besides cleaning out refrigerators?" —Taber

DOCTOR at cocktail party writing prescription for fellow guest: "If this doesn't help, here's the name of a specialist. He'll be at the Fergusons' party on Friday evening." —Salo

SECRETARY sitting on boss's lap: "Your wife isn't the only one. Frankly, no one in the office understands you either." —J R.

First Come, Last Served

"A queue is no quicker than the man in front"

By Corey Ford

One trouble I find with this supersonic age: everything goes so fast that it takes twice as long. Telephones span continents in a jiffy, but you may have to wait hours because of the traffic on the lines. Jets fly from country to country in less time than you spend in the queue to claim your luggage afterwards. All of which boils down to Ford's Law: a queue is no quicker than the man in front. I know, because I'm always the man behind him.



Let me dash into a railway station, with two minutes to catch my train, and someone is invariably ensconced at the ticket window ahead of me with both elbows braced on the sill, engaged in a long discussion with the clerk. Usually he is planning a trip to some outlandish village next week, and he wants to know where he has to change and whether he can stop off at some other place on the way back. The queues at the windows on either side of me move with clock-like precision, but mine stands stock-still while the clerk looks up the timetables and finds those tickets which have to be made out in longhand and stamped three times on each side. I'd pay the fare on the train, but it has just left without me.

It happens every time I go to the bank. The other day I waited for 20 minutes while a pay clerk ahead of me collected the wages for all the other girls in the office, paid in a score of cheques and finished up by buying a gift cheque. By the time my turn arrived, so did the bank clerk's lunch hour, and I found myself confronting a neat wooden sign: TILL CLOSED.

It's even more frustrating when

someone is ahead of me in traffic, because he drives at an average speed of 20 miles an hour in the middle of the road so that I can't get by. If I'm looking for a place to park, he slips into the only available gap, and I have to drive all the way round the square and start back down the street slowly. Fortunately I spot his wife coming out of a shop, and I halt just this side of his parking place, holding up all the cars behind me, and wait hopefully as he settles himself behind the wheel, turns on his ignition key and then turns it off again because his wife has just remembered something she forgot. By this time the cars behind me are honking so loudly that I have to drive all the way round the square again and start back down the street, just as another man pulls out of a parking space and the man ahead of me pulls in.

One thing about the man ahead of me, he's never in a hurry. When I'm waiting for his table in a crowded dining car, he dawdles over his dessert, gazing idly out of the window at the passing scenery. I hover near by, ducking under waiters with loaded trays, and coax him eagerly under my breath: *One more spoonful of that ice cream. Now, swallow it down like a little man. That's right. How about a final sip of coffee? A-a-a-h!*

With a sigh of repletion he sets down his empty cup and murmurs something to the steward, while I brace myself and crouch to spring the moment he vacates his chair. The steward hurries back up the aisle, places a second pot of coffee before him, and he spreads open his newspaper and sets to work on a crossword until the coffee cools.

I seem to follow him everywhere he goes. On an overnight plane trip he wakes up just before I do and carries his washing kit into the toilet, where he enjoys a leisurely shave, while I wait self-consciously beneath the OCCUPIED sign, perched on the arm-rest of a total stranger and trying to avoid the amused glances of all the other passengers.

I can't even get ahead of him when he's behind me. Yesterday I was standing in front of him at a clothing sale, but he managed to catch the eye of the salesgirl over my shoulder and pointed to the last shirt left in my size. He shoved right past me into the lift, whereupon the lift man held out an arm to bar my way and announced, "This lift is full." I walked down two flights to the street and hailed a taxi—just as he climbed into it through the opposite door.

There's only one solution, as I see it: a queue with nobody in it but me. One day I'm going to be the first person in the dining car, and if any other passengers turn up they can wait in the corridor until I've finished. I don't see why everyone else is so impatient. I'm not in a hurry. I'll finish my last spoonful of ice cream and, by the way, steward, how about another pot of coffee?



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Life's Like That

ON A fishing trip, my wife and I noticed a crowd standing on the dock We discovered that a local newspaper was photographing a lucky angler with an enormous 25 pound fish he'd caught.

As we were admiring the prize, my wife remarked, "I'd give anything to have my photograph taken with that fish –to brag about when we get home"

Hearing her, a reporter remarked, "Step right up!" And so she had her photograph taken with a fish and a tall, rugged stranger Afterwards, she thanked the fisherman and planted a resounding kiss on his cheek.

Just then a curvaceous redhead stepped out of the crowd and addressed my wife. "Listen," she said, "if you're in the kissing mood, kiss the 25 pounder and leave the 200 pounder alone. He's *my* catch!"

JOSEPH DEROSE

OUR POSTMISTRESS became aware of the fact that I was taking a correspondence course as she saw the letters pass back and forth between the school and me Ultimately I finished the course, and waited expectantly for my certificate.

When I entered the post office one morning, the postmistress invited me into the inner sanctum. There she poured two cups of coffee. "I wish to propose a toast to you," she said, lifting her cup. "You have successfully fulfilled all the requirements of the course and are hereby graduated. All best wishes for your success."

With that she handed me an envelope, obviously containing my diploma, round which she had tied a bright red ribbon. MRS GLENN STANLEY

ON THURSDAY evenings our supermarket is crowded with regulars like myself It was some six months ago that I first noticed an attractive middle aged woman, buying very carefully. Several Thursdays later I saw a grey haired man speak to her. As I was right behind their carts I heard her say, "It's so difficult to shop for one person. Even half a melon is too much for me."

"Let's buy a half and get the assistant to split it for us," the man said.

Every week after that I noticed that they frequently divided items in two—and put half each in their shiny carts. One week it was a five pound bag of potatoes Another time it was a loaf of bread Eventually, all the Thursday night regulars were watching this friendship.

One evening as I entered, the store seemed rather hushed. There were my two grey-haired shoppers—and the crowded aisles opened up to let them pass through.

I soon discovered why. Both their left hands, now showing matching gold wedding rings, were pushing a single cart. —SYLVIA CUTLER

TRYING ON a new dress in a department store, I thought it looked all right in the front, but I had some doubts about the way it fitted at the back, where I couldn't see it too well in the mirror.

"Tell me honestly," I said to the salesgirl who was serving me "Is this dress big enough for me?"

"Well, dear," she said, "if you mean coming, the dress is made for you. Going, you could do with a size larger." MRS. PATRICK PAIGE

A COUPLE of young tourists were staring down from a balcony on to a colourful open-air restaurant ten feet below and discussing just how expensive a meal there might be. The husband wanted to just go down and take a chance on the prices, but the wife held back, afraid that they wouldn't have enough money and would have to leave in embarrassment.

"Wait a minute," said the young man.

He walked round the balcony until he saw a couple below being shown to a table. When they were handed menus by the waiter he took binoculars from a leather case at his side and peered down at the menu. He came back, grinning.

"We can afford it," he said triumphantly. R. Z.

MY FIRST job was as a scientific research specialist for a publishing firm. Although I was 21 I looked about 15, and my youthful appearance was accentuated by the flat shoes and casual clothes I wore while working in the dusty medical library.

One day I was preparing material for a report on the use of anaesthetics during childbirth. As I sat buried beneath a huge volume about gynaecology, an old gentleman passed behind me. He leaned over and whispered sympathetically, "Little girl, why don't you just ask your mother?"

—ALICE BOURKE

LEAVING A shop one evening, I found that there was only about a ten-inch space between my car and the ones next to it in the car park.

Since I was loaded down with a bulky package and am fairly large myself, it required some thought to determine how I was going to get into my car. Finally, I balanced the bag on my head with my hands and wriggled between the cars in a rather awkward hula.

I'd settled down in the front seat with a sigh of relief when a man appeared at the window beside me. He stuck out his hand with a coin in it. "Here, lady," he said. "I've just lost a bet to my wife that you'd never make it and I'd like to pay you, too."

—MRS. DAVID JUNGWIRTH

IN THE August 1960 Reader's Digest, a friend read the article "Too Tired to Love?", which deals with fatigue as a deterrent to married love. My friend thought his wife should read it so that they might mutually benefit. That night when dinner was finished, the dishes washed and put away, and the children put to bed, he hopefully broached the subject.

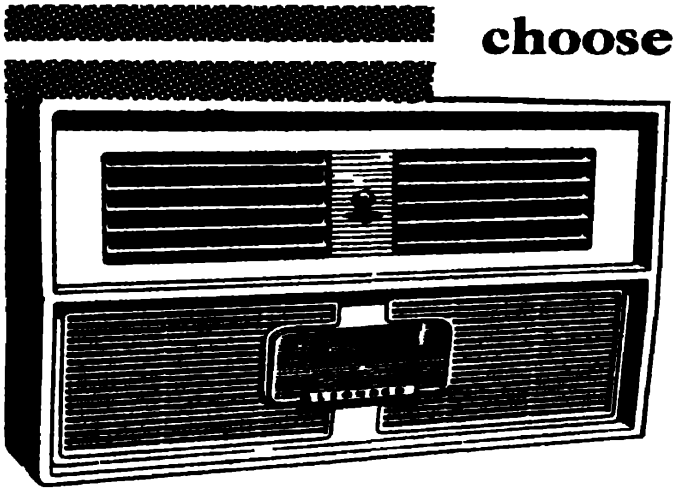
"Darling," he said, "there's a wonderful article in The Reader's Digest called 'Too Tired to Love——' "

"Don't bother me," interrupted his wife. "I'm too tired to read." —M. J.

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A skinny 17-year-old used his peculiar talents to perform prodigious feats

The Personal War of William Prosniak

By Edmund Love

William Prosniak claimed to be 17 years old when he joined Baker Company. He could have been a year or two younger. No one ever knew. He was a thin, pinched looking boy with a sly, impish smile. Orphaned at the age of three, he had grown up pretty much as he pleased in a tough part of New York. By the time he joined the army, he had been in reform school three times.

When the Second World War began, Prosniak had tried to enlist in the army, marines, navy and Coast Guard. He was rejected by all of them because of his age. In the autumn of 1940 he presented a falsified birth certificate and was accepted by the army.

His first six months in uniform

Condensed from "War Is a Private Affair,"
© 1959 by Edmund Love



proved to be an extension of his civilian way of life. He spent nearly 90 days in the guardroom, having managed to break just about every regulation in the book. He escaped discharge, however, and, in the late summer of 1943, he was posted to Hawaii as an infantry replacement.

From the moment that Prosniak joined Baker Company, the other men began missing things: fountain-pens, wallets, wrist watches, money. After a month of it the company commander held a snap inspection at reveille one morning. Every missing article, even the money, was found among Prosniak's kit. Prosniak was brought into the orderly room and confronted with the evidence. The company commander told me about it.

"Prosniak refused to talk," he said. "I lectured him for 15 minutes about what happened to thieves in the army, but I made no impression. Then, after I'd asked him ten times why he stole the stuff, it dawned on me that he didn't know why.

"I don't think I'd ever seen a kleptomaniac before, but I reckoned that if that was the trouble, it wasn't his fault. I asked him if he wanted to stay in the company. He said he did. So I gave the company a little talk on what I understood about kleptomania. Then I stood Prosniak up in front of them and told everybody that he was the thief, but that I thought we could find a way to live with him. I asked for a show of hands of all those who weren't willing to give it a try. There wasn't one hand."

The arrangement that the captain worked out was probably unique. Prosniak was allowed to steal anything he wanted to during the week, but he had to give everything back on Saturday morning. One man told me later that Prosniak ran a regular bank. Some of the men never bothered to get their things back on Saturday. If a fellow needed his fountain-pen he'd dig it out of Prosniak's kit, use it and put it back. Or a man who hadn't got a pen would borrow one out of the common stock.

Baker Company went into battle at Eniwetok Island on February 19, 1944. On the evening before the landing, six grenades and 75 rounds of small arms ammunition were issued to each man. Prosniak wanted more. When it wasn't forthcoming, he strolled around the decks of the landing craft, where the men were putting bullets into clips, and took what he wanted. A platoon sergeant discovered what was going on and made him give it all back. Nonetheless, Prosniak got ashore with 200 rounds—most of it from the ship's supply boxes.

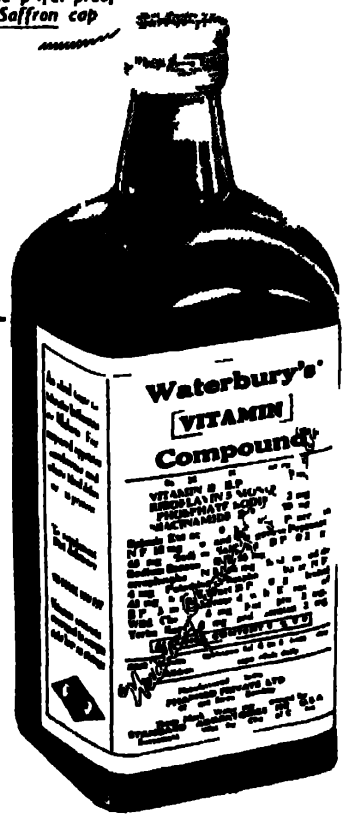
He landed in the middle of a

As a war historian in the Second World War, Edmund Love spent two years going from one battlefield to another in the Pacific. "I believe I talked to almost every officer and enlisted man in four divisions," he says. "Prosniak I have disguised his name—was truly the most unforgettable."

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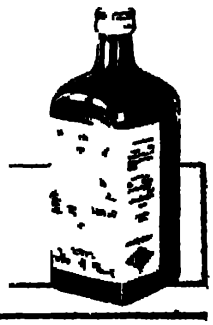
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Japanese strongpoint made up of trenches in the form of a huge wheel. An enemy soldier bobbed up and raised his rifle to shoot Prosniak. He never got his shots off. Prosniak fired a whole clip from the hip, then jumped into the nearest trench and started running along it, reloading as he ran. For the next 45 minutes he ran up one trench and down another. He threw grenades with his left hand, pulling out the pins with his teeth, while he fired his rifle with his right. In this grim game he managed to kill every Japanese soldier in the position.

Having used up all his ammunition, Prosniak began collecting guns and bullets from the Japanese dead. It was then that he discovered other interesting things that they weren't using any more. A member of the platoon said later that after Prosniak finished there wasn't a wrist watch, wallet, samurai sword, medal or helmet left.

Now Prosniak singled out a concrete pillbox from which a machine-gun was spitting fire at the battalion next to him. The Japanese rifle he was using had bolt action, and while he was struggling with a jammed bolt, a Japanese officer jumped out of the pillbox and charged him, waving a sword. The prompt action of Lieutenant Paul Lumpke, his platoon leader, saved Prosniak's life. Lumpke took the sword on his own carbine, then shot the assailant. From this moment Lumpke became Prosniak's closest friend.

Altogether, on Eniwetok, Prosniak killed 80 Japanese and destroyed seven important positions. He was decorated and promoted to corporal. He was much prouder of the promotion than of the medal. As he told me afterwards, he already had plenty of medals: he had collected 15 Orders of the Chrysanthemum from the Japanese. He used to pin several of these gaudy medals on his chest whenever he was latrine orderly after the regiment returned to Honolulu. He would sit on the floor, cross-legged, scrubbing toilet bowls, the medals clinking against the porcelain.

Prosniak's next battle was at Saipan. It was here that he almost collected the biggest souvenir of the Pacific war. One night his company knocked out a 75-mm. gun. A couple of days later, Lumpke noticed that Prosniak and two other men were disappearing mysteriously each night, to return early the next morning. Following them one afternoon, Lumpke found that they were going to a cave about a mile away. There they had moved the gun and were dismantling it bolt by bolt for shipment home. They were trying to work out what to do with the barrel when they were discovered.

One evening Lieutenant Lumpke was sent out with a patrol to see if something could be done about a machine-gun that was harassing the battalion from a cave high in the cliffs. In trying to climb up to it, Lumpke was seriously wounded.



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He lay on a ledge about 30 feet up, unconscious, his companions dead.

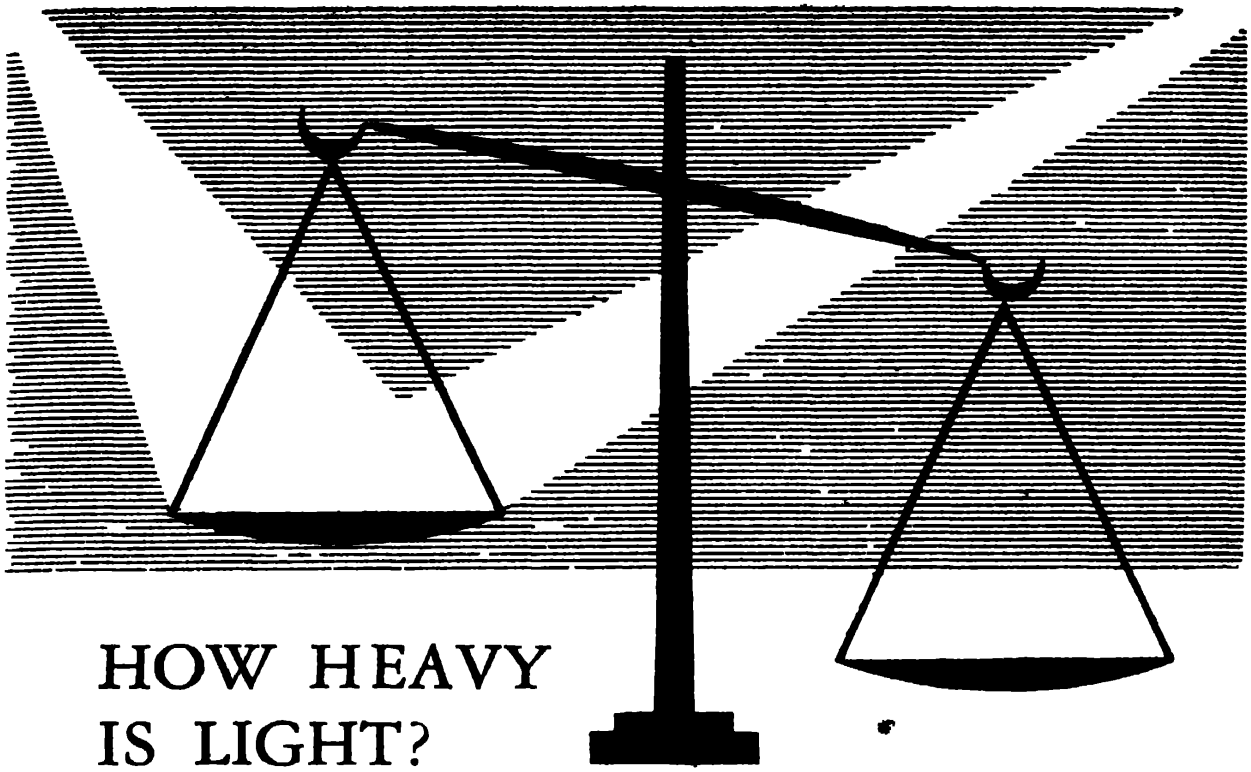
When Prosniak learned that Lumpke was missing, he set out alone to find him. Scaling the cliff, he came upon the lieutenant so badly hurt that, for once, Prosniak forgot about the Japanese. With grenades and rifle bullets hitting all round, he fashioned a sling from his clothing and gently lowered Lumpke to level ground. Then he tried to carry him to the first aid station. He didn't get there. Other Baker Company men, attracted by the firing, found Prosniak lying unconscious across Lumpke's body. He had successfully protected Lumpke.

Prosniak spent three months in a Honolulu hospital. One bullet had gone through both thighs, just above the knees, cutting vital ligaments. He was marked for evacuation home, but he fought violently against it. He wanted to go back to Baker Company. He told me later that he simply didn't have anything as good as Baker Company to go back to.

Though the doctors put off sending him home in the hope that he would recover the use of his legs, the best Prosniak could manage was a slow hobble. One afternoon, while making his way about the hospital grounds, he ran into Lieutenant Arthur Klein, who was also recovering from wounds suffered on Saipan. Klein was from Baker Company—in fact, he was to be the new company commander. Prosniak begged Klein to take him back to the company when he went. Klein wangled it, promising the proper officials to find some kind of job that Prosniak could do. From that moment Klein became Prosniak's god. He made Prosniak into a cook. It was an inspired thought. About a month after the appointment I ate with Baker Company. "You know, that so-and-so Prosniak can't even cook an egg," Klein told me. "But he's the best man we ever had in that kitchen. Everybody in the company is getting fat."

Prosniak was stealing food from every company in the 27th Division. He was also stealing it from the Royal New Zealand Air Force, the U.S. Marines and, best of all, the U.S. Navy. He had discovered that all Navy ships had refrigerators, which enabled them to keep fresh meat, vegetables and dairy products aboard. He had also discovered that Navy men, generally speaking, were suckers for souvenirs.

One of the prize souvenirs then was the little belly flag that most Japanese soldiers wore round their middles. These foot-square flags were emblazoned with the big red ball of the Rising Sun and inscribed with good-luck messages from the departing soldier's friends. Prosniak acquired several parachutes from various sources and cut them up into squares of the right size. He also managed to get his hands on some mercurochrome when he went



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to the hospital to have his legs checked every week Then he made up several hundred flags, and got Japanese American boys from the division interpreter's team to inscribe Japanese characters on them

Thereafter, whenever a Navy ship dropped anchor near by, Prosniak would contrive to be in one of the Navy canteens sitting over a beer Other Baker Company men would circulate through the crowd, pointing out Prosniak as the man who owned the biggest collection of souvenirs in the army—which was probably no lie When approached, as he always was, Prosniak would say, "Take me to your cook"

Prosniak would tell the cook that he had five or six belly flags and could probably get 20 more They were worth about 5 dollars apiece But he didn't want money—he wanted food from the refrigerator There were just enough dishonest cooks in the Navy to keep Baker Company in butter, fresh vegetables, and occasional steaks

When the time came for Baker Company to leave for Okinawa Klein had to transfer his "cook" to another organization Prosniak's new unit was the division's Salvage Collecting Company, a special group of 20 or 30 soldiers who, for various reasons, were unfit for combat Their job was to follow in the wake of the advance, collecting



the equipment left behind by dead and wounded soldiers and depositing it in a central dump for repair and re-issue. Prosniak was miserably unhappy in the job; during his first ten days on Okinawa he deserted three times. On each occasion he was caught hobbling along with a Baker Company patrol.

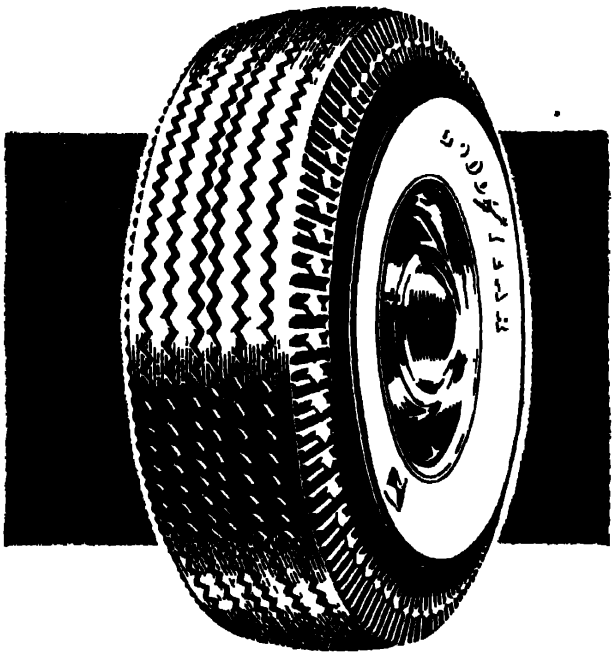
On the morning of April 24, 1945, during an attempt to take a village on Shuri Plain, Captain Arthur Klein of Baker Company was killed in action. The word reached Prosniak about noon. He went off by himself and cried. Then he stole the jeep of the commander of the Salvage Company and drove it to the ordnance dump. He was known there, and no one asked any questions when he drove in or out. He loaded the jeep with weapons and ammunition and set out to get the Japanese who had killed Klein.

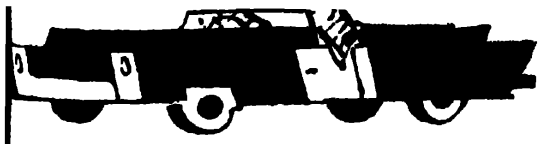
The village which Baker Company had been trying to capture was a particularly stubborn strongpoint: the enemy had concentrated a special mortar company there, and had ringed the area with machine guns. The surrounding hills were honeycombed with underground passageways. There was only one road into the village.

Though two American tanks had been knocked out while trying to negotiate this road, Prosniak drove boldly past them, unmolested by the

Of course, "when the wind blows, the cradle will fall". That's where ıe simile ends.

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Japanese. (The enemy seems to have decided to let him come, in the hope of capturing him alive.) Once in the town, he grabbed a Browning automatic rifle from the seat beside him and jumped out of the jeep. In talking about it later, he said that he was carrying so much ammunition he was afraid he'd blow up when he landed. He ducked into a building and soon discovered an opening leading into one of the underground passageways. There followed a typical Prosniak chase. He hobbled up one tunnel and down another, picking up pursuers at every turn. It didn't take him long to find a niche in which to hide. For three days, Prosniak stalked the Japanese in their own strongpoint. He killed them one at a time as they walked along the passageways; he dropped grenades on them from rooftops; he hid in trees and shot them.

When, on April 27, a Baker Company patrol got into the village, it found two people alive. One was a Japanese lieutenant running round and round the ruins of a building. Pursuing him, half hopping, half hobbling, was Prosniak, a jammed Japanese rifle in his hands. Prosniak waved the patrol away. "This guy's got a wrist watch that I've been trying to get for three days," he said.

Prosniak's loot from that expedition was such that he needed a truck to haul it away.

During the last week in July 1945, the 27th Division staged a full scale review for Sergeant Prosniak. General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell pinned the medals on. There were quite a few.

Prosniak's kleptomania came up on one other occasion that I know of. The day before I left Okinawa, I visited the division cemetery and found a wreath hanging on the Star of David that marked Arthur Klein's grave. It was the only floral wreath on Okinawa. I happened to know that it had been flown in from Honolulu a day or two before for a general's grave in another division's cemetery.

I saw Prosniak only once again. He came to division headquarters one day to tell me I was to have anything I wanted out of his collection of souvenirs when we got home. We agreed that a samurai sword might be best.

In the summer of 1946, while I was employed as a civilian historian in the Pentagon, my telephone rang one day. It was Prosniak. He asked if I still wanted the samurai sword. I said I did. He told me that he was on his way to South Carolina, to see Lumpke, and that he would send me the sword when he got back.

Prosniak never came back. When he got to South Carolina, he discovered that Lumpke was helpless, paralysed from the waist down. He took over. For six years he pushed Lumpke about in a wheel chair, lifted him in and out of cars, and cooked for him.

Lumpke died in 1952. I haven't heard of Prosniak since. I'd like to

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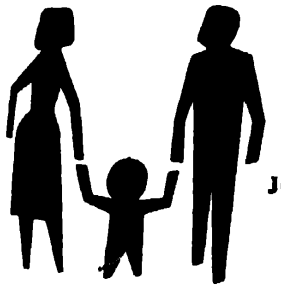
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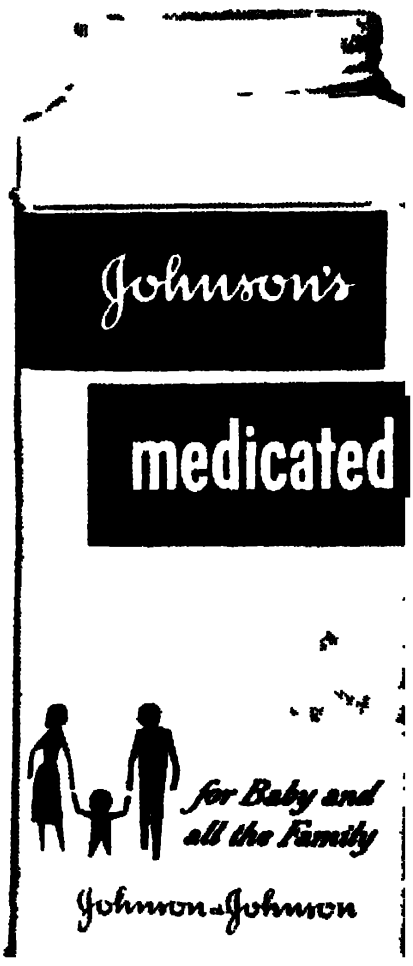
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SOS From the Temples of Nubia

By Gordon Gaskill

Unless the world gives generously—and soon—Egypt's new Aswan Dam will inundate thousands of the most ancient and priceless works of man

Hardly any event since Noah's Flood has threatened the destruction of so much historic treasure as does the building of Egypt's High Aswan Dam. The dam, begun on the Nile River last January, will increase Egypt's agricultural income, but the huge lake it produces may drown for ever 3,000 years of history.

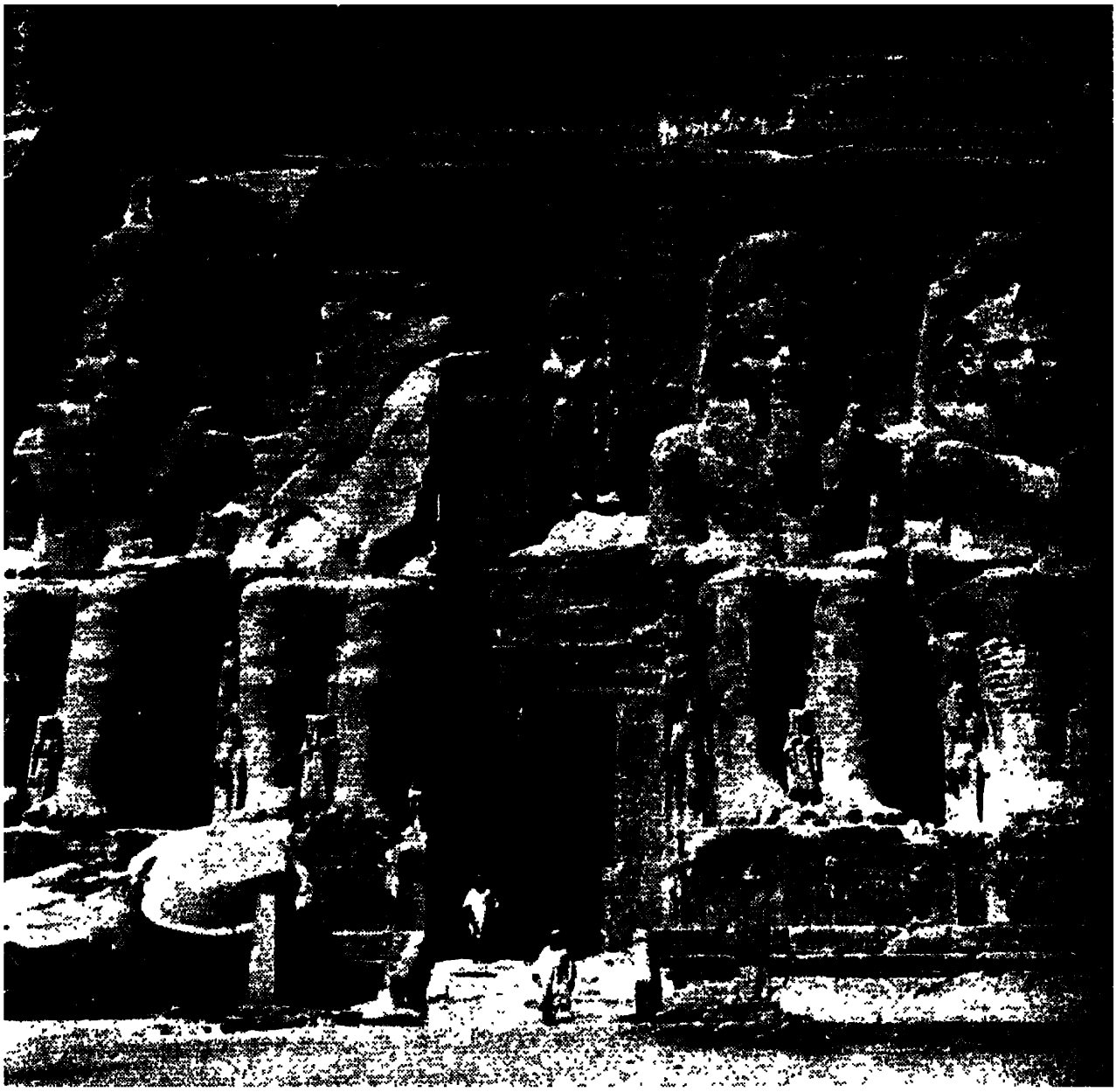
Chief among the thousands of ancient and priceless works that may be inundated are two dozen Pharaonic temples, some of the loveliest and most awe-inspiring structures ever built by man. Many of these monuments have survived 30 centuries with even their colours marvellously intact. Now they have little more than *1,000 days* left—unless a unique, world-wide SOS is answered at once.

In March this year the United Nations, through its Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), made a dramatic appeal to the conscience of the world for at least £30 million (Rs. 40 crores) "to save this heritage of the whole human race."

Dr. Vittorino Veronese, director-general of UNESCO, has invited "governments, institutions, public or private foundations, and men of goodwill everywhere" to contribute to this unparalleled task.

The United Arab Republic, lacking the massive sums and trained personnel necessary to save these irreplaceable monuments, has temporarily lifted its strict ban on exporting Egyptian antiquities and is offering glittering prizes to those who help. Egypt attaches only one condition: this treasure cannot become part of a private collection but must always be placed on public view. At least five temples, as well as other relics, will be distributed according to the recommendations of an international advisory committee. The result of Egypt's offer may be one of the strangest and most heartening treasure hunts in history.

Doomed by the new dam is a valley which stretches upstream from Aswan 180 miles in Egypt, 112 in the Sudan. This is Nubia, a land so



Four colossi keep their vigil at the entrance to the Great Temple of Abu Simbel
Photograph from UNESCO/Marie

remote and barren that few foreigners have seen it.

In all Egyptian Nubia there is no road, no railway, no air service and no hotel accommodation. The area can be reached only by infrequent river boat.

So, for a week recently, I cruised through much of this valley aboard a houseboat lent to me by the Egyptian Government, with the world-famous Egyptologist Labib Habachi as my mentor.

Sometimes we sailed right *over* rich temples built here by proud Egyptian kings. For about a dozen temples are already flooded each winter by the present "low" Aswan Dam, built by the British in 1902, and twice heightened since. During summer's low water, however, these temples emerge, dry out and may

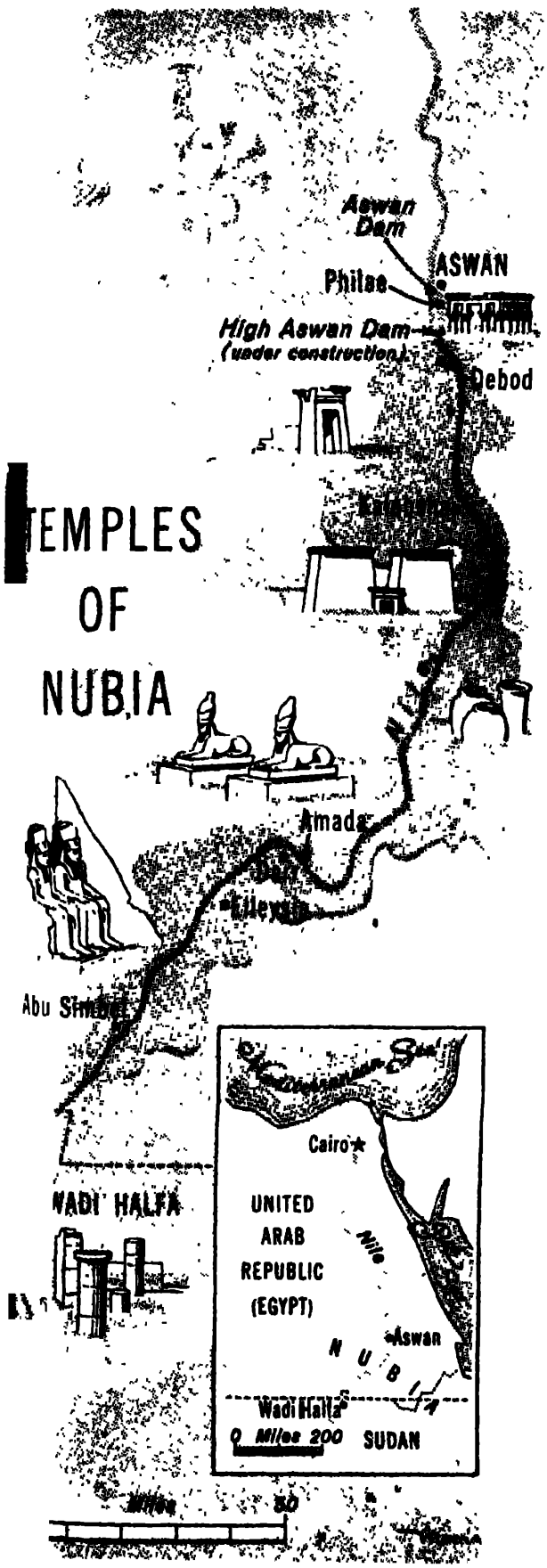


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be visited. But when High Aswan's vast lake becomes full—200 feet above present-peak levels—Nubia will be virtually wiped off the face of the earth.

To avoid this, UNESCO has invited some of the world's best minds to suggest which of the monuments can be saved—and how. Rescue techniques must vary with the kind of temple involved. About half are "free-standing" temples, of hewn-stone blocks; the rest are "rock temples," carved deep into solid cliffs.

One of the most interesting of the free-standing type is the temple of Amada, now deserted and lonely on a hillock of golden sand a few yards from the river's edge. Amada was begun about 3,400 years ago by Egypt's great warrior-king, Thutmosis III, and completed by his son Amenophis II. Inside, it is graceful and elegant, its walls covered with stunning carvings, its colours still incredibly bright and glowing. (The reason for the brightness is that the ancient Egyptians used mineral pigments for their paints: iron ores for reds and yellows, pulverized semi-precious stones, such as turquoise and lapis-lazuli, for blues and greens.) Amada can be taken apart, stone by stone, and numbered, and then put together again somewhere else. Since it is a small temple, this may cost no more than £10,000 (Rs. 1·3 lakhs). About seven other free-standing temples could be saved in the same way.

The rock temples, part and parcel of the living cliff, will be much more difficult. But the experts have



The outcast cabbage



'Nobody likes me,' said the Cabbage, loud enough for the genteel Lady's Fingers to hear. They looked at him in a very superior way and turned elegantly to whisper among themselves.

'Serves him right,' said one of them. 'He's overwhelming.'

'He's so dominating,' added the other petulantly

'Bad manners, that's what it is,' concluded the first.

And with this, the aristocratic ladies left for their steam bath, closing the lid behind them. The poor Cabbage had no choice but to dive into the cooking pot by himself.

The Cabbage remains an outsider. He continues vulgarly to display his bad taste by hiding the natural flavours of the other vegetables with whom he is cooked.

It's not just the Cabbage, though, that hides the real flavours of other foods. It might console him to know that, sometimes, the cooking fat used will often hide the real taste of the foods it cooks.

But there are cooking fats, like DALDA Vanaspati, that never confuse the flavours of food.

'How ever does it do that?' the Cabbage might well ask.

The answer is because DALDA Vanaspati is tasteless and odourless itself —unlike the Cabbage. It helps reveal the real flavours of foods because it adds none of its own.

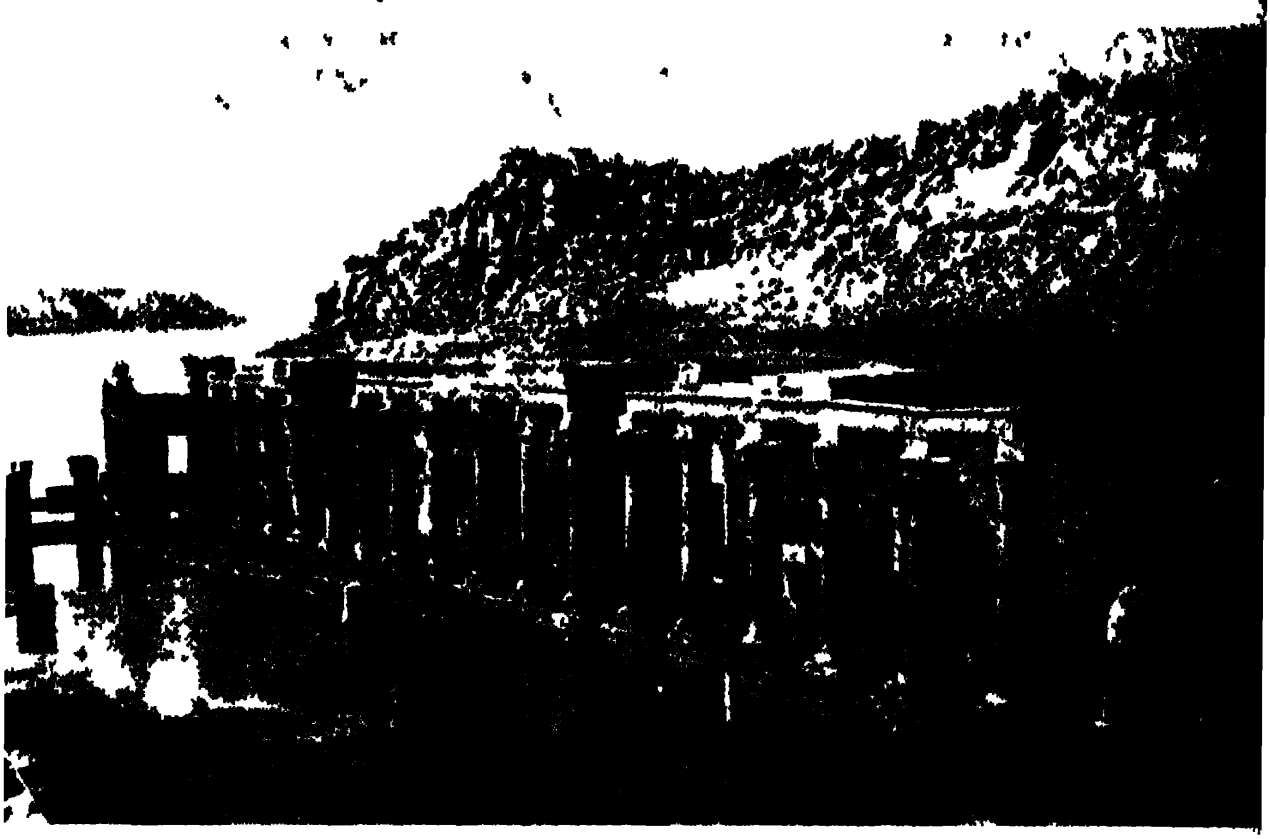
Besides, DALDA is an all-purpose cooking fat. It has a whole range of uses. And DALDA is nourishing. To every ounce is added seven hundred International Units of Vitamin A and 56 IU of Vitamin D. All together, you have the ideal cooking fat that is DALDA Vanaspati.

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Main colonnade of the temples of Philae partially flooded by the rising waters of the Nile

an answer saw all the precious walls away from the cliff with a steel power-driven cutting cable; then cut them into slabs and re assemble the slabs elsewhere. Eight rock temples might be saved in this way, including two (Elleysia and Derr) offered "for export."

Two temple sites, Philae and Abu Simbel, stand out above all others for their grandeur and beauty—and also for the great difficulty and expense of saving them. The temples here cannot and should not be moved. "It would be like moving Westminster Abbey or the Parthenon," says one scholar. If they are to be saved, then it must be *in situ* —right where they are.

The oldest of Philae's three main temples was built by one of the last native Egyptian Pharaohs, Nectanebo I, about 370 B.C. This site was the mecca for the worship of Isis, the "Great Divine Mother," a faith which spread throughout the Mediterranean and northwards to Britain, seriously challenging Christianity for a time. To Philae, the "Pearl of Egypt," pilgrims and travellers of all kinds, including emperors, used to come. Many scrawled their names and messages on the walls, providing scholars with a wealth of historical detail.

To save Philae, engineers have suggested circling the site with a fairly simple low dike, to make it

dry and visitable all the year round. The cost (about £1 million or Rs. 1·3 crores) can almost be justified on the ground that Philae would become once again, as in past centuries, a powerful magnet luring visitors to the winter resort of Aswan, a short distance away.

Saving Abu Simbel, whose loss would be the most heart-rending of the whole Nubian tragedy, is a far graver matter. The cost will be enormous. Yet nowhere else in Egypt, perhaps nowhere else on earth, is there anything like Abu Simbel. It is believed to have been begun about 1265 B.C.—some 800 years before the Parthenon was built. One authority says that Abu Simbel had obviously been forgotten by what we call classical times; or it would surely have been listed as one of the seven wonders of the world.

The creator was Rameses II, one of Egypt's greatest pharaohs. On the banks of the Nile, more than 900 miles upstream from its mouth, he commanded his architects to build two magnificent temples from great pinkish sandstone cliffs near by. The work is said to have taken from eight to 15 years.

In one cliff he carved out a jewel-like temple dedicated to his wife Nefertari ("Beautiful Companion"). In the other, a bare 100 steps distant, workmen smoothed away the surface to a height of 108 feet, and carved four colossal 67-foot-high figures, all seated, all alike, of Rameses himself. Tunnelling 200 feet inside the cliff, the builders then hollowed out great halls guarded by rows of lesser colossi a mere 30 feet tall, and chamber after chamber whose walls they adorned with carvings of great beauty.

At any time Abu Simbel is an awesome sight, but at the moment of dawn it is incredible. Some experts believe that it was cunningly constructed for just this moment.

When the rising sun tops the mountains across the Nile and flashes full on the façade, the figure of the Sun God—one of the deities that were worshipped here—seems animated by the sudden light, as though to step forward to greet the morning.

Below, the entrance and halls are so skilfully aligned that on certain days of the year the first rays of the sun flash straight through them, to the sanctuary at the mountain's heart, lighting up the carved and colourful walls.

Unfortunately, Abu Simbel's sandstone is the poorest in Nubia—fragile, brittle, already badly cracked. There can be no question of sawing away the precious walls. Its greatest splendour, the colossi, could not stand up to being moved: some are cracked; the head of one has already fallen. The likeliest plan calls for a dam arching out in front of the two temples to keep the lake-to-be permanently at bay. The dam would be as high as High Aswan itself and would probably cost



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between £10 million and £20 million (Rs. 13–26 crores). "Only the price of a few modern bombers," says one archaeologist wistfully.

In addition to temples, thousands of other archaeological treasures are in danger. Egyptian Nubia alone has more than 300 *known* necropolises, or cemeteries—some barely sampled, some not excavated at all. The Sudan has also appealed to UNESCO for help, for Sudanese Nubia has at least 100 known valuable sites, only ten of which have been even slightly excavated. Many scholars believe that this valley contains priceless clues to one of the riddles of mankind: the transition of our civilization from the Palaeolithic Age to the Neolithic. A few such sites have already been found; one dated by radioactive carbon tests appears to have originated about 6400 B.C.

Last autumn, at UNESCO's request and with Egypt's consent, the French National Geographic Institute, using modern stereoscopic techniques, photographed the whole of doomed Egyptian Nubia from the air. The resulting thousands of shots were used to make a master map. Scholars are now eagerly examining the photographs under powerful magnification, confident that they will find many so far unsuspected sites.

Meanwhile, Sarwat Okasha, Egypt's Minister of Culture and National Guidance, has formally stated Egypt's offer:

1. Any foreign expedition digging in Nubia may keep half its finds, except for a few unique treasures needed for Egypt's museums.

2. An expedition which does valuable rescue work may have permission to dig later in such rich areas as Sakkara, a breath-taking royal necropolis near Cairo, and keep half the finds.

3. Depending on the amount of foreign help, five temples are offered, with permission to take them anywhere in the world. Or the contributor may select from state-owned antiquities. (The basement of Cairo Museum is packed with huge crates, many of them unopened since 1903.)

Virtually all the rescue work must be finished by early 1965, and in some areas by 1964. This may still seem plenty of time, but actually it is grimly short. For the dozen or so temples already flooded can be worked on for only two or three months in the year. Take, for example, Debod, a small, free-standing temple built of relatively small stones. It would seem to be no difficult matter to dismantle and move it before its doom date. But there is a snag: Debod is already flooded for so long each year that engineers can promise a total of no more than *60 working days* before the site disappears for ever!

There are other obstacles. Nubia's 50° C. summer climate is almost unbearable, even for Nubians, who

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become torpid All food must be imported by boat or air Even labour must be imported, since most able bodied Nubian males work as servants far away in Egyptian towns, returning to visit their families in Nubia only once every year or two.

If the money to save the temples can be found, the world's most skilled Egyptologists will be sent to Nubia to undertake the task The master plan calls for the temples (apart from those offered abroad) to be preserved or re erected in three "garden spots"—to be embellished with trees, flowers and some hotel facilities—around the shores of the future High Aswan Lake.

The first group would be located on the sacred islet of Philae. The second would cluster around a new "oasis" at Kalabsha, some 35 miles uplake from Aswan The third, and loveliest, would centre on Abu Simbel, 175 miles uplake from Aswan

Will the vast sums of money necessary to save these temples be forthcoming? If the modern world, with all its money and skills, allows the waters to engulf these treasures, then the colossi of Abu Simbel will have good reason to look down on us in contempt as a small people

Cheques for donations to this cause should be made payable to UNESCO (Nubia Account) and sent to Lloyds Bank Ltd New Delhi 1

Hints to Husbands

After 18 years of marriage—and of cooking—I recently prepared the worst dinner of my life The vegetables were overcooked, the meat was burned, the salad wilted. My husband was silent all through the meal Then as I started to do the dishes he took me in his arms and gave me a lingering kiss

"What's that for?" I asked

"Well, dear," he said, "tonight you cooked like a bride, so I thought I'd treat you like one."

—Contributed by T Whitney

My husband has two habits that annoy me greatly I suggested that he try to give them up and I would try to overcome two of my faults that bothered him

"I don't know of any faults that you have," he said. "I just concentrate on your good habits." (He still has those two annoying habits.)

—Contributed by Irene Downey

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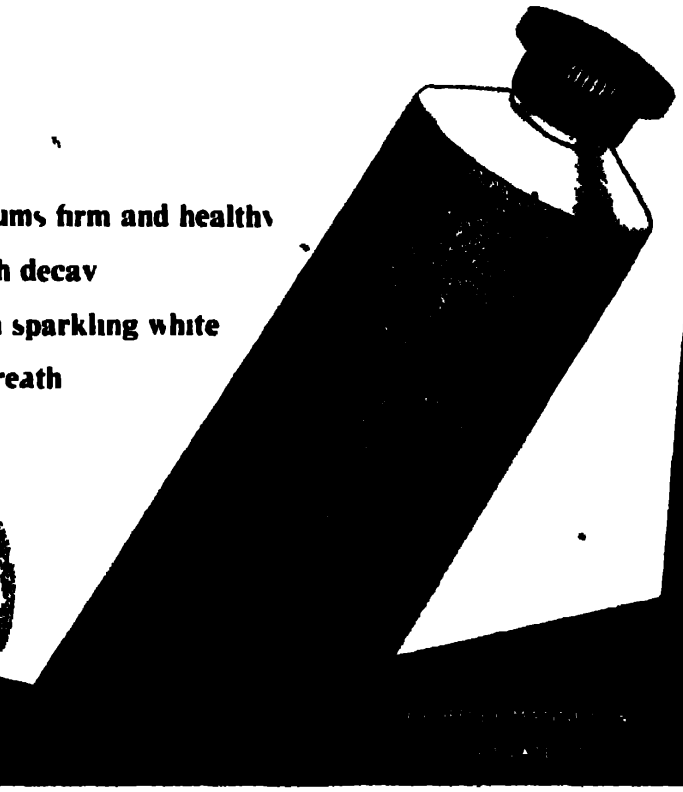
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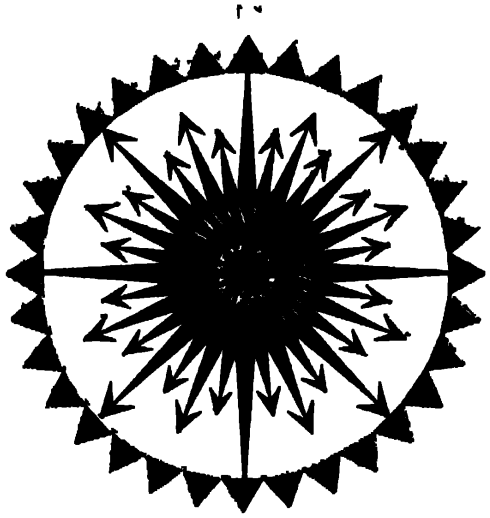
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FOR

THE GUMS

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Points to Ponder

The Duke of Devonshire, speaking in Britain's House of Lords:

If I were to introduce a motto for the use of leisure hours, I think I would say this. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly. If you get fun out of a thing, it does not matter if you do it badly. I play tennis and—though, alas, I do it no longer—I used to ride. But I do both abominably. I broke the heart of a chap who tried to teach me tennis, and I frequently fell off my horse.

If I had said to myself, "You are no good at either, so don't do them," I should have missed an enormous amount of pleasure. So I say, if you like to do a thing, do it as hard as you can and you will get fun from your pursuits.

Clifton Fadiman:

A recent book contains biographies of some outstanding scientists. The author trips over himself in his eagerness to assure us that his subjects are "very approachable human beings as well as trained and often highly creative people." But do we want our scientists to waste their time in approachability? Do we really care that they have wholesome hobbies and the usual number of healthy children? Are they not worth more to us if they're as crusty as Newton, as odd as Pascal, as remote as Willard Gibbs? Shouldn't they be left alone so that they can do their work instead of being compelled to placate us with that cosy stuff? I am not convinced that the common run of us really prefer geniality to genius.

Laurie Lee, the English poet and writer, recalling his childhood in a Cotswold village

I shall never forget that three foot high vision of the world – intimate, down to earth, sharp focus. Like any child, I lived at the level of grown ups' boots, was somewhat shorter than summer grass, could look cats and beetles full in the face, knew the knee-bones of grasshoppers, the eyes of flies, the mouth of a chewing snail. I could even study the moss on a stone and smell the wings of the bees in the bushes.

It is on the surface of the ground, where most life lives, that the child has his natural being. And it is the sharp enjoyment I then experienced—a kind of cheek by jowl brotherhood with every insect, vegetable, matchstick and raindrop in the neighbourhood—that I recall most vividly today. And sometimes I can't help wondering whether three feet two inches wouldn't be the ideal height for mankind. It seems somehow the proper scale

—Quoted in *The Listener* London

Robert Moses:

In our fumbling, democratic process we choose our highest officials in a haphazard way and, often, for extraneous reasons It is a process impossible to explain logically to outsiders It is easy to sneer at the theory that the job makes the man, but it is an astonishing fact that, somehow, the good man outdoes himself and measures up to the confidence we place in him. It sounds incredible, but so it is. And therein lies our hope for the future

Nina Foch:

Heaven knows, women harbour some strange notions, but one of the strangest is the conviction that their brains are like icebergs only one eighth should show above the surface

I have never understood why female intelligence should be concealed along with the family scandals, but time and again I've seen women pulling in their brains when a man appeared, afraid that the poor thing might scratch his ego on the exposed edges

Having brains and hiding them makes as much sense for a woman as owning a mink coat and keeping it permanently in cold storage. If she wears them with modesty and tact, not only will she be happier—but her men will, too.

Robert Raynolds:

Many of our painful frustrations are caused by our driving desire to make an end of something or other We work ourselves to death trying to make an end of unfinished business. We harass our dogs and our children today, training them for tomorrow. We are in a kind of cold rage to bring about a desired end in our own time and by our own means. Eternity must laugh at our pretenses. To be driven by a passion to hurry the end is to famish our lives of a living present.

George Washington:

My observation is that whenever one person is found adequate to the discharge of a duty by close application thereto, it is worse executed by two persons, and scarcely done at all if three or more are employed therein

Frederic Van de Water:

Gardening, like all the important and most of the delightful things of life, is worth while only when you do it yourself The indolent and wealthy can decree gardens and miss every drop of nectar they contain Only folk with frequently soiled hands and almost permanent cricks in their backs during the growing season are aware of the manifold delights and dismays in the outwardly mild avocation of gardening for fun. Actually it is a furious and nerve straining pastime A sixteenth of an acre can furnish space for violent exercise of virtually all human emotions

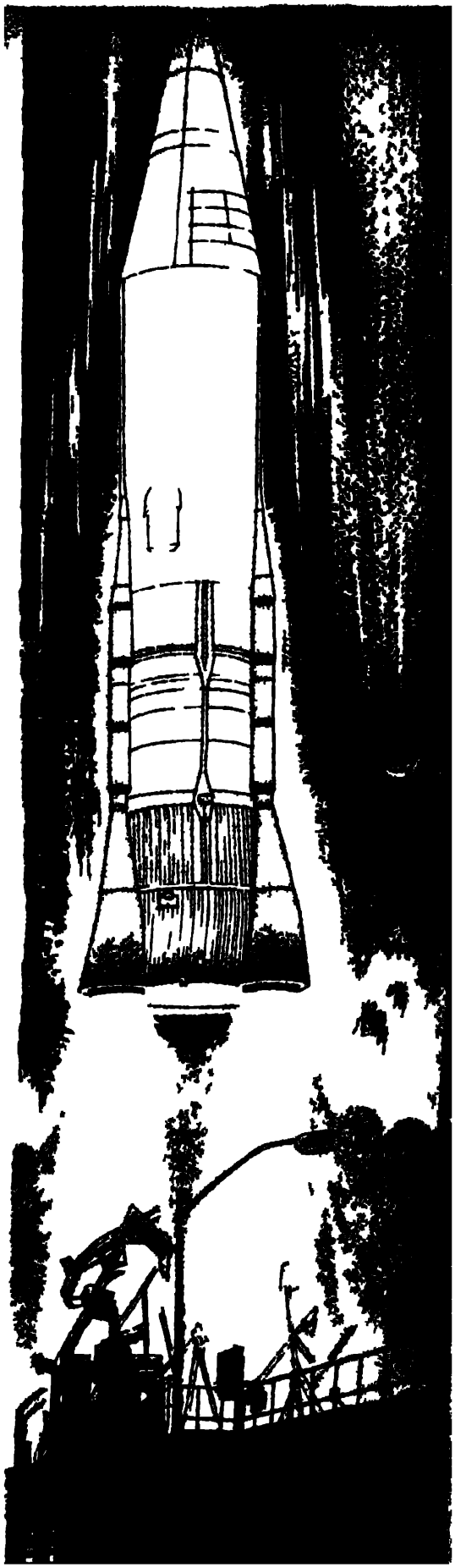
Hannah Lees:

Doting parents would do well to remember that in doing everything for a child and expecting nothing we do the child a disservice. Children as a rule do not want to be indulged, they want to be responsible Over indulgence is the ultimate insult, for when you "spoil" a child you are practically saying, "I know you aren't capable of being civilized and considerate and contributing, and I won't expect it of you."

THE MEN WHO FIRE THE MISSILES

On the launching pad,
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By Corey Ford and James Perkins



THE Atlas, deadliest weapon of the Free World, stands ten storeys high When it blasts off it has a take off weight of more than a hundred tons, and engines that deliver 7,500,000 horse power It flies at 15,000 m p h for a distance of over 6,000 miles There are more than 300,000 separate parts in this missile The best industrial skills, the finest scientific and engineering brains, and millions of dollars have gone into its production And now it is ready for action, turned over from civilian hands to the air force specialists who would

push the buttons in the event of an aggressor's attack.

Sprawling over a hundred square miles of Californian Pacific coast is America's only intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) training base. It is Vandenberg Air Force Base, home of the U.S. Air Force's First Missile Division. Here teams of airmen—fuelling specialists, launch-console operators, radar trackers—spend long hours learning to work together with perfect precision on the mighty Atlas missile.

Who are these men who live with this weapon? Step inside Vandenberg's closely guarded gates; the key members of an actual combat team are getting ready to launch an Atlas.

THE ALARM CLOCK in the one-man barrack-room of Staff-Sergeant Jerry Trent is set for 4 a.m., but he is awake before it rings. As the propellant specialist of the Atlas crew, Sergeant Trent supervises the loading of the fuel and the highly combustible liquid oxygen called "lox." He dresses in high-laced boots and overalls of pure white that reveal any tell-tale grease spot—for when lox comes into contact with grease, it can explode with disabling violence. He grabs his yellow safety helmet from a peg as he leaves.

A few streets away, at the base caravan park, Staff-Sergeant Russell Scholtec shaves while his wife, Betty, makes coffee. Sergeant Scholtec is the launch-console operator who will press the buttons for today's firing, and his mind is already on the control panel. His wife, a stenographer in Operations, knows what is happening this morning and gives him an extra kiss for good luck.

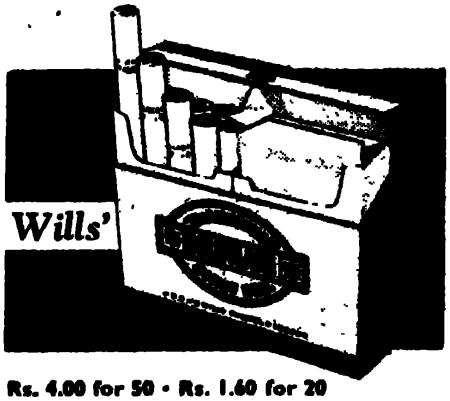
In a housing area on the other side of the base, Master-Sergeant Bernard Tannheimer dons fresh khakis. His wife is ill today, and he has to pack school lunches for their three children. As tracking-console operator, Sergeant Tannheimer's work will begin after the others' duties are finished. He will sit in a separate control room and follow the course of the airborne missile on his radar screen. At 5 a.m. he hops into his car and drives towards Atlas complex 65-1.

Dawn is breaking, and the glitter of lights in the complex ahead of him resembles some fantastic amusement park. Maintenance men in grey helmets swarm in the glare of floodlights on Pad A. Some blue helmets among them designate the manufacturers' technicians, supervising the missile's transition from civilian to military hands. The single white helmet belongs to the commander of the 576th Squadron, Colonel John Easton. The men work in an atmosphere of expectation.

Inside its gantry tower, a service scaffolding of interlaced steel girders, the missile is in take-off position. Held upright by clamps at its base and with a plume of escaping



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vapour drifting from its nostrils, it looks like a prehistoric monster impatient to ravage the earth.

By 9 a.m. the maintenance crews have completed their equipment checks and are moving away. At 9.30 Major-General David Wade, commander of the First Missile Division, strides into the reinforced-concrete blockhouse, 700 feet behind the pad. The count-down is about to start.

Staff-Sergeant Jerry Trent's duty has already begun. Under his direction the propellant crew makes a fast but thorough inspection of all fuel linkages. Sergeant Trent glances warily at the liquid-oxygen tanks—"You can't relax with lox around," he says—and checks the trailers parked beside the pad, containing helium and liquid nitrogen. The pressure of these gases will force the fuel into the missile at lightning speed; no mechanical pump could make the transfer fast enough.

A loudspeaker booms: "Clear the pad! All personnel clear the pad!" and a huge steel door slams behind Sergeant Trent as he enters the blockhouse and takes his place in the crew ready-room. He peers intently through a plate-glass window into the adjoining control room. If a hose disconnects or a valve sticks during the ensuing count-down, he will have to return to the pad, which is seething with dangerous gases, and repair the malfunction while the count-down is stopped.

The control room is silent, save for the busy clicking of automatic relay switches. A 24-inch television screen shows the now-deserted pad and the base of the giant missile. At Take-Off minus 15 minutes the launch crew goes into action. At a panel directly below the television screen, the facilities-console operator starts his remote-control inspection of ground - support equipment. When all his lights flash green, he signals the launch analyst who, at T minus 10, takes over the count-down, checking each of the component systems within the missile.

T minus 5, and a signal blinks on Sergeant Scholtec's launch-console in the centre of the room; the last critical phase of the count-down is at hand. On his panel is a vertical column of eight buttons, marking each successive step during these final minutes. The first button reads Hydraulic. He presses it, and waits until a red light changes to green: hydraulic system functioning properly. He presses the second button—Engine and Auxiliary Power—and again red turns green. The external electric supply has been disconnected and the missile is now ready to operate under its own power. The third button triggers the flight-control mechanism which is the missile's "brain." He presses the fourth button, and a green light tells him that the hinge-like clamps are ready to spring back the instant the missile is fired. All eyes watch the television screen as he pushes the fifth button:

Home is the wandering star and home is my beloved. From the time my husband bought a Tata-Mercedez-Benz truck, money has been steadily coming in—money that will enable us to buy much-needed items for our house Much of this money has come in through operational economies for which Tata-Mercedez-Benz is so well known—savings in fuel and maintenance charges.

There comes my Star

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now the gantry tower backs away slowly on massive tracks, leaving the Atlas poised erect and alone against the bright Californian sky.

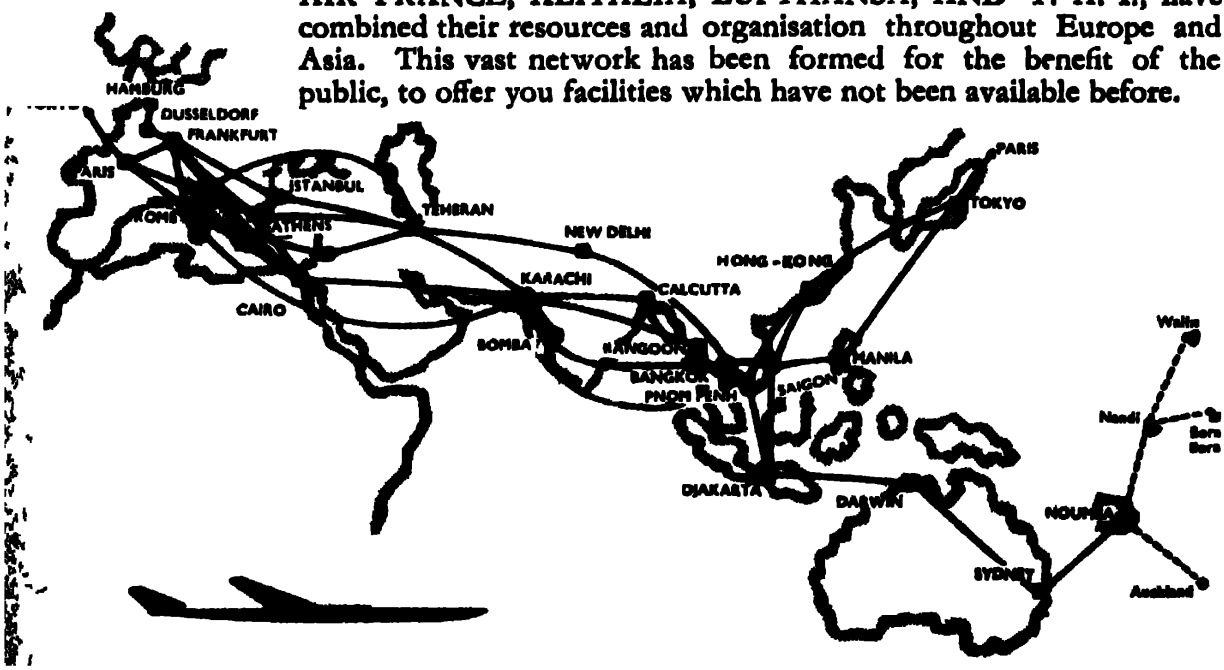
At a nod from the launch-control officer, Sergeant Scholtec depresses the sixth button. Red lights blink and then glow green one by one as the tank trailers containing the helium and liquid nitrogen build up pressure for the fuel transfer. When peak pressure is reached, he pushes the Fuel Transfer button, and on the television screen the umbilical cords of the Atlas are seen to quiver slightly as kerosene-type fuel is forced into the upper half of the missile.

Finally Sergeant Scholtec presses the eighth and last button, marked Lox Transfer. Now, on the screen, vapour clouds rise from the base of the missile, and chunks of rime ice crust its thin shell as the −297° liquid oxygen gushes into a separate lower compartment. Within two minutes, more than a hundred tons of propellant have been loaded, and Sergeant Scholtec scans the solid bank of green lights on his console. The missile is ready to launch.

At T minus 10 seconds, the launch-control officer presses the Commit button, sending the electric impulse that ignites the engines. For the next ten seconds, the relay switches chatter steadily in the hushed room as the two booster

Asia-Europe **4** **LARGE COMPANIES FORMING A**

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rockets, emitting a growing ball of orange-yellow flame, build to take-off thrust. Minus three . . . minus two . . . minus one . . . zero . . . The base clamps leap apart, the pad is suddenly obscured with exhaust smoke, and the giant Atlas clambers slowly upwards through the murk and disappears from the television screen.

At his console in the guidance-control centre behind the blockhouse, Master-Sergeant Tannheimer works feverishly to track the missile as it accelerates to hypersonic speed. From the blip on his screen, a battery of electronic computers at his elbow plots its exact latitude and longitude in space, and compares its actual course to the pre-planned flight path. Sergeant Tannheimer's radar screen links the computers with the flying missile. If he loses the blip for a moment, he calls to optical trackers stationed on the roof, who follow the missile's flight through powerful telescopes until Sergeant Tannheimer can lock on to it again. Once the Atlas has reached its apogee—the point where the sustainer engine is jettisoned and the nose cone becomes a free-falling ballistic object –not even his radar screen can tell whether or not it hits its objective. Tracking ships in the target area will radio back the results. Meanwhile, there is nothing to do but wait.

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Staff-Sergeant Trent is late getting back to his barracks, where he sits down alone to write to his wife. He adds a laconic postscript to the letter: "Fired a bird today. Waiting to hear how we scored."

Master-Sergeant Tannheimer's three children are back from school when he gets home. Their teacher had let the class run outside to watch when the rumble of the take-off shook the school, and Sergeant Tannheimer listens with interest as they describe the flaming missile arching out over the Pacific. All *he* saw was a blip on his radar screen.

Staff-Sergeant Scholtec is sprawled in his caravan, watching the news on television. He is tired, but he has a warm feeling of satisfaction. Their total count-down time today was 20 minutes, safely within the crucial half-hour experts figure would ensue between a real alert and the impact of an enemy missile on a U.S. target.

He sits up eagerly as the television commentator interrupts: "The U.S. Air Force has just announced a military firing of an ICBM at Vandenberg. The missile has successfully reached its assigned objective at the other end of the Pacific target range."

Sign Language

SIGN over the reception desk in a summer hotel: "We are not responsible for guests' valuables or summer romances." —H. G.

NAME spotted on a flashy little pleasure speedboat: "Mamma's Mink." —Mrs. R. M.

WARNING to tourists in national park: "Take nothing but pictures—leave nothing but footprints." —J. W.

IN A WINDOW full of air conditioners: "Give Your Guests a Cool Reception." —New York *Mirror*

AN IRONMONGER found that he sold more garden gadgets when he placed this sign over them: "Tools for the more experienced gardeners." —H. E. T.

IN a store advertising home swimming pools: "Instant Fun—Just Add Water!" —A. C. D.

ON A breakdown lorry: "Call us at any hour. We're always on our tows." —Barry Mather

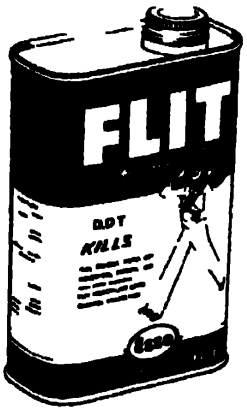
ON an electrician's van: "Let us remove your shorts." —Margaret Colgin

DESK sign: "Things to Do Today: 1. Get organized. 2. Talk to wife. 3. Get reorganized." —M. Woodbury



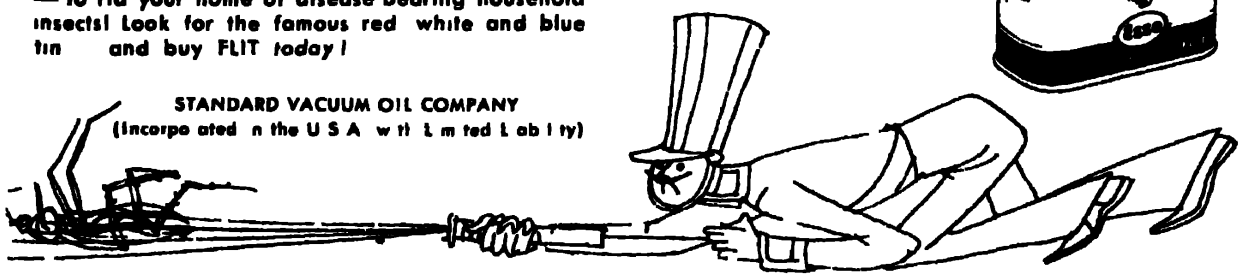
BORN one August morning in Stagnant Pond near Miserable Marsh A prolific stinger she showed great promise of future talent, and was sent to the Malarial College from which she graduated with a First Class Honours degree in Malariology Was awarded the Anopheles Prize for her brilliant thesis on How Mosquitos can effectively spread Malaria among Humans Holds the Mosquito world record for the highest number of human malaria victims

Was got rid of one night, by a FLIT gun-man



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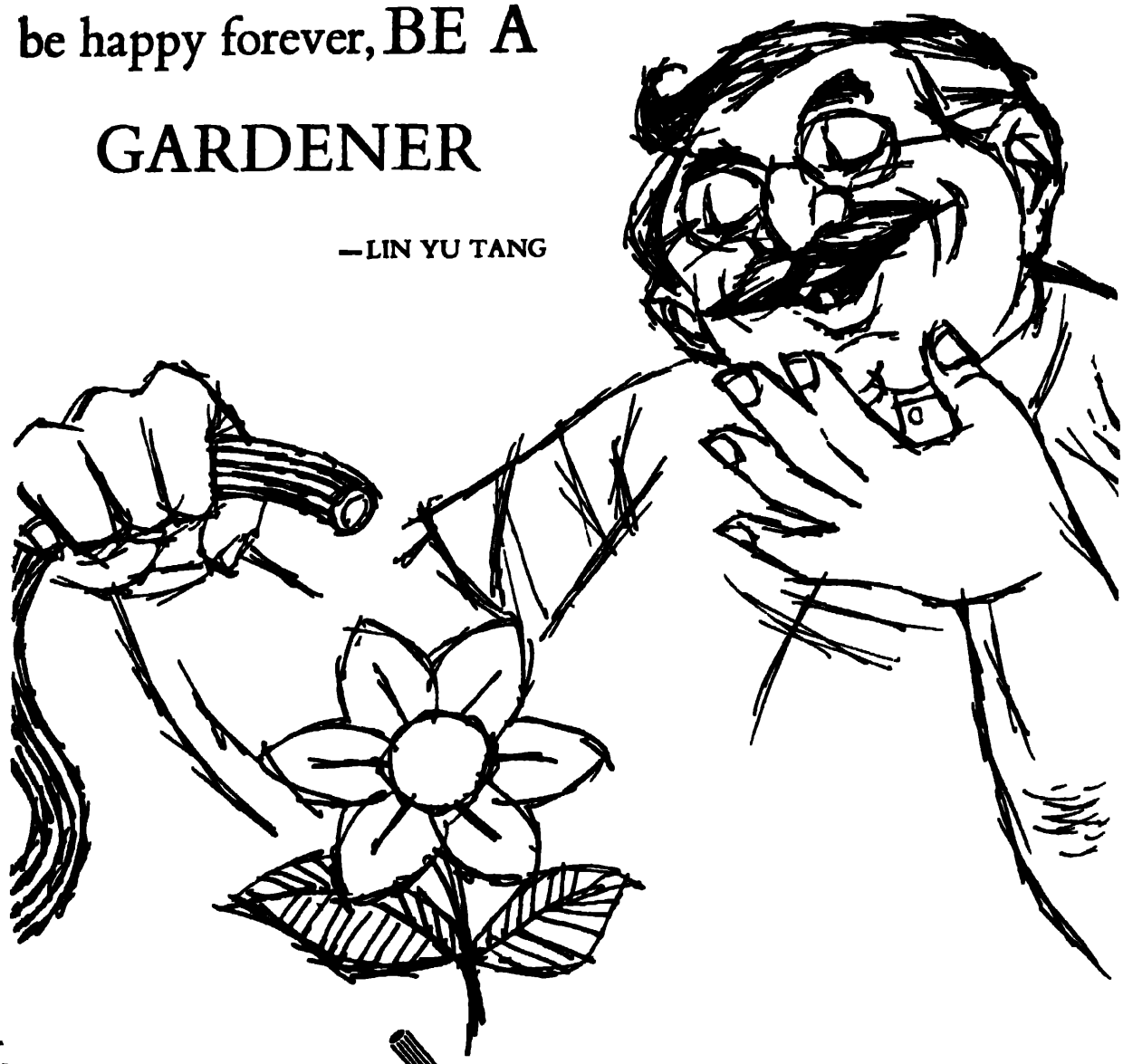
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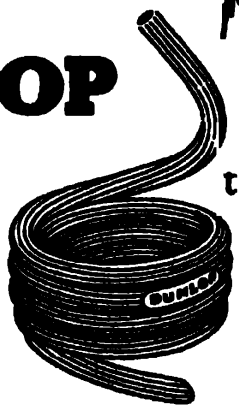
if you want to be happy for an hour, feast; if you want to be happy for a day, marry; if you want to be happy forever, BE A

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—LIN YU TANG



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DRAC-76

Fiction and Facts About Sex

A social scientist explodes some widespread myths

By Sylvanus Duvall
Author of Before You Marry

"Bill regards sex as simply a game and me as just another female body. But when I'm with him all my 'proper' feelings are lost in one wish—to make him happy. What shall I do?"

Two generations ago, a clear social code would have required this 16 year-old girl to recoil with horror from Bill's "proposition," however great the temptation. Today she has little guidance. How responsible are parents, teachers and clergy for the plight of such young people? Do we provide adequate help in developing standards for our youth to live by? The answer is "no," probably because, as adults, we are often uncertain and confused ourselves.

Our greater scientific knowledge about sex has added to our dilemma. Until that knowledge has been evaluated and digested, uncertainty is inevitable. We have, however, reached a point where much of our confusion about sexual conduct can be cleared up. Here are some of the common fictions about sex, and the facts concerning them.

Fiction: *Sex is essentially beautiful and good.*

Fact: *Sexual experience occurs on different levels.*

To say that sex is beautiful and good is as meaningless as to say that liquids are nourishing and delicious. This nonsense once served a useful purpose—to counteract the

opposite fiction that sex is nasty and vulgar. Sex can be beautiful and good, or neurotic and vicious; it can be delightful, or unpleasant, or boring. It is not *essentially* any of these.

Fiction: *The success of a marriage depends upon the achievement of a satisfactory sexual relationship.*

Fact: *In many successful marriages, satisfactory sexual adjustments are achieved late or not at all.*

In one study of 409 couples who had been married for 20 years or more, it was discovered that one out of eight had never worked out a satisfactory sexual adjustment. On the other hand, many couples who divorce enjoy increasingly satisfactory sex relationships right up to the time of their divorces. Undoubtedly, a satisfying sex relationship can enrich a marriage and therefore help to hold it together. But basic personality defects cannot be cured, nor can fundamental differences be resolved, through sex—no matter how satisfying. Sex is not a substitute for maturity, character, mental health or agreement on basic issues.

Fiction: *A person who is really in love will not be sexually interested in anyone else.*

Fact: *Most men and many women are polyerotic.*

Often a wife will feel that her husband no longer loves her if he shows a normal interest in other women. But no matter how genuine our love for our mates, we will find others of the opposite sex who are physically attractive to us.

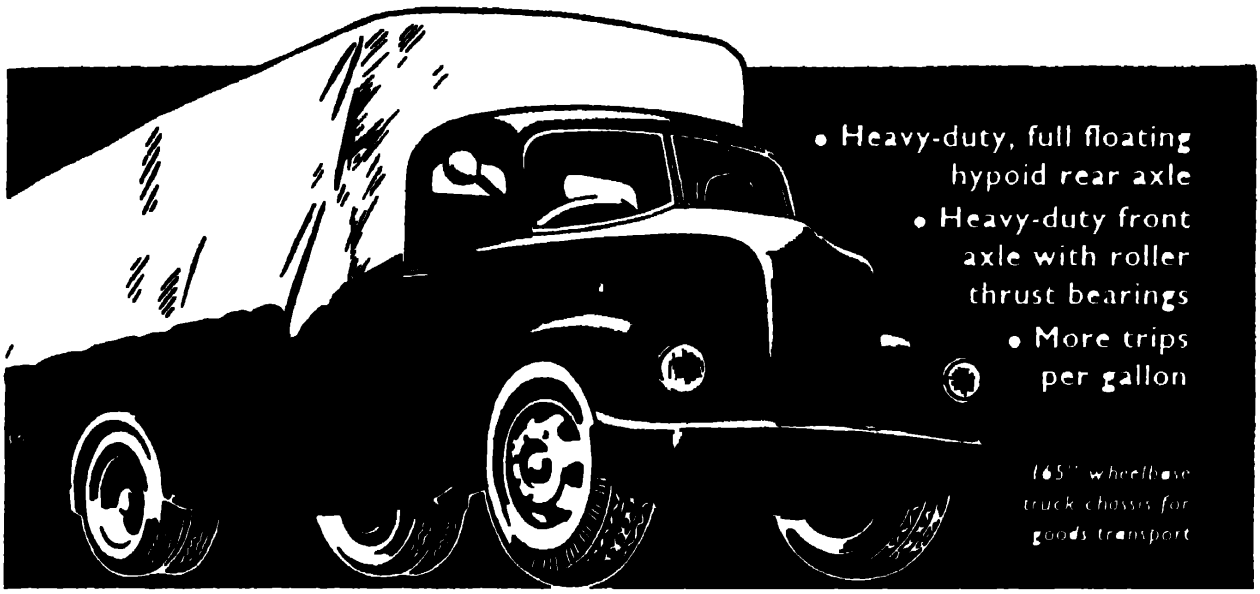
If we understand this possibility in advance we can usually deal with such problems without feeling guilty.

People who find each other attractive can work happily together without indulging in sex, just as a treasurer can handle honestly large sums of money that he might be tempted to steal. Those who remain faithful to their marriage partners do so, not because attraction to others is absent, but because of their own moral standards.

Fiction: *Sexual intercourse is a need of all people who are physically potent.*

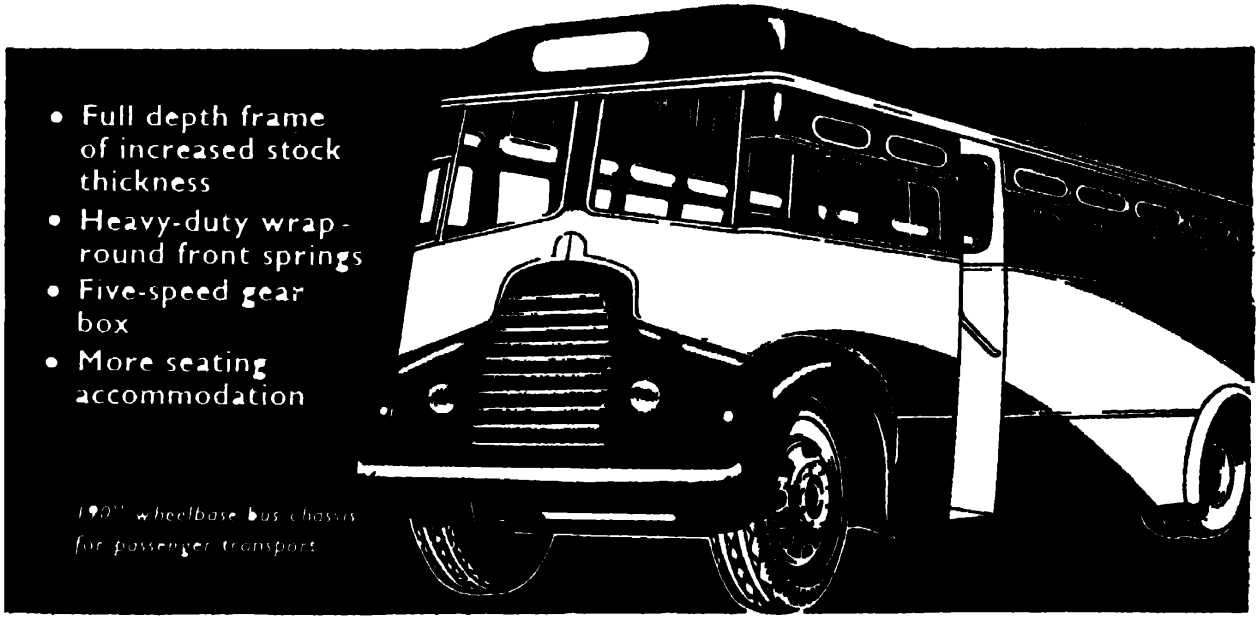
Fact: *Sexual outlets are a need of all normally developed males, but these do not have to occur through sexual intercourse. The body itself, through nocturnal emission, provides for all the outlet that is physically necessary.*

Sexual intercourse is a normal *desire* of most males and of many females. For some, it can also become an emotional rather than a biological "need." The philanderer is driven, by his need to overcome feelings of inferiority, to express hostility towards women or to meet some other neurotic demand. The unwed mother is often love-hungry and emotionally deprived. Sexual laxity is common among those who



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feel inadequate or rejected, who lack strong ties with family or friends, or who lack spiritual roots that give a sense of personal dignity.

Fiction: *Sexual restrictions impose an unnecessary hardship on unmarried women.*

Fact: *According to the Kinsey studies, only a small proportion of women are so highly sexed that a lack of sexual relationship is distressing.*

The great majority of women want companionship and love. Sexual relationships that cannot provide the security that women usually get through marriage may arouse more hungers than they satisfy.

Fiction: *Intelligent people can protect themselves against venereal infections.*

Fact: *Venereal infections are much more common than is supposed.*

Venereal infections are the second most widespread of infectious diseases. People who cohabit are safe from venereal infections only if both are free from the disease and remain strictly monogamous.

One girl who had sexual relations only with her lover was dismayed to find herself infected. A "venereal tracer" put on the case found that the boy had consorted with only one other girl. She had consorted with five other men who in turn had had contacts with 19 women, some of them promiscuous. The girl who thought her relationship had been limited to one person had had indirect contact, through him, with at least 92 others.

Fiction: *The girl who refuses to give in to her boy friend may lose him.*

Fact: *The girl who yields decreases, rather than increases, her chances of a good marriage.*

A boy may brag about his conquest, thus diminishing a girl's chances of marrying someone else. The boy may ask himself, "If she gives in to me, how many others has she given in to?" Or he may want to marry, but not be ready to accept the responsibilities. Facing the possibility of a pregnancy forcing him into marriage, he may break it off while he can. These facts help to explain what puzzles many engaged couples—that the establishment of sex relationship has cooled their love, rather than increased it.

Fiction: *Traditional sex standards are on the way out.*

Fact: *The sex code is being violated, but no more so than are other moral standards.*

Comparison of the Kinsey findings on laxity in sex conduct with reports of corruption in American business, government and trade unions points to the conclusion that sex standards are being observed better than are the moral standards in any other carefully studied area.

The crucial question about any



I never dreamt "Life" and "Lustre"

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A few months ago, my distress knew no bounds, when I found that I had lost the prime of youth - bewitching black hair. And you know how a few streaks of grey hair can ruin one's appearance.

But times have changed now; so also my hair! The streaks of grey hair are no more, and in place stands luxuriant and lovely hair, rich with 'Life' and 'Lustre'. Need I say regular use of "LOMA" has brought this change! For me "LOMA" is a perfect hair oil – in short, the name that stands for "Hair Protection".



code of behaviour is not the extent to which it is observed, nor even its future outcome, but its desirability. Morality demands loyalty, not to a practice or even a trend, but to what is good. The basic issue about sex behaviour is: What is desirable?

Sexual enjoyment must be limited by the need for protection against exploitation, venereal infections and irresponsible pregnancies. It must provide for love and sound family life. No code regarding sex or any other area of life can completely avoid injustices, unhappiness and frustrations. A good sex code is the best compromise between divergent and often conflicting values that we can devise.

Fiction: *The solution to the problem is more "sex education" for our youth.*

Fact: *We should concentrate on deeper human values.*

An adequate biological knowledge of sex is part of the education that every well-informed person should have. But something far deeper than textbook information is required. If sex education is to contribute significantly to good living, it must be focused on relationships and standards of behaviour. It should teach maturing young people how sex affects their developing emotional life. It should give them guidance in what to expect of others and how to handle difficult situations.

The basic problem of sex today is what it has always been—to integrate it properly into the whole of life. The "case for chastity" is often unconvincing, largely because it is stated in terms of limited personal risk and disadvantages, rather than in terms of the kind of people we wish to be, the kind of family relationship that will most enrich our lives, the kind of society we want to live in, and the permanent values to which we are committed. Certainly, one of the major reasons for chastity before marriage, and fidelity after, is the preservation of the best kind of family life.

The task of the teacher and the religious leader is not to beat the drums on behalf of a misguided liberalism, or to seek a resurrection of past taboos. It is, instead, to help people, young and old, to fit their sex interests and behaviour into a total and constructive concept of self and life, and to develop the moral standards that are required by valid personal, social and lasting goals. We rightly begin by discarding the fictions that still delude us; but before us lies the far greater task of developing deeper insights that will enable us to make sex a happy and meaningful part of our lives.

DR. JOHN HENDERSON, ophthalmologist, discussing the effect of television-viewing on children's eyes: "There is no evidence to show that excessive viewing does more than injure the mind." —M. B.



Farmer With a Message-And a Method

By John Strohm

Blunt spoken Bob Garst believes in farm efficiency and 'full belly diplomacy.' His free enterprise ideas impress even Khrushchev

When Nikita Khrushchev announced plans for his U.S. trip last year, he placed Coon Rapids, Iowa, high on his priority list of places to visit. Why Coon Rapids? Flabbergasted diplomats and journalists had to scurry round to find out what the Soviet Premier well knew—that this is the stamping ground of Roswell "Bob" Garst, the world's No. 1 maize farmer.

"Khrushchev came to learn how to produce more food with less work," says Garst. Thrusting his

big jaw forward, he adds "And I showed him how to do it"

For years I've known Bob Garst, listened to his blunt and colourful talk, and observed his unorthodox methods which are making a real impact on agriculture all over the world Thousands of U S farmers visit Garst's 1,000 acre farm annually, to see "what's new" They get the latest scientific gospel on everything from fertilizer to feeding, and hear a simple lecture on money making methods, liberally salted with humour and showmanship And it's not just U S farmers who are interested The Garst guest book reads like a diplomatic *Who's Who* from Asia, Latin America and Europe

Bob Garst, 61, farms big, thinks big and acts big Shoulders in a scholarly hunch, he sizes you up with squinty eyes set in a craggy face as he points out that of the 2,800 million people on our globe, perhaps 1,000 million are hungry, and 50 million new mouths must be fed each year—which means that food is the world's No 1 problem

"Yet," he insists, "with the farm know how we've developed in the United States in the last 20 years the world could have 'food unlimited' Hell, I'm no do-gooder, I just get excited about feeding the hungry people because I know it *can* be done"

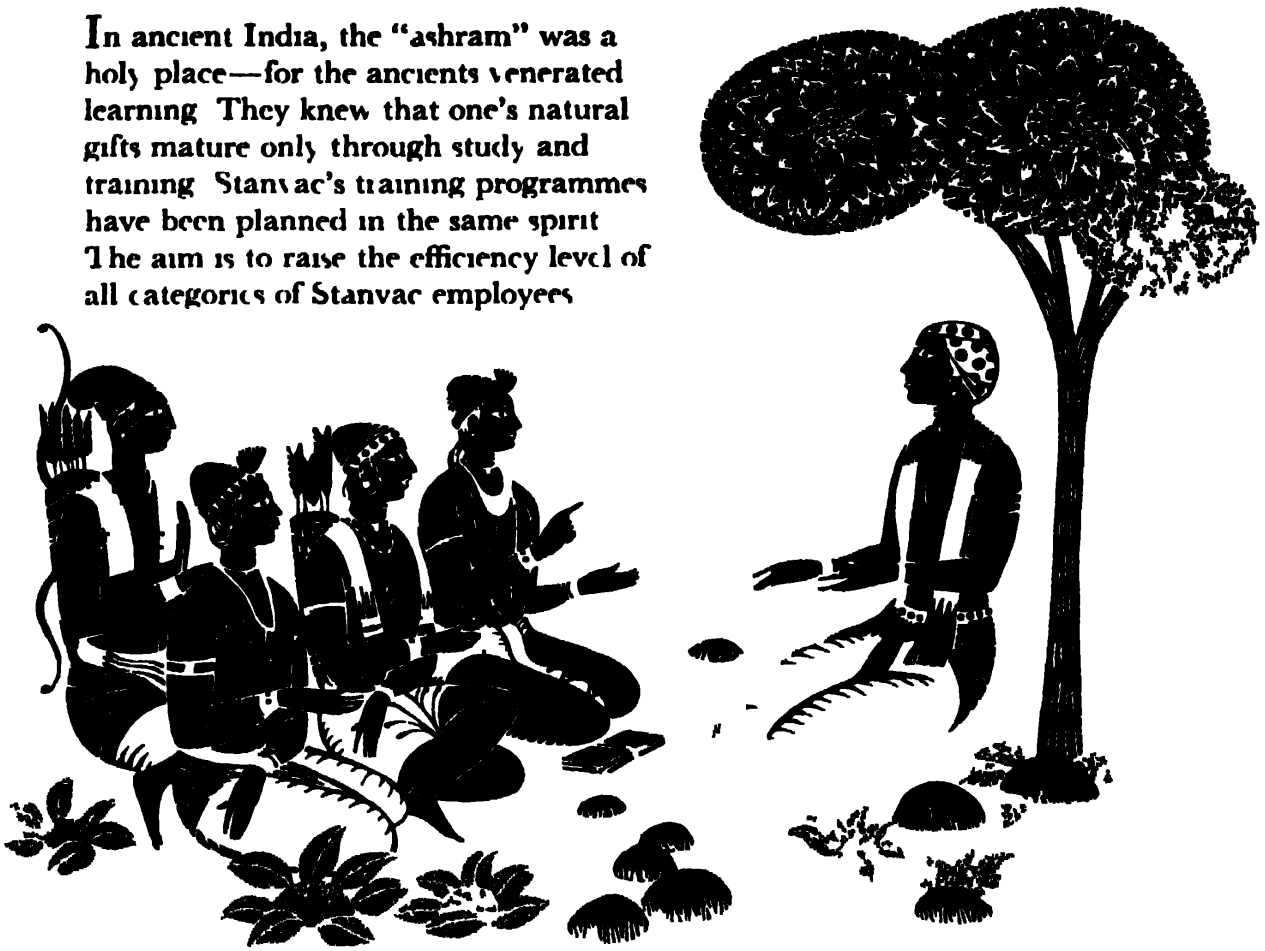
Son of a Coon Rapids shopkeeper, 19 year-old Bob Garst was studying agriculture at university when the United States entered the First World War Sent back home to grow food, Bob took over a 200 acre run down farm that his father owned

In 1922 he married Elizabeth Henak, and the couple moved into the home where they still live Later, itching for wider horizons, he spent four years in the estate business, then returned to the farm with an idea—the result of several meetings with Henry Wallace, who was then experimenting with hybrid maize

To Garst's amazement, Wallace's hybrid seed outyielded open pollinated maize by an astounding ten bushels to the acre "Wallace was intrigued with the genetics—I got excited about the commercial possibilities," he says So in 1930 he planted some of Wallace's inbreds produced 300 bushels of hybrid seed maize, and sold it at the unheard of price of 12 dollars a bushel

With another farmer, Charles Thomas, who lived six miles away Garst formed a partnership which was a natural Charlie, who has always been "extraordinarily insistent about perfection in production," produced the seed, Bob sold it In 1931 Garst & Thomas produced and sold 1,000 bushels of hybrid seed maize; in 1959, 500,000 bushels Though the hybrid seed is far more expensive than ordinary seed maize, the contrast in yields has been spectacular. In 15 years, hybrid seed raised U.S. maize yields by 46 per cent

In ancient India, the "ashram" was a holy place—for the ancients venerated learning They knew that one's natural gifts mature only through study and training Stanvac's training programmes have been planned in the same spirit The aim is to raise the efficiency level of all categories of Stanvac employees



In 1959, Stanvac expended more than 48 500 man-hours to train employees in 30 subjects ranging from basic courses in Business Management to advance courses in highly specialised phases of marketing, and technical branches of refining and exploration Last year, as many as 18 Indian employees were sent overseas, for advanced training, while 22 employees received assistance for higher studies Moreover, Stanvac training programmes are not designed for employees only To enlarge the trained personnel pool –a matter of national importance Stanvac extends its training facilities to key groups outside the organisation In pursuance of this policy, Stanvac provides training to Government-sponsored personnel The number of such people trained in 1959 totalled 40

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Producing hybrid seed maize is an exacting, laborious process "We used to go over our fields 16 times during the summer pulling tassels so that we would not get any self pollinated seed However, we found that when our soil was properly fertilized maize tassels all came out at the same time, and only five or six detasselling trips were necessary"

This discovery launched more fertilizer experiments, and just as Garst had been a hybrid maize enthusiast in the 1930's, he became an evangelist for fertilizer in the 1940's One year he gave a ton of nitrogen to each of his 600 farmer salesmen on condition that they used it to fertilize a strip of grassland, oats, pasture and maize. The lush green strips scattered over six states were living proof of nitrogen's magic In this ten year period, the amount of fertilizer used by Iowa farmers alone increased by more than 1,000 per cent

In 1937 Garst started holding "open house" at his farm to show farmers the most practical, profitable methods of using fertilizers, insecticides and herbicides He included cattle feeding, too Here are some of the important things Garst is doing on his farm

His maize has yielded a five year average of 100 bushels per acre, on 1,000 acres The average yield in the United States is 50 bushels per acre, in Russia 22, and in India 12

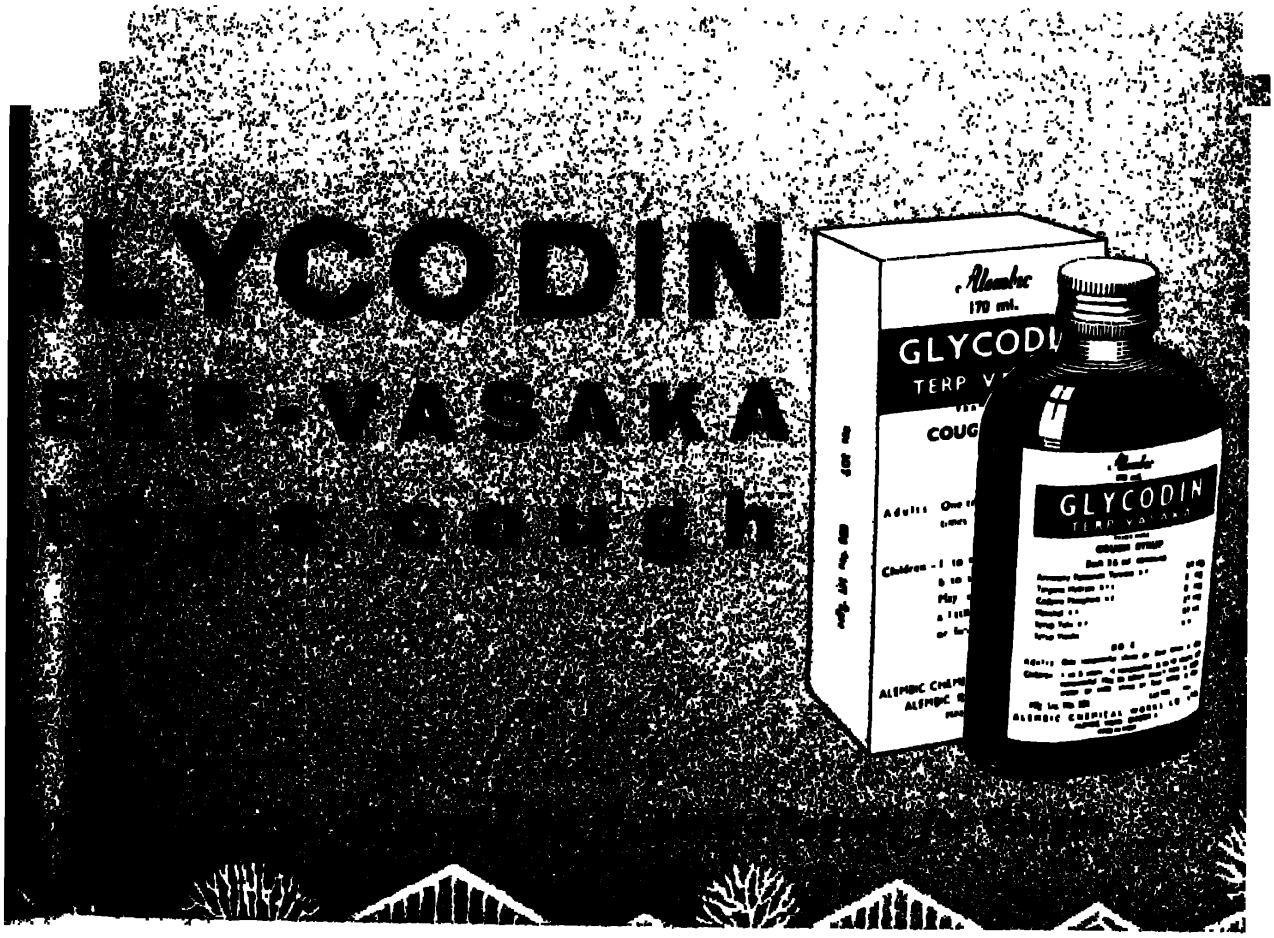


Garst has abandoned crop rotations such as maize-maize-oats-clover, which he says are "about as up-to-date as dinosaurs." Some of his fields, growing hybrid maize continuously for 15 years, are more productive than when the soil was virgin. Farmers are discovering that soil does not "wear out," and that all necessary nutrients can be added through chemical fertilizers.

As the Garst & Thomas seed maize business grew, tons of worthless cobs began piling up. Then Bob learned that experiments had shown maize cobs to be as nutritious to cattle as shelled maize—and even better than clover hay when properly supplemented. He started his own cob-feeding experiments. Today he has 3,000 cattle converting piles of waste maize cobs into nutritious beef.

The economics of this are simple and have world-wide significance. Cattle, sheep and goats—ruminant animals with three stomachs—can convert cheap cellulose into meat if they get plenty of protein. Urea, a synthetic nitrogen compound, provides protein at a cost of two cents a pound.

"This gives us the knowledge to feed everyone lamb chops for breakfast, roast beef for lunch, and steak for dinner," declares an enthusiastic Garst. "The world has unlimited supplies of cheap cellulose such as



maize cobs and low quality grasses. Why, our Iowa farmers alone burn three and a half million tons of cobs a year. And urea is made from the air. All we need to do is to get this story widely told."

Motors, not muscles, do practically all the work on Garst farms. If he can't buy the kind of machine he wants, he builds it in his workshop. "Only by increasing output per man can we raise a farmer's standard of living," Garst points out. He produces a bushel of maize with three *minutes* of one man's labour. (Average on a good Soviet state farm I visited was two *hours*!) My rough estimate is that Garst's farm productivity per man is perhaps five times the U.S. average—25 to 50 times the Soviet average, and more than 100 times the Indian or Chinese average.

V. V. Matskevich, the Soviet Minister of Agriculture whom I escorted on a tour of the United States in 1955 at the State Department's request,* saw Garst's farm and invited him to the Soviet Union. Garst went, sold Khrushchev some hybrid maize, and so impressed the Soviet Premier with his blunt opinions on how Russian agriculture could be put on the right track, that Khrushchev accepted Garst's invitation to visit Coon Rapids.

Because Garst is doing it, the Soviet Union is now experimenting with a set-up whereby one man does all the work in growing and harvesting 250 acres of maize. Garst drew up a complete list of machinery needed for this job and the Russians bought it to the last bolt. They asked for blueprints so that they could duplicate his all-purpose barn, equipped with maize dryer, maize grinder, storage and self-unloading wagon. Impressed with fertilizer use on Garst's farm, the Russians are now building chemical fertilizer plants.

Garst has visited several other Iron Curtain countries as well. By selling his spectacularly performing hybrid maize, "he has done more to sow the seeds of friendship for the United States in Romania than millions spent on propaganda," said a newspaper report. And he has sold his ideas on farm efficiency, as well as his maize.

In Romania, for example, he took one look at the wicker-basket wagons the peasants have used for centuries and told them that the first thing they needed was a good self unloading wagon. The Minister of Agriculture at first scorned the idea, then cautiously agreed to build a few. Today a Romanian factory is turning out thousands of self-unloading wagons, and this one project has set off a chain-reaction development of other labour-saving devices.

In connection with his travels behind the Iron Curtain, Garst is frequently asked: "Why help the Communists to make a bad system

* See "Farmer Ivanovich Meets Farmer Brown," The Reader's Digest, February, 1956.

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work?" His answer: "I think the best way to beat Communism is to help feed the people under its yoke. Since Communism thrives on poverty it probably cannot survive prosperity for long."

He stubbornly insists that "full-belly diplomacy" is the first answer to lessening many of the world's tensions, and that food surpluses should be used to implement peace. His plan: let the World Bank make large loans to a hundred have-not nations all over the world, to finance in each of them a large chicken factory. Give them some surplus grain and show them how to raise chickens.

Why chickens? "Because the meat from them doesn't offend any religious scruples. Also, chickens are most efficient at converting grains into meat-type protein," he says. Poultry require little land. In a modern automated plant one man can grow 40,000 broilers to a weight of three pounds in eight weeks. That's 260,000 birds a year, or 780,000 pounds of meat. One man equipped with the latest automatic equipment can handle in a year 10,000 layers producing 250 eggs apiece.

Garst goes on: "Algeria in 1830 had a population of two million; today, it's ten million. But there's been little increase in poultry or live stock, so the people must be hungrier. It's the same in India, Egypt, China, South America.

"And hungry people can be dangerous people."

Superior Service

APART from those in England, one of the most complete sets of records of marine disasters is kept in the company library of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co. in New York. Its completeness is so legendary that some one once asked Atlantic if it had a record of Noah's Ark. In due time the inquirer received this information:

"Built 2448 B.C. Gopher wood, coated with pitch within and without. Length, 300 cubits; width, 50 cubits; height, 30 cubits. Three decks. Cattle carrier. Owner: Noah and Sons. Last reported stranded Mount Ararat."

N.Y.H.T.

WITH some difficulty the dentist persuaded my friend to have an abscessed tooth pulled out. When the ordeal was over the dentist wrapped the tooth in a napkin and put it in his patient's coat pocket, saying, "There, you haven't lost the tooth after all."

The incident was forgotten until some time later when my friend, putting on a suit fresh from the cleaners, discovered something in his pocket. It was the napkin. And within its folds, in place of the tooth, was a shiny new coin.

- Contributed by H. L. Hudson



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NOBODY NEED DROWN

By Joseph Blank

How to cope confidently with the water in an emergency

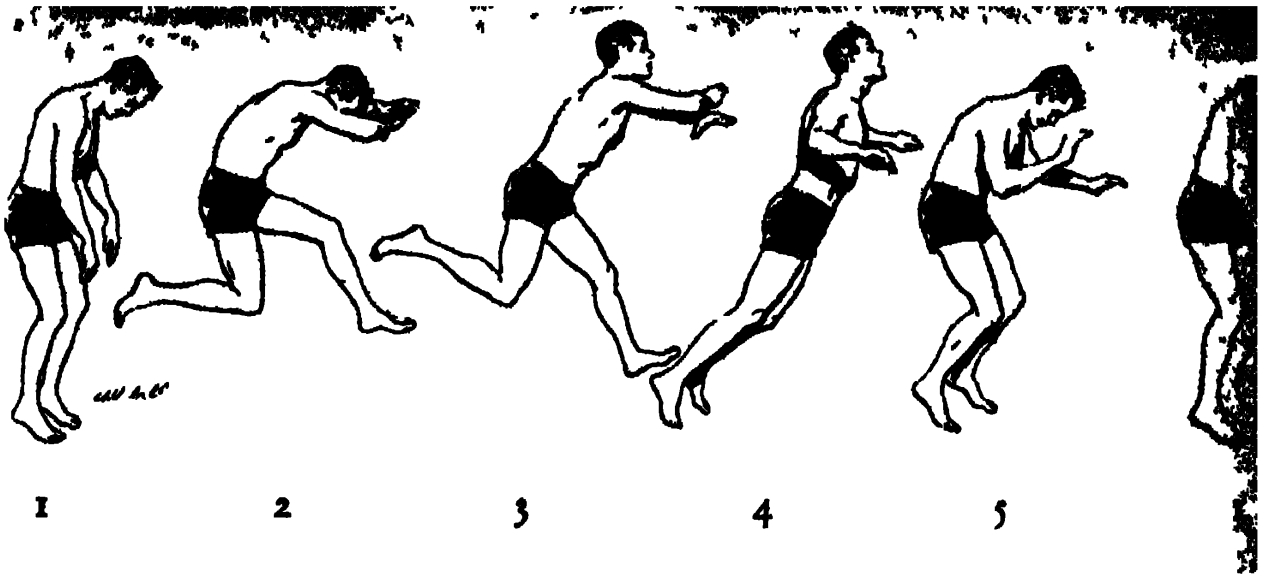
Studies indicate that the principal causes of drowning are panic and exhaustion. In panic, non-swimmers—and even some swimmers—struggle to hold their heads above water, which *no one* can do for long. Soon exhausted, they go down.

During the last 25 years a technique has been developed which can *prevent* death in the water. Aimed at freeing the potential drowning victim from hysteria and energy-draining tension, it is called Drown-proofing.

Anyone over the age of four can learn the technique easily, and advanced age and poor physical condition are no obstacle. Worked out by Fred Lanoue, a professor of physical education and university swimming coach, it consists of two simple "strokes": the Stay-Afloat Stroke and the Travel Stroke. Using these, swimmers—and non-swimmers—can be taught how to stay afloat in an emergency for hours, or how to travel at least a mile without fatigue.

The theory behind Drown-proofing is this: muscle and bone sink, fat and air float. The proportions of each in the human body are such that, with lungs fully inflated, 98 out of 100 men and practically all women will float against the surface of the water *if they don't try to hold their heads up*. In Drown-proofing, then, you hang relaxed in a near-vertical position in the water, letting your head dangle, face down. Every few seconds you raise your head for a change of air.

Here, in the diagrams that follow, are the two strokes—one to stay afloat, and one to get to the shore without tiring. They should be practised till they become second nature.



Stay-Afloat Stroke

1. Take a breath and immediately lay your head forward in the water until your chin is on your chest. Relax your entire body, letting your hands dangle. If you're fat, you may find your buttocks swinging upwards. Exhale a little air through your nose and you will return to the vertical position. Rest, just "hanging" in the water. A few inches of the back of your head will protrude above the surface.

2. After a few seconds, but *before* you need air, leisurely cross your arms in front of your head, forearms together. Raise one knee towards your chest, then extend the foot forwards. Simultaneously, extend the other foot behind you. Move easily and smoothly so that you remain vertical, head lolling.

3. Raise your head quickly but smoothly, stopping with your chin still in the water. As you raise your head, exhale through your nose, beginning while your face is under water and continuing as it emerges.

4. Finish exhaling, open your mouth to inhale. To keep your mouth above water while you inhale, gently sweep your palms outward and step downward on the water with both feet. Don't move too vigorously or you will pop your shoulders out of the water. You don't need a 100 per cent change of air, experiment to learn just how much you do need.

5. Having inhaled, close your mouth, drop your head towards your chest, your arms towards your knees. Relax, go limp, in the same position as in Step 1. If you tend to sink a few feet below the surface, it is because you have failed to drop your arms after putting your head in the water. When you need another breath, swing smoothly into Steps 2, 3, 4 and 5 again. If your chest feels tight under water, either you are resting too long or you are not exhaling deeply enough. Adjust these factors through repeated practice.

(*See next page for Travel Stroke*)



Travel Stroke

1. Take a breath, sink vertically. As your head goes under, push down gently with your hands to arrest any tendency to sink too deep.

2. Tip your head forward to the face down position. Bring your hands to your forehead and open scissor your legs with the rear foot raised as high as possible. This will begin to swing your body into a horizontal position.

3. Extend your arms forward and to wards the surface, hands together. The moment they are extended full length, give a scissor kick with your legs.

4. As your feet come together from the kick, slowly sweep your arms out wards and back, finishing the stroke with your hands at your thighs Make the movement *easily*

5. As you glide forward and upward, keep your body relaxed and your hands at your thighs, and begin to exhale through your nose

6. When you're ready for a fresh breath (don't wait until you *need* it), begin returning to the vertical position by bowing your back, bringing both knees towards your chest, raising your hands towards your head Continue exhaling through this and Step 7.

7. Continue swinging towards the vertical by extending one leg in front of you and bringing the other knee up to it. Cross your arms in front of your head, forearms together, palms out.

8. You are ready for more air now Open scissor your legs to propel your self upward, and begin raising your head. Don't try to raise your head until your trunk is vertical.

9. To keep your head up while inhal ing through your mouth, gently sweep your palms outward and downward and smoothly bring your feet together If you get a little water in your mouth, spurt it out under water between pursed lips.

Gamblers' Odds

In a gambling casino we talked to the woman playing the slot machine next to us. "My husband says it's all right to play the machines as long as you're having fun," she confided. "But if you get angry, then it's *gambling*."

—Contributed by S E H

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LOST TOOTH

I am Maxillary Molar — Max to my friends and neighbours And I belong to Mr B I was meant to last him a lifetime, but here I am at a dentist's — being extracted! And I haven't lived half my age! I don't know whether to laugh or cry Mr B screams with pain!

I was born when Mr B was eight years old, sixteen years ago I grew up to be a shining white tooth Whenever Mr B looked into the mirror, I shone with whiteness, like the rest of my brethren We were a set of gleaming white teeth And no wonder Mr B cleaned us regularly, morning and evening — with a toothpaste of course

You probably use a toothpaste yourself But *which* toothpaste? That's the point I've just heard the dentist say to Mr B 'Most toothpastes clean the teeth well, but that's not enough A toothpaste must care for the gums, too Do you know that unhealthy gums are the greatest single cause of tooth losses?'

A little laugh escaped Mr B

'Gum troubles are no laughing matter, Mr B They breed toxic matter in the mouth, which cannot but pass into the body When this happens, stomach troubles and ill-health start

'Grruff!'

Research has shown,' continued the dentist that 9 out of 10 people suffer from gum diseases — without being aware of it! *You* are one of the nine, Mr B'

'What can I do about it?' mumbled Mr B

'Well, this is what *I* do' the dentist said, picking up a phial from his shelf 'We dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate for treating gum troubles'

'Sodium Ricinoleate?' Mr B said, brightening up 'That reminds me of Gibbs SR Toothpaste I've read an advertisement where they say that only Gibbs SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate What does it do?'

'It strengthens the gums and prevents their bleeding. And it neutralises the toxic action of bacteria in the mouth'

The dentist's forceps have gripped me firmly and ohh! there's no last straw left for me Before I am dropped into the dentist's little bin, let me tell you why I relate my story I want to help you save *your* teeth Let them last you a lifetime, as they are meant to do! Let your *own* teeth chew your food all your days Let them add sparkle to your smile all your life

Down, down I go! *(Clink!)*

Have started the Gibbs SR habit! Hurray!
Mr B

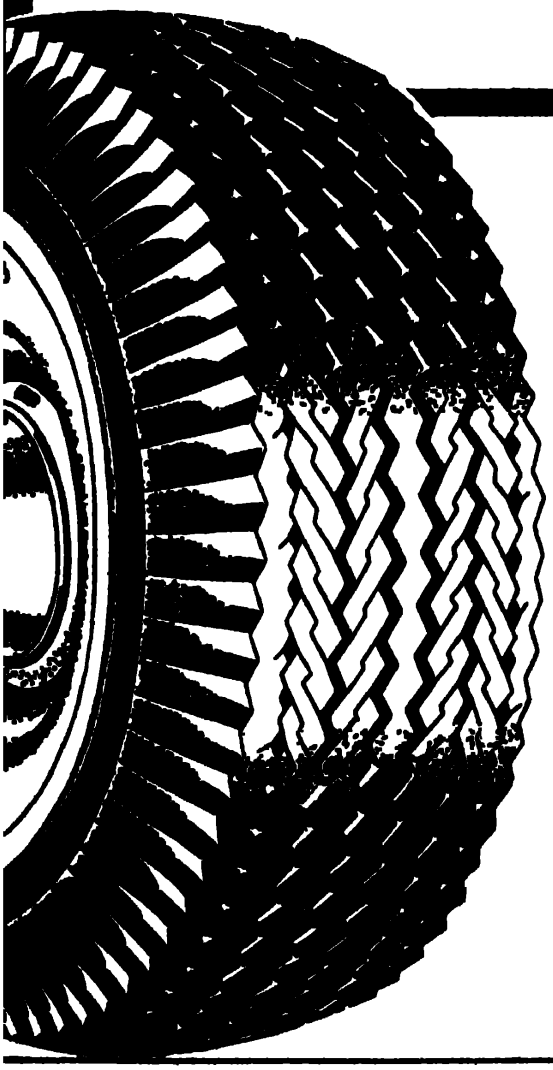
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BEST IN RUBBER

Humour in Uniform

Most of the seats were already taken on the plane I boarded, but I spotted one in the rear, next to an army private I was about to sit down when I noticed a card saying, Reserved for Proper Load Distribution Thank You" So I went on to the seat behind it

Several others started towards the seat, read the sign and went on But when an attractive, well proportioned brunette headed for the seat, the private promptly removed the placard and placed it in its receptacle on the back of the seat in front of him The shapely brunette was his seat mate for the rest of the way H R PIMLOTT

On shore patrol duty with the navy, we occasionally received a call from a harassed barman "Come quickly! A sailor is breaking up the place!"

The chief on duty would almost invariably select the biggest rating he could find to accompany him on these excursions But one veteran chief always chose the smallest man on duty as his assistant Curious, I asked him why

Well," he said, "suppose you were in a fightin' mood and you saw two fellows comin' for you—one big and one little Which one would *you* go for? R ORROCK

The rifle stocks of the men in our headquarters battery didn't suit our commanding officer, and after inspection he announced I am very dissatisfied with the condition of most of the weapons particularly the stocks We'll have another inspection next Saturday, and I suggest you have these weapons up to scratch!"

There was 100 per cent co operation at the next inspection, even from Private Potter, a notorious slacker As the commanding officer took Potter's rifle and examined it, he exclaimed, Potter, this is just about the best weapon in the battery! It rivals Sergeant Andrews weapon here,' he added, nodding towards a spit and polish sergeant who stood stiffly by his side Would you mind telling me how you managed to get such a high gloss?"

Well, sir, first I scraped it clean with a piece of glass Then I sanded it with coarse sandpaper Then I sanded it with fine sandpaper Then I used steel wool to make it even smoother Then I applied seven coats of linseed oil, sanding after each coat"

Potter paused and caught his breath. 'Then, sir," he continued, "after I did all that, it looked about as bad as when I started so I gave it to Sergeant Andrews here, and paid him to do it for me" GERALD JACOBSON

IT WAS my first parachute jump At 1,200 feet I was first man in the "stick" and was standing in the door of the plane when word came that we'd have to make another pass over the "drop zone" before we could leave the plane This meant I'd have to spend several extra minutes looking down at the ground By the time we were making our second approach the jump master realized how nervous I was

Glaring at me, he asked, Yellow?'

"No, I'm not, Sergeant, ' I snapped

'Think you're tough?

' Pretty tough '

"Think you can beat me?' he asked

By now I wasn t sure if he was serious or not, but it was too late to back out "I'd like to try," I said

"Okay," he said with a grin, then step outside "

And I did THE REV DONALD BAILEY

IN THE army in Germany, we were faced with the problem of calculating the mileage of distances measured in kilometres

"A kilometre is roughly five eighths of a mile," the NCO in charge told us "So I just take the distance in kilometres, multiply it by five, divide the answer by eight and subtract one "

"Why subtract one?"

"Well," the sergeant said, "that's about the distance we've travelled by the time I've done the arithmetic "

—RAYMOND K KNILY

A GROUP of pilots and their wives were having dinner, and for several hours we wives sat and listened to accounts of take offs, landings, engine failures, near collisions and collapsed landing gears. Exasperated, one of the wives finally demanded, "Don't you fellows get enough shop talk when you're with the squadron?"

"Don't be silly, Joyce," snapped her husband "When we're with the squadron, we talk about women!"

MARY SICILY

DURING an aircraft recovery operation in the Pacific, an air force officer aboard a naval salvage and rescue ship was amazed at the equipment—almost two hundredweight of it donned by the diver After the diver had descended, the officer remarked to the diver's attendant, You wouldn t get me into this type of duty!'

Sir,' the attendant replied dryly ' there are more divers looking for pilots than there are pilots looking for divers!" JOHN KROHTA

IN BRITAIN during the war it was the fashion for a wife to wear her husband's shoulder flashes on either a coat or a handbag When I proudly sewed my American husband's flash on my coat, I was unprepared for all the stares and smiles Then it dawned on me I was expecting my first child in about three months, and my husband's emblem firmly declared TROOP CARRIER AVRIL SALAITA

IN THE Navy, I had an extremely careless assistant After one of his biggest errors I angrily asked him, "Well, what have you got to say for yourself this time?"

He meekly unbuttoned his shirt and opened the collar There, circling his neck, was a thin line of tattoo marks, and neatly printed below were the words, "Cut along the dotted line." —JOHN CARTER

BOOK OF THE MONTH

BORN FREE

from the book

BY JOY ADAMSON



The author and her jungle family the cubs at seven weeks

Elsa, the lion cub who grew up in a human household, is the affectionate and delightful heroine of "Born Free." Fed and cherished by Joy Adamson and her husband, a game warden in Kenya, the appealing little newcomer quickly adapted herself to human ways—sharing her benefactors' house and car and sometimes their beds. It's incredible, except that it actually occurred; and what happened when the Adamsons decided to return her to the wild is probably without parallel in animal lore. Even those who boast only a nodding acquaintance with lions—and prefer it that way—will warm to Mrs. Adamson's beguiling account of "life with Elsa," for this is an animal story with an especially happy ending.

BORN FREE

A BORAN TRIBESMAN had been killed by a man-eating lion, which was why we were on a safari that February day in 1956. It was my husband's duty, as senior game warden in the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya, to track down this dangerous animal.

I was in camp alone when our Land-Rover appeared, crashing through the thick African thornbush. "Joy, where are you?" my husband, George, called. "I have something for you."

He pointed to the back of the car. Three lion cubs—tiny balls of spotted fur—were crawling about there, trying desperately to hide their faces. Their eyes were still covered with a bluish film and, though they sought to creep away, I took them on my lap to comfort them.

George was most distressed. Towards dawn, he said, he and another game warden had been led to the place where the man-eater, accompanied by two lionesses, was reported to be lying up. At first light a lioness rushed out from behind some rocks and charged with such ferocity that they had no alternative but to shoot her. Only later, when they saw that her teats were swollen with milk, did they realize why she had faced them so angrily and courageously: she was defending her litter.

They searched for the cubs and presently heard slight sounds coming from a crack in the rock face. When they put their arms down this crevice, loud infantile growls

"Born Free," © 1960 by Joy Adamson, is published by Collins and Harvill Press, London.

and snarls greeted them; but after a lot of probing they managed to drag the cubs out. They could not have been more than two or three days old. In the car the two bigger cubs growled and spat during the whole journey back. The third and smallest, however, offered no resistance and seemed unconcerned.

We Learn About Lion Cubs

ALTHOUGH I made a great fuss of them, it was two days before any of the cubs would eat. Whatever trick I tried to make them swallow unsweetened tinned milk only caused them to wrinkle their tiny noses; "ng-ng," they'd protest —very much as we did as children before we had learnt to say, politely, "No, thank you."

Once they had accepted the milk, however, they could not get enough of it. Every two hours I had to warm it and clean the flexible rubber tube which we had taken from the wireless set to serve as an emergency teat. Meanwhile, we sent to the nearest market, some 50 miles away, not only for proper babies' bottles and nipples, but also for cod-liver oil, glucose and cases of unsweetened milk. We also sent an SOS to the district commissioner at our home in Isiolo, 150 miles away, announcing that we would arrive there with the Three Royal Babies in a fortnight, and asking him to have a comfortable wooden home built for them.

Within a few days the cubs had settled down at camp and were everybody's pets. All were females. Even at this age each had a definite character. The "Big One" had a benevolent superiority and was generous towards the others. The second was a clown, always laughing and spanking her milk bottle with both front paws as she drank, her eyes closed in bliss. I named her Lustica, which in Somali means "the jolly one."

The third cub was the weakling in size but the pluckiest in spirit. She was a pioneer, and the others always sent her to reconnoitre when something looked suspicious. I called her Elsa, because she reminded me of someone of that name.

Normally Elsa would probably have been the throw-out of the pride, as the loose-knit family group of lions is termed. The average litter contains four cubs, but nature's law is harsh and one seldom sees more than two nearly grown cubs with a lioness; the others have proved too weak to survive. During the first year the mother provides food. During the second year the cubs have to rely on what may be left over from a kill after the grown lions have eaten.

Often, very little remains for them, and in their hunger they may break through the line of gorging adults and be killed for this breach of discipline. Or they may leave the pride in small groups and, since they do not yet know how to kill properly, they often run into trouble.

Our trio of cubs spent most of the day under my camp bed in the tent; this evidently seemed to them a safe place and the nearest thing they could find to their natural nursery. They were by nature house-trained and always took great care to reach the sand outside. There were a few accidents during the first days, but afterwards, on the rare occasions when a little pool disgraced their home, they miaowed and made comical grimaces of disgust. In every way they were wonderfully clean and had no smell except for a very pleasant one like honey—or was it cod-liver oil? Their tongues were already as rough as sandpaper; as they grew older we could feel the roughness, even through our khaki clothes, when they licked us.

Playful Orphans

WHEN WE returned home to Isiolo our Royal Babies had a palace awaiting them—a large, strong wood-and-wire enclosure. Except at night, however, we let them run free. News of their arrival had spread and we had a constant stream of visitors. The cubs thrived on the attention. They seemed to like all their friends, especially small children. We appointed our garden boy, a young Somali called Nuru, guardian and lion-keeper in chief. The post pleased him, for it raised his social status; it also meant that, when the cubs got tired of romping in or around the house and preferred to sleep under some shady bush, he was able to sit near them for long hours, watching to see that no snakes or baboons molested them.

They adjusted quickly to their new home. Soon their eyes were fully opened, though they could not yet judge distances and often missed objects that they were groping for. To help them over this difficulty we gave them rubber balls and old inner tubes to play with. Anything soft and flexible fascinated them. They would try to take the inner tube from one another, pulling with all their might in a tug-o' war. Then, when the battle had been won, the victor would parade in front of the others with the trophy to provoke an attack. If this invitation was ignored, the tube would be placed in front of their noses, while the owner pretended to be unaware that it might be stolen from her.

Surprise was the most important element in all their games. They stalked one another—and us—from the earliest age and knew by instinct how to do it properly. They always attacked from the rear; keeping under cover, they crouched, then crept slowly towards the unsuspecting victim until the final rush was made at flying speed and resulted in the attacker landing with all her weight on the back of her quarry, throwing it to the ground. When we were the objects of such an attack we always pretended to be unaware of what was going on; obligingly we crouched

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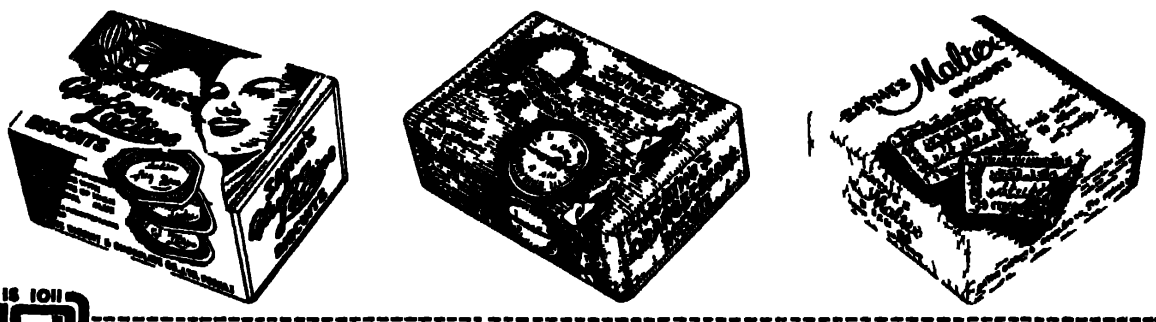


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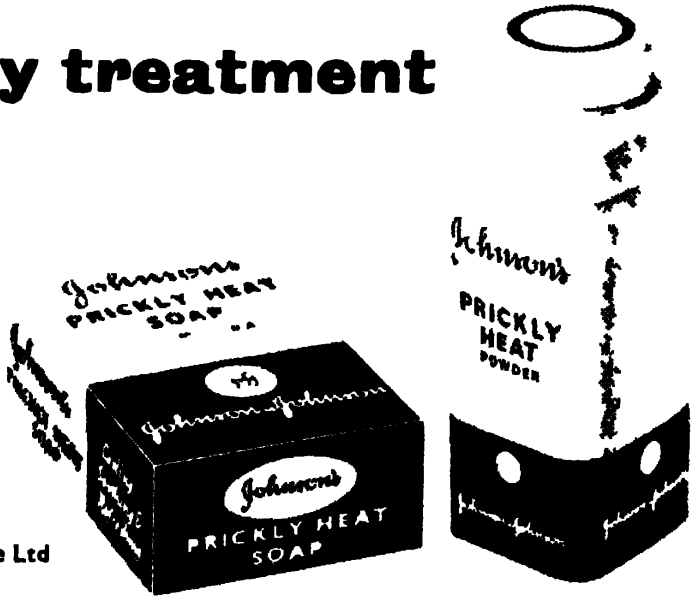
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Elsa made believe an old tarpaulin was her kill

down and looked the other way until the final onslaught took place. This delighted the cubs.

As the lions became increasingly aware of their strength, they tested it on everything they could find. For instance, a tarpaulin, however large, *had* to be dragged about, and they would set to work in proper feline fashion, placing it under their bodies and pulling it between their front legs, as in later life they would drag a kill. Another favourite game was king-of-the-castle. A cub would jump on to a potato sack and keep her attacker at bay until she was suddenly de-throned by the other sister coming up from behind. The victor was usually Elsa who, seeing the other two locked in combat, made the most of her opportunity.

When at dawn Nuru opened their pen, they shot out of doors with a whole night's pent-up energy.

On one such occasion they spotted a tent in which two men who had come to visit us were staying. Within five minutes it was a wreck, and we were awakened by the cries of our guests, who were vainly trying to rescue their belongings while the cubs, wild with excitement, dived into the wreckage and reappeared with a variety of trophies—slippers, pyjamas, shreds of mosquito netting. We had to enforce discipline that time with a small stick.

Putting the cubs to bed was also no mean task. Imagine three very naughty little girls who, like all children, hated bedtime, but who could run twice as fast as those who were in charge of them and had the added advantage of being able to see in the dark. We were often obliged to resort to subterfuge. One very successful trick was to tie an old bag to a length of rope and drag

it steadily towards and then into the pen; usually they could not resist chasing it.

Outdoor games were all very well, but the cubs also developed a fancy for books and cushions. So, to save our library and other possessions, we were eventually obliged to ban the cubs from the house by putting a wire gate across the entrance to the veranda. They resented it very much, often coming to rub their soft noses on the wire. To compensate them for their lost playground, we filled a large canvas bag with old inner tubes and tied it to the branch of a tree, from which it dangled invitingly. We attached a rope to it,

One of the cubs' favourite amusements



and when the cubs hung on to the bag we pulled and swung them high up into the air; the more we laughed, the better they enjoyed the game.

When the cubs were three months old and had teeth big enough for chewing, I gave them raw, ground meat, which was the best we could do to imitate the food normally provided by the mother. For several days they refused to touch it and made wry faces. Then they tried it, found that they liked it, and soon there was a fight at every meal. This meant that poor Elsa, who was still weaker than the others, had little chance of getting her fair share. So I kept the titbits for her and used to take her on to my lap for her meals. She loved this; rolling her head from side to side and closing her eyes, she showed how happy she was. At these times she would suck my thumbs and massage my thighs with her front paws as though she were kneading her mother's belly in order to get more milk. It was during these hours that the bond between us developed.

We Adopt Elsa

At five months the cubs were in splendid condition and getting stronger every day. Much as we loved them, we had to accept the fact that we could not keep three fast-growing lions for ever. Regretfully, we decided that two must go the two big ones, who were always together and less dependent on us than Elsa, should be the ones to



Smart in the show-window, but...

a size too small after washing! If only he'd insist on seeing the label 'Sanforized' on all cotton cloth and ready-made garments before spending his hard-earned money

Look for [Sanforized] *on the label*

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leave. Our African servants agreed with our choice, unanimously voting to keep the smallest.

Arrangements were made to send Lustica and the Big One to the Rotterdam-Blydorp Zoo by air transport, and I padded our truck with soft sandbags for the trip to the airfield. When we drove off, Elsa ran a short way down the drive and then stood mournfully watching the car in which her two sisters were disappearing. Although we were delayed by two burst tyres, and it took us 11 hours to reach Nairobi, the two cubs could not have been more trusting. After an hour of restlessness they lay quietly on the bags beside me. Once in Nairobi, they looked at me with their large eyes, puzzled to know what to make of all the strange noises and smells. Then the plane carried them away from their native land for ever.

After a few days we received a cable announcing their safe arrival in Holland. When I visited them there three years later, they accepted me as a friendly person and allowed me to stroke them, but they did not recognize me. They live in splendid conditions and almost certainly they have no recollection of a freer life.

While I was away in Nairobi, George told me, Elsa was very much upset and never left him for a moment; she followed him around, sat under his office desk while he

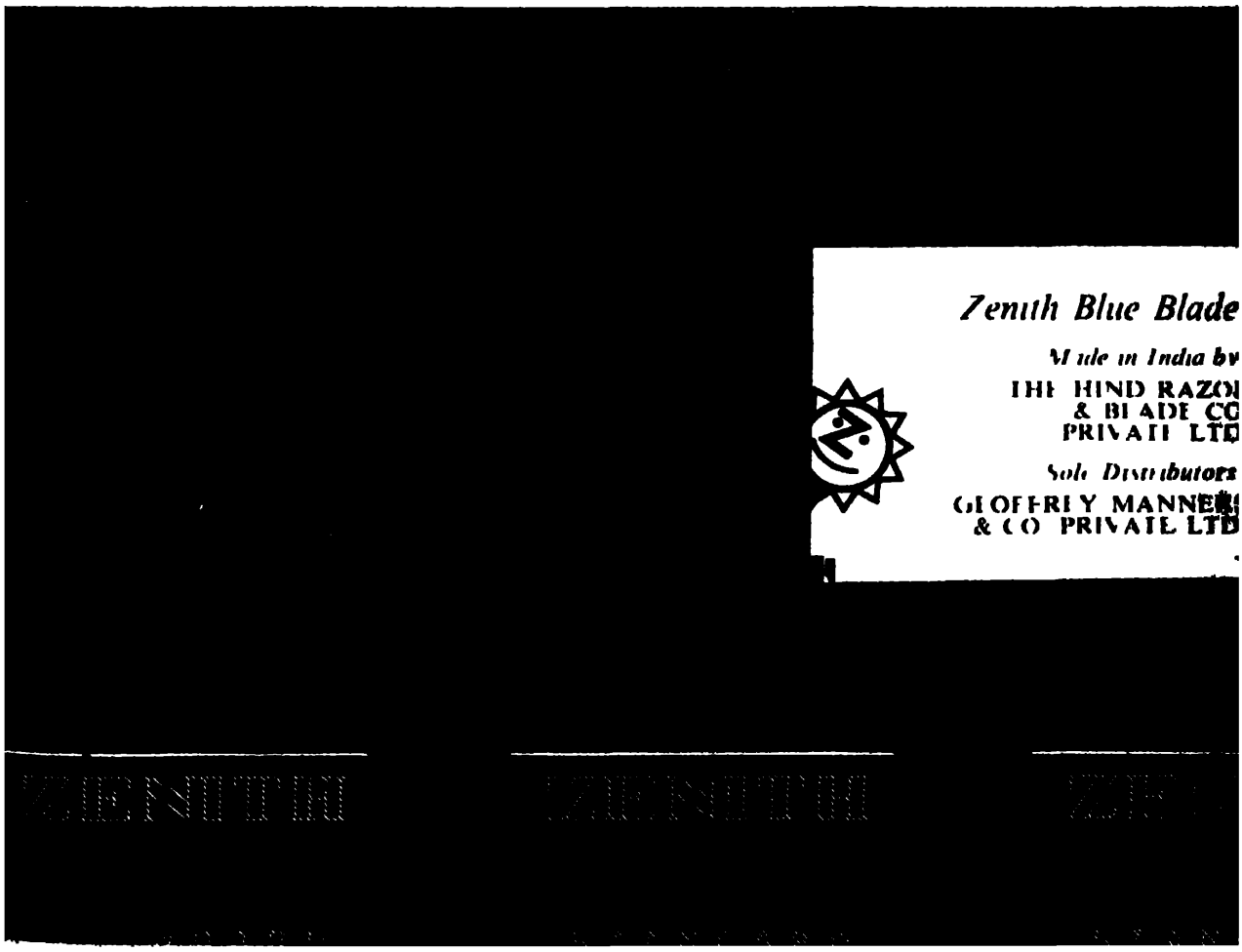


worked and at night slept on his bed. Each evening he took her for a walk, but on the day of my return she refused to accompany him. Instead she sat herself down expectantly in the middle of the drive. Nothing would move her. Could it have been that she knew I was coming back that day? If so, to what animal instinct can one attribute such foreknowledge?

When I arrived she gave me a great welcome, but it was heartbreaking to see her searching everywhere for her sisters. For days she gazed intently into the bush and called for them. She followed us constantly, evidently fearing that we, too, might desert her. To reassure her, we took down the veranda barricade and let her into the house. She even slept in our bed at night, and we were often awakened by her rough tongue licking our faces.

Once she had adjusted to being an "only child," she was as full of mischief as a kitten. She could use her paws to caress us gently, but she could also deliver a playful, well-aimed smack at full speed.

After rain, the country was covered with little rivulets and pools. Elsa splashed in every one of them and, greatly invigorated, would proceed with pouncing leaps to cover us with what she evidently considered to be heavenly mud. This was beyond a joke; we had to make her



realize that she had grown too heavy for such light-hearted flying jumps. We explained the situation to her by the judicious use of a small stick; she understood at once, and thereafter we very seldom had to make use of it, though we always carried it as a reminder.

Elsa Meets Other Wild Animals

THERE WERE plenty of wild animals in the bush surrounding our house, and Elsa got to know them all. Giraffes were great fun. One afternoon when we were out with her she took on 50. Wriggling her body close to the ground and shivering with excitement, she stalked them, advancing step by step. The giraffes, arching their slender necks nonchalantly, took no notice. She looked at them as if to say, "Why do you just stand there and spoil my stalking?" Baboons were equally exasperating. From their safe perch on a sheer cliff near our house they barked and shrieked at Elsa, who could do nothing in retaliation.

It was an exciting moment when our cub met her first elephant—an anxious one, too, for poor Elsa had no mother to warn her against these animals who regard lions as the only enemies of their young. One day Nuru ran to the house to say that Elsa was "playing with an elephant." We took our rifles and he guided us to the scene. There we saw a great old tusker, his head buried in a bush, enjoying his breakfast. Suddenly Elsa, who had crept up from behind, took a playful swipe at one of his hind legs. A scream of shocked surprise and injured dignity followed this piece of impertinence. Then the elephant backed from the bush and charged. Fortunately the charge was in the opposite direction from where we were standing, but we had our guns ready—to protect Elsa. The cub, however, hopped nimbly out of her attacker's way and, quite unimpressed, began to stalk him. Luckily, after a time, both became bored with the game; the old elephant went back to his meal, and Elsa lay down close by and went to sleep.

The following evening I was walking with Elsa and Nuru—we were late and it was getting dark—when suddenly the Somali grabbed my shoulder, thus preventing me from walking straight into a rhino which stood behind a bush facing us. I leaped back and ran. Rhinos are unpredictable creatures and will sometimes charge unexpectedly. Elsa didn't know this, however, and charged the animal herself. The rhino took to his heels and Elsa chased him across the valley, with Nuru loyally panting behind her. After this, the rhino kept his distance and ceased visiting our neighbourhood.

Herds of waterbuck and impala, our neighbours for years, got to know Elsa so well that they allowed her to stalk them to within a few yards before they quietly turned away. Even the timid bat-eared foxes got so used to her that we were able



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to approach to within a few paces of their burrows while their cubs frolicked outside in the sand.

Mongooses provided Elsa with a lot of amusement. These little creatures, no bigger than weasels, live in abandoned termite hills which, being cement-hard, often eight feet high, and built with many air funnels, constitute ideal fortresses. Elsa would sit absolutely still in front of the anthill, apparently deriving great satisfaction from seeing the little animals popping their heads out of the air funnels, only to give a sharp whistle of alarm and disappear.

When we took her hunting with us, Elsa became accustomed to the sound of a shot. "Bang" meant a dead bird. She loved retrieving, especially guinea fowl, whose quills she crunched, though she very rarely ate the flesh. The first bird was always hers; she would carry it proudly in her mouth, then place it carefully at my feet and, so long as I dangled it in front of her nose, trot good-naturedly after it.

Often it was touching to see her torn between her hunting instinct and her wish to please us. Anything moving seemed to her, as it would to a dog, just asking to be chased; but as yet her instinct to kill had not fully developed. Since we had been very careful never to show her her goat meat alive, her chasing was all play and she always came back to us, rubbed her head against our knees and told us with a low miaow about the game. It was only on moonlight nights that she became restless; then we put her back in her enclosure, where she padded along the wire listening intently, her nostrils quivering to catch the faintest scent which might bring a message from the mysterious night outside. When she was nervous her paws became damp, and I could often judge her state of mind by holding them in my hands.

George often took Elsa hunting



On Safari

We took Elsa travelling with us several times and she came to love safari as much as we did. Her most extensive trip was one we made along the desolate shores of Lake Rudolf, a stretch of brackish water almost 200 miles long, reaching to the Ethiopian frontier.

George was to survey the region for game and for possible poachers. Elsa rode the first 230 miles in the back of our truck, taking in her stride the merciless jolting, the icy

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night-time blasts and the fierce daytime heat. Her first move when we reached the lake was to plunge into the water, as though to throw off the strain of the journey. Horny, floating crocodiles bothered her not at all and fortunately they were not aggressive.

Twenty three donkeys loaded with food and camping gear awaited us here, since we were to make the tour of the lake shore on foot. Elsa had to be chained when we started loading, for the sight of so much lovely donkey meat on the hoof, braying and kicking, plus the noise made by our busy African helpers, made her tense with excitement. On the march itself, she rushed about like a puppy, dashing in among flocks of flamingos and plunging into the lake whenever the spirit moved her When we passed a herd of camels I had to chain her again, much to her dismay, and her efforts to meet these new friends nearly pulled my arm off. I had no wish, however, to see the camels stampeding, bellowing and falling over one another because of Elsa.

To keep Elsa and the donkeys apart, the "lion party," as we called it, set out ahead of the pack train each day, marching morning and night, resting in a shady spot during the heat of the day. We found that Elsa marched well until about nine in the morning. Then she began to feel the heat and kept stopping. In the afternoon she was reluctant to move before five; after that, once her pads had hardened, she could have gone on all night. On an average she trotted from seven to eight hours daily, and kept in wonderful condition. The countryside was grim lava and more lava, at times so sharp edged that our feet became sore from slipping and sliding over the uneven ground. To keep Elsa's paws in good condition, I had to grease them often, an act which she seemed to understand and to like.

Finding it difficult to relax on the hard pebbles during the noonday rest, I took to setting up my camp bed and lying down. Elsa immediately saw the wisdom of this and came to join me As a rule we curled up together, but sometimes she stretched out full length and I was lucky if she left me a small corner.

She got out of hand only once. We had reached the main camp late at night. Elsa seemed exhausted, so I left her unchained to recover. Suddenly there was a roar and I saw her lithe form arching towards the thorn enclosure in which the donkeys spent the night. In true feline style she crashed the fence as if it were so much paper. Braying, panic and pandemonium ensued, and all the donkeys bolted into the darkness. Although we rounded them up, scratched but otherwise unhurt, I gave Elsa a good hiding and chained her up for the night. She seemed to understand that she had misbehaved and, as far as she could, showed that she was sorry.

I felt rather guilty at having

underestimated the temptation that a nice-smelling donkey herd must be to her, especially at night when the hunting spirit is most alive in wild animals. But Elsa apparently learned by this experience. From then on, although we met large herds of camels, cattle, goats and sheep around every water-hole, Elsa made no attempt to attack, no matter how closely they passed.

The return trip made the first part of the safari appear luxury itself, for we took an inland route through even more desolate country, with little vegetation and miles of lava. Moreover, because much of the route was waterless we had to do longer marches—this being possible because the donkeys were now carrying less weight.

In natural life, as long as he finds food, a lion does not wander over great distances. I could well imagine, therefore, the effort it must have cost Elsa to keep going. When, late at night, we staggered to a stop after a nightmare march, Elsa just wanted to be near me and suck my thumb. To her, the whole thing must have seemed senseless, and only her affection for us and her trust made her keep on.

When it was over we felt that, in spite of the hardships she had endured, the safari had strengthened the bond between us. As long as she was with us and knew herself to be loved and secure, she was happy. As for us, it was deeply rewarding to feel that we were responsible for such a proud intelligent animal,

Elsa naturally preferred the luxury of a camp bed to the hard ground





Elsa would watch the breeze in the tallest branches of any near by tree

who had no other living creature to satisfy her strongly developed need for affection It had been touching to watch her trying to control the strong forces within her in order to please us By the time we got home she had walked more than 300 miles and seen far more of the world than she would have if she were living with a pride We were extremely pleased with our little cub--but looking at her we had to face the fact that she would be neither a cub nor wholly "ours" much longer Elsa was growing up.

Growing Pains

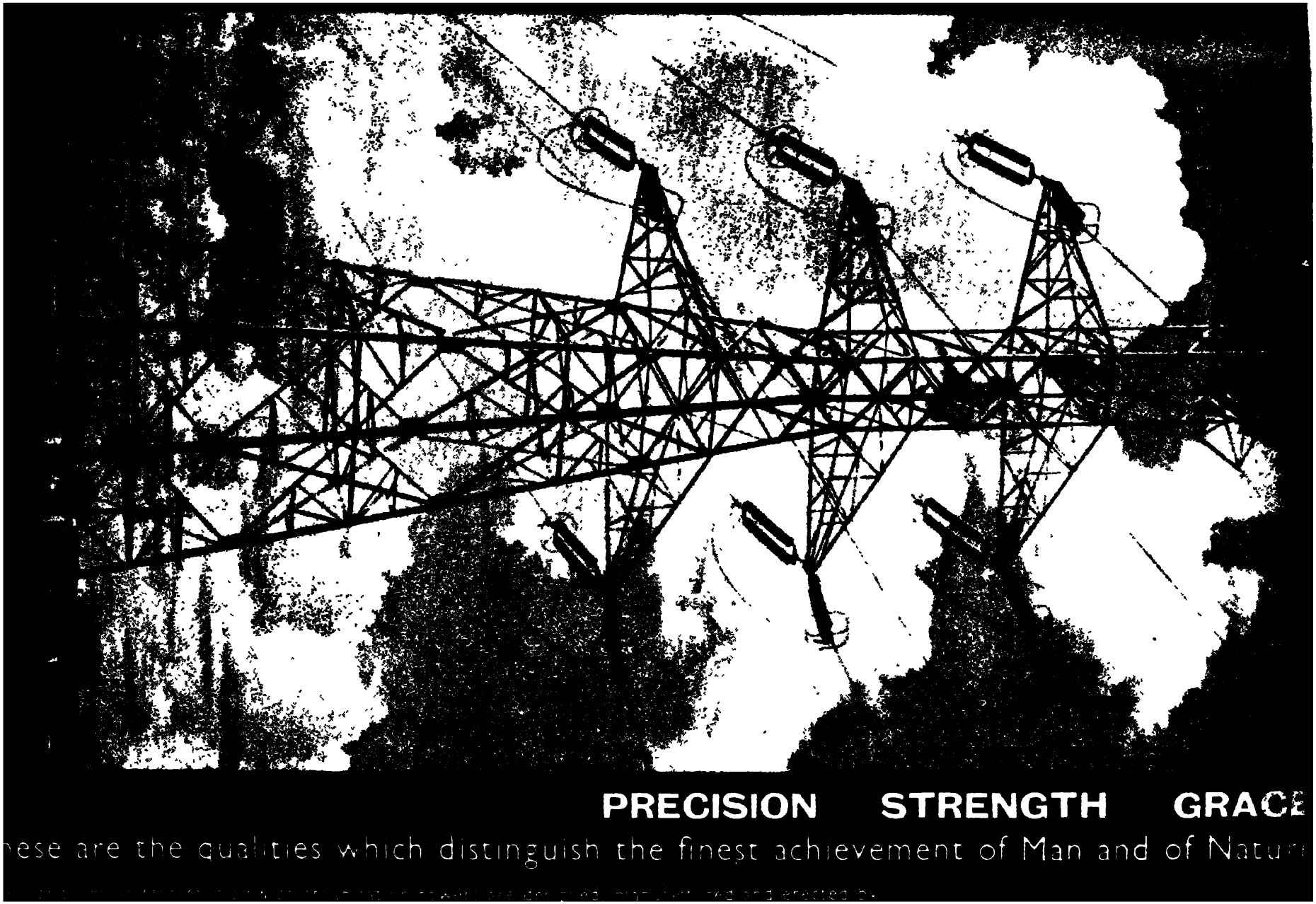
SHE WAS 23 months old and maturing rapidly. Now and then her voice broke to a deep growl, her coat had taken on a marked, tawny sheen and she sometimes displayed a new restlessness when we took her for walks.

Her desire for attention, however, was, if anything, greater than before Like any adolescent she was inclined to show off She had always loved climbing and now essayed the tallest trees she could find. Once a branch bent alarmingly under her weight From 20 feet below we saw her tail dangling through the foliage, followed by her struggling hind legs, till finally she fell down on to the grass

She was most embarrassed by this loss of dignity and quickly walked away from us. While she always enjoyed making us laugh when she meant to do so, she hated being laughed at when the joke was against her

Elsa had charming manners. No matter how briefly we had been separated, she always greeted us ceremoniously, walking from one to the other, rubbing her head against us while miaowing in a low moan. Invariably I came first, then George, followed by Nuru; whoever else happened to be near was afterwards greeted in the same way. She knew at once who liked her and reacted affectionately. She tolerated justifiably nervous guests, but those who were really scared had a hard time. Not that she ever did them any harm, but she delighted in thoroughly terrifying them.

People who just couldn't believe


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we had a tame lioness living with us often came to see for themselves. When one Swiss couple arrived, she heard the car and bounded towards it, full of curiosity and friendliness. I think the visitors had had visions of something small which could be picked up and cuddled, but seeing the 20-stone Elsa coming towards them made them pause. It was a little time before we could persuade them to get out of their car and join us at lunch. Elsa was courtesy itself, welcomed the strangers and only once swept the table clear with her tail. After this, they could not have enough of her and had themselves photographed with her from every angle.

Her unpredictability gave me my first qualms about keeping her with us too long. Some animals would send her scurrying back to us for protection; others she charged senselessly. One night when we were camping, the trumpeting of a herd of elephants goaded her into action. Fortunately she succeeded in chasing the giants away, but I could not help thinking how easily the situation might have been reversed. If the elephants had turned and chased Elsa, she would of course have come running to us with the whole herd behind her. The very thought terrified me.

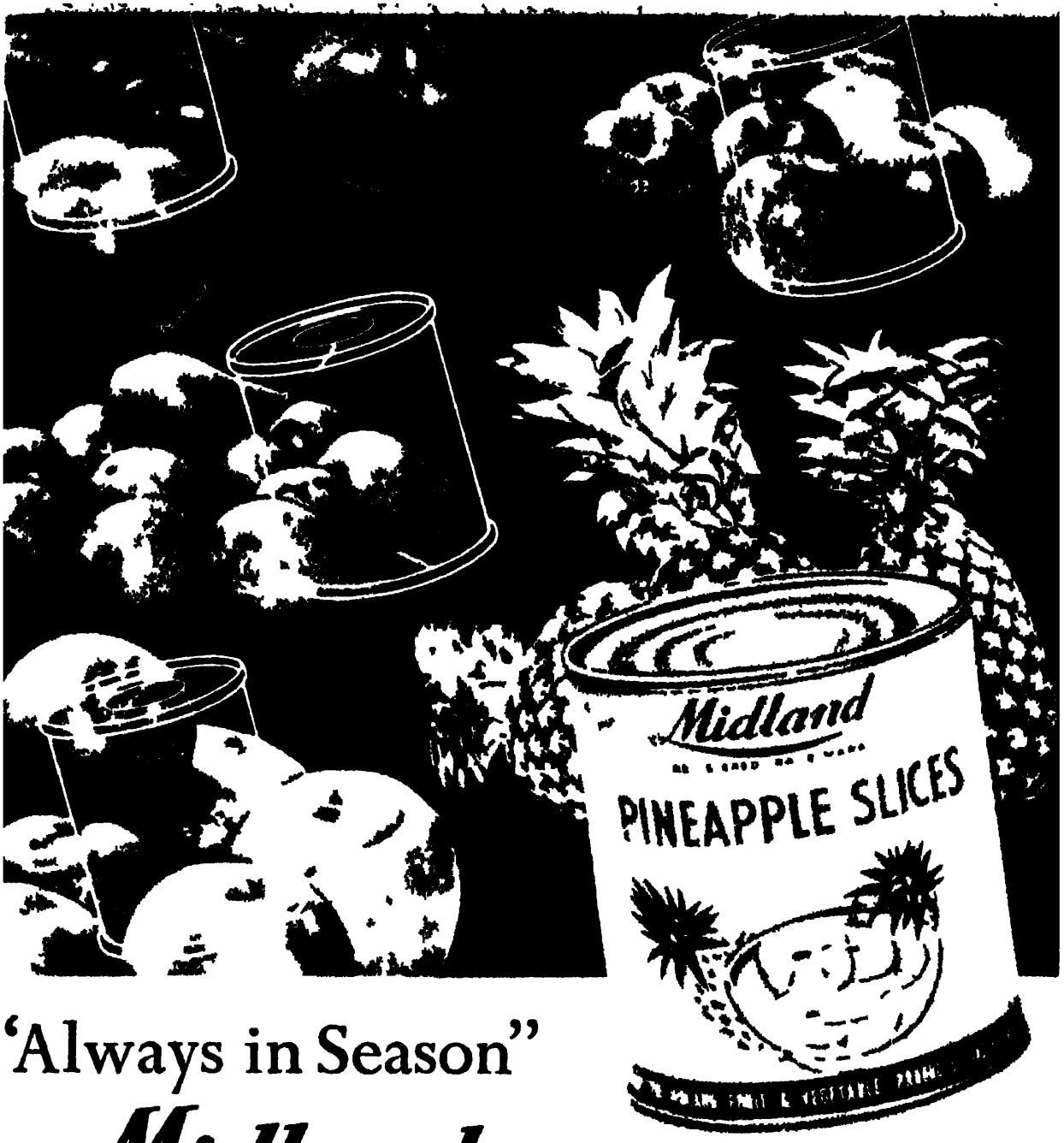
Sex and the Call of the Wild

ANOTHER PROBLEM was posed by Elsa's evident readiness to mate. She seemed to come into season every two and a half months, as indicated by a loud purring, a peculiar smell and the practice of spraying her jets on near-by bushes. Normally she followed us on our walks wherever we went, but one afternoon during her second time in heat she led us in *her* direction, and we soon found the fresh pugmarks of a lion. At dark she left us and refused to return. With heavy hearts we returned home, got the Land-Rover and set out to find her, as we were much alarmed for her safety. Presently we heard a lion chorus a few hundred yards away. We drove towards the sound until we could see the glint of three pairs of eyes. Would Elsa be killed? In her present condition she could undoubtedly mate with any male lion, but it was a question of whether his lioness would tolerate a rival.

To our great relief we finally came upon Elsa, sniffing at a bush, unharmed. She utterly ignored us, and when the lions started calling again she moved towards them.

"Elsa, *no!*" I shouted. "Don't go there. You'll get killed." She sat down again, looking at us and looking back at her own kind, undecided what to do. Finally, George fired two shots over the lions; this silenced them and sent them off. Then, hoping Elsa might follow us, we drove slowly back, and after many backward looks she hopped on to the roof of the car and came home with us.

But the call of the wild was not



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For short trips back to camp Elsa chose the roof of the Land Rover

to be ignored. When she next came into season, she growled at Nuru repeatedly during a walk and finally left him behind and disappeared into the hills. After hours of searching and calling we saw her coming towards us. She flung herself at our feet, panting and very excited. We noticed several bleeding claw marks on her hind legs, shoulders and neck, and also two bleeding perforations on her forehead. (I afterwards learned that, as the last gesture of the siring act, the male often bites the lioness on the forehead.) As soon as she had recovered a little she greeted us in her customary manner, purring at each of us in turn as if to say, "Listen to what I have learnt."

We often wondered, after Elsa had mated several times, why she did not produce cubs. Later I learned from a zoo authority that during the four relevant days the male covers the female six to eight times a day, and it is thought that only on the fourth day does the siring become effective.

If this is so, it is probable that Elsa never had sufficient contacts to become pregnant, as the jealous lioness, holding guard over her male, would not be likely to tolerate too frequent love-making with a newcomer to the pride.

In any case, we now had to face the problem that Elsa had started to roam—though she always returned to us after a few hours, for food and water, obviously, and because we were still her "pride" and our home was hers. She was now 27 months old, almost full-grown. We had always known that we could not keep her indefinitely. Our original idea had been to send her to join her sisters at the Rotterdam zoo, but now she had taken her future into her own paws, and her latest exploits were decisive in altering our plans for her.

Because she seemed so much at home in the bush and was accepted by wild animals, we felt that she might well prove to be the exception to the rule that a pet will not be accepted by its own kind because of its human smell.

Elsa, we were now sure, could get along on her own if we were successful in training her to fend for herself and in detaching her from her dependence on us.

There was no choice. For her sake and ours, Elsa had to go back to the wild.

Cutting the Ties

IT WASN'T easy. We took her on a camping trip to a sparsely settled area where lions abounded, in the hope of introducing her to more of her own kind and teaching her to kill her own game. As a symbol of liberation, we took off her collar.

Alas, Elsa, for the most part, couldn't have cared less. From the top of the Land-Rover she surveyed the new countryside haughtily.

When we stopped to let her chase an occasional gazelle or hyena, she jumped down willingly, stalked the animal in proper fashion, lunged and gave chase but never got close enough to pounce or kill.

One morning we followed circling vultures and found a lion on a zebra kill. He was tearing at the meat and paid no attention to us. Elsa stepped cautiously off the car, miaowing at him and then, though she got no encouragement, advanced carefully towards him. At last the lion looked up and straight at Elsa. He seemed to say, "Don't you know lion etiquette? How dare you, a woman, interfere with the lord while he is having his meal? You are allowed to kill for me, but afterwards you have to wait till I have had my lion's share. Then you may finish up the remains."

Obviously poor Elsa did not like his expression, for she hastily returned to the safety of the car. The lord continued feeding and we watched him for a long time, hoping that Elsa might regain her courage; but nothing would induce her to leave the car again.

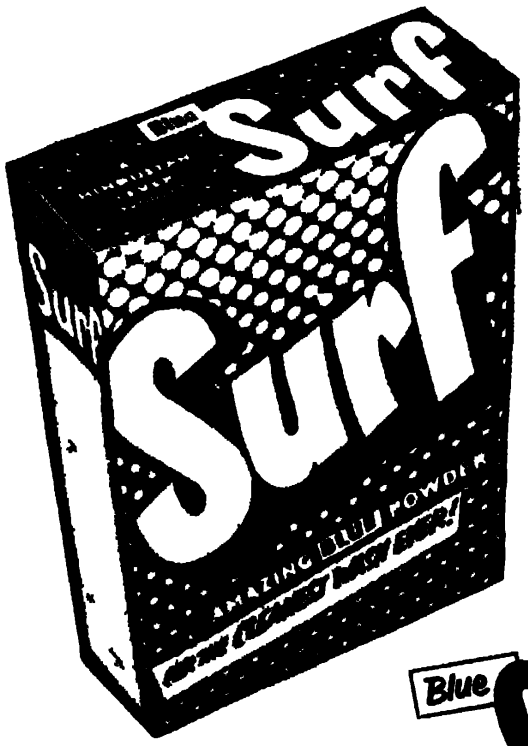
Next day we had better luck. We discovered a magnificent young male lion resting in the high grass, sunning himself. Elsa seemed attracted to him. Just the right husband for her, we thought. We drove to within 30 yards of him. The lion looked mildly surprised when he saw his prospective bride sitting on the top of a car, but responded in a friendly manner. Elsa, apparently overcome by coyness, made low moans but stayed put. We finally persuaded her to get down, then drove a short distance away. After much painful hesitation, Elsa plucked up enough courage to walk towards the lion.

When she was about ten paces away, the lion got up and started towards her with, I am sure, the friendliest intentions. This was too much for Elsa. At the last moment she panicked and came rushing back to the car. Apparently a night's tryst was one thing but a permanent daytime arrangement was quite another.

We decided to try taking her out again at feeding time, when she was really hungry. Fortunately we came upon another handsome lion leaving the partially eaten carcass of a baby zebra. He had evidently had his fill and would not object to sharing.

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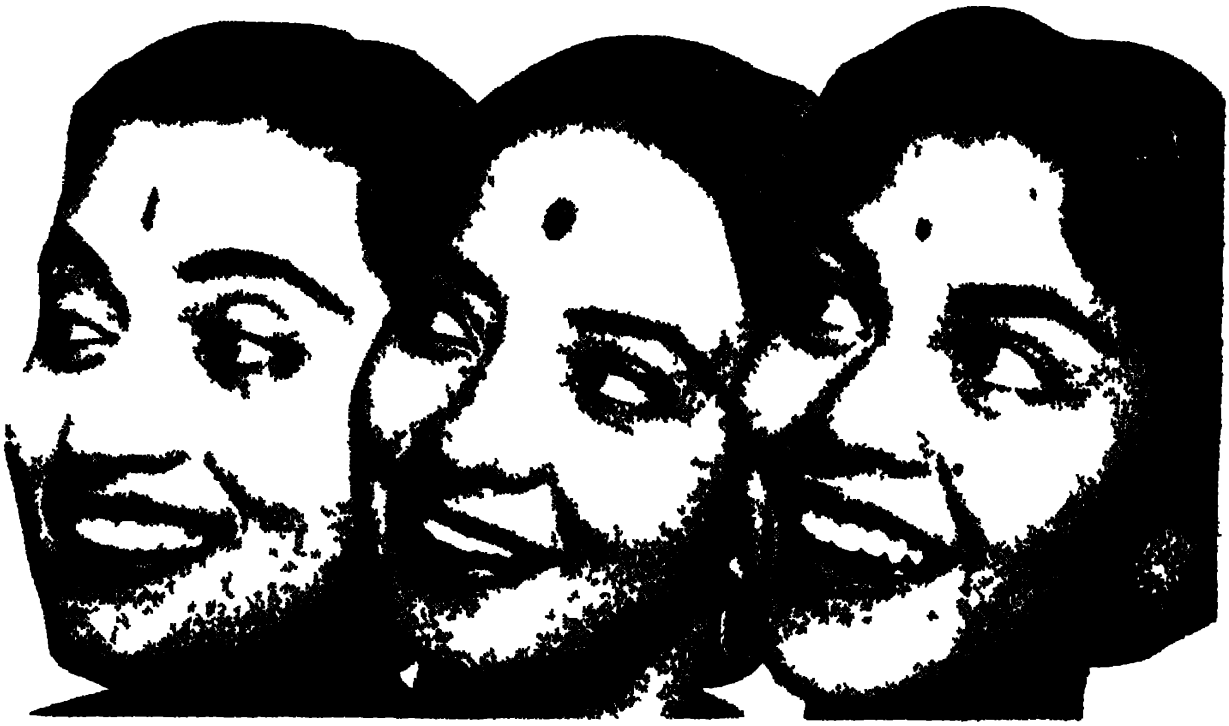
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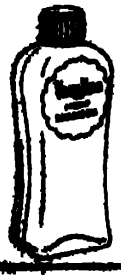




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Nothing could have served our purpose better than this meal, provided by a lion and full of his fresh scent. Greedily, Elsa jumped from the car on to the carcass We then did a mean thing We drove away as fast as we could, leaving her alone for her night's adventure.

Early next morning, we set off to visit her, hoping to find a happy pair. What we found was poor Elsa, waiting at the spot where we had left her, but minus the lion and minus the kill

She was overjoyed to see us, sucking my thumbs frantically and holding me close. I was very unhappy that I had hurt her feelings without being able to explain to her that all we had done was intended for her own good

On several other occasions we deserted her But when we came back we always found her waiting for us, and hungry. One night after we'd left her she walked the eight miles back to camp, arriving scratched and bleeding. It was heartbreaking to have to stick to our programme, when obviously all she wanted was to be with us and feel sure of our affection

Till now, we had always given Elsa her meat already cut up so that she would not associate her food with living animals Now we needed to reverse our system, so we rejoiced the day she made her first kill. Well, she didn't *really* kill it, but when a large waterbuck came towards us one morning George whipped out his rifle and shot it. Before it even fell, Elsa was at its throat, and she hung on like a bull dog until in a few minutes the animal died of suffocation. We now

Elsa in her fat winter fur



saw that she knew the vital spot by instinct and also the lion's normal way of effecting a quick death. With no mother to teach her, she also knew how to handle the carcass, starting with the tender flesh of the hind legs, then tearing out the guts and carefully burying the stomach, covering up all traces of blood. Might this be an instinctive way of deceiving the vultures?

Several times thereafter Elsa stayed away two or three nights in a row. From her full belly and her lack of interest in food when she returned we knew that she had finally learnt to kill.

One afternoon, when she was again in season, we were loafing in a shady spot by a river. Elsa dozed while I rested my head against her flank. Suddenly we heard the roar of a lion upriver. Elsa quivered, sprang to her feet and quietly padded away. We respected her feelings and tactfully let her go.

Late that night she returned to George's tent for a few moments, put her paw affectionately round him and moaned softly, as if to say, "You know that I love you, but I have a friend outside to whom I simply *must* go. I hope you will understand." Then she was off again. Early next morning we found the pugmarks of a big lion close to camp; evidently he had waited while Elsa went to George's tent to explain the situation.

We knew then that the time had come to make the final break.

Good-bye, Elsa

A rocky ridge some miles from our camp had proved a favourite lying up place for Elsa. Near the top was a large flat rock on which she liked to stretch out, her majestic silhouette outlined against the sky as she quietly surveyed the scene below. The morning after her farewell to George, we set out to look for her. Sure enough, through field glasses we detected her, reclining on her favourite rock. Obviously she heard our calls but she would not come down until we climbed the rock ledge and almost stumbled over her. Then her good manners prevailed; she greeted us affectionately and followed us back to camp.

Everything now seemed favourable for putting her completely on her own. We decided to withdraw for one week and leave her alone.

While we were packing, Elsa watched. She seemed to sense that something was wrong. We therefore arranged that while I looked after her George would break camp, drive the loaded cars a mile away and send a message to me to join him when everything was ready.

Although we had prepared ourselves for this release and hoped it might give Elsa a happier future than she would have living in captivity, it was a different matter when it came to making the break. Elsa belonged to nature and not to man. We were "man" and we loved her and she had been brought up to love

us. Would she be able to forget all that had been familiar to her until this morning? Would she go and hunt when she was hungry? Or would she wait trustfully for our return knowing that up to now we had never let her down?

I gave her a kiss to reassure her of my affection. How could she know that it needed all the strength of my love for her to leave her now and give her back to nature—to let her learn to live alone until she might find her pride, her real pride?

Nuru came and called me away. He had brought some meat along, and Elsa followed him trustfully into the reeds and started to eat. Then we stole away.

We drove ten miles to another river where we camped for a week. Each afternoon when George and I strolled along the bank I felt desperately lonely with no Elsa walking at my side, rubbing her head against me and letting me feel her soft skin and warm body. But whatever losing her might mean to me, we knew that we must try to give her back to her own kind and save her from a captive existence in which she would be deprived of all that nature intended for her. Although we had never heard of a hand-reared lion being successfully

Bill



liberated, we were sure that Elsa could be.

At last the week ended and we went back to see how Elsa had stood up to the test. When we arrived at our former camp we looked at once for her pugmarks; there was no sign of them. I began to call. Soon afterwards we heard her familiar "hnk-hnk" and saw her coming from the river, trotting as fast as she could. Her welcome showed us that she had missed us as much as we had missed her, and her rubbings and miaowings touched us deeply. I took her to the river, and there we rested together. I was happy now and could relax, feeling that Elsa's future was assured. She must have felt the same, for she laid her big soft paw on me and dozed off. That night she went away.

After a few days we decided to break camp. On the last morning we saw her through our glasses on the high rock ridge. We went closer, and although she replied to our calls she remained impassive. If she could have spoken she could hardly have told us more convincingly that she wanted to be left alone.

As our two cars passed below her rock, she appeared on the skyline and watched us drive away.

L'Envoi

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Postscript: After this story had been written, news came that Elsa had given birth to three cubs—on December 20 last year

An Index to the Reader's Digest

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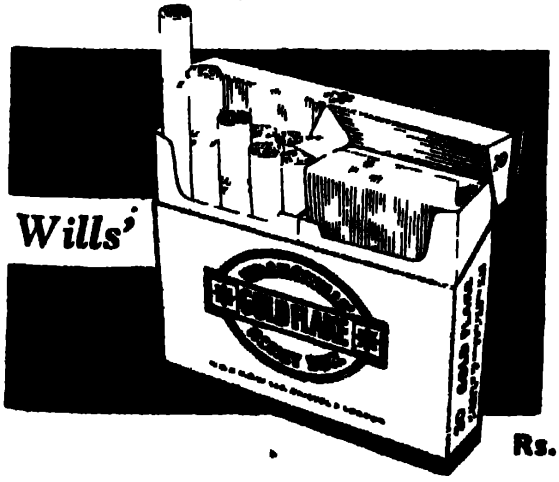
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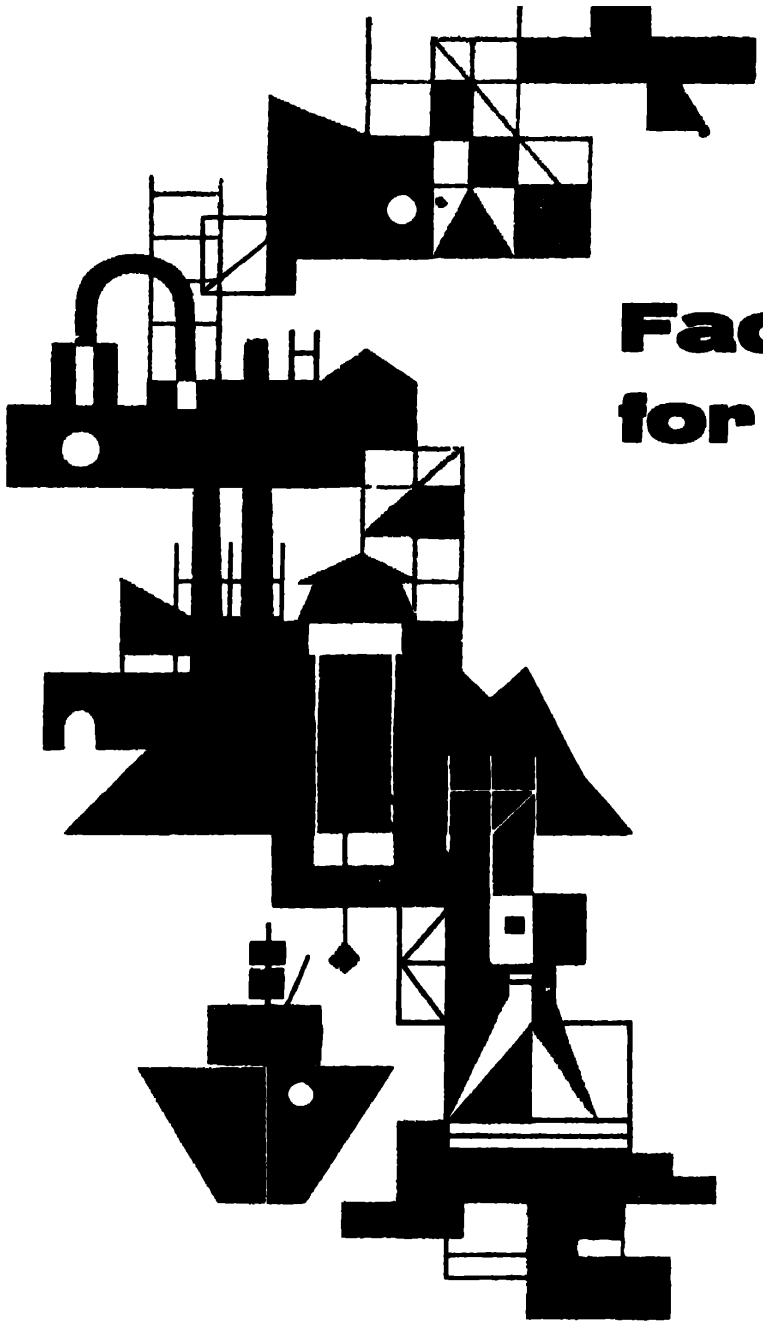


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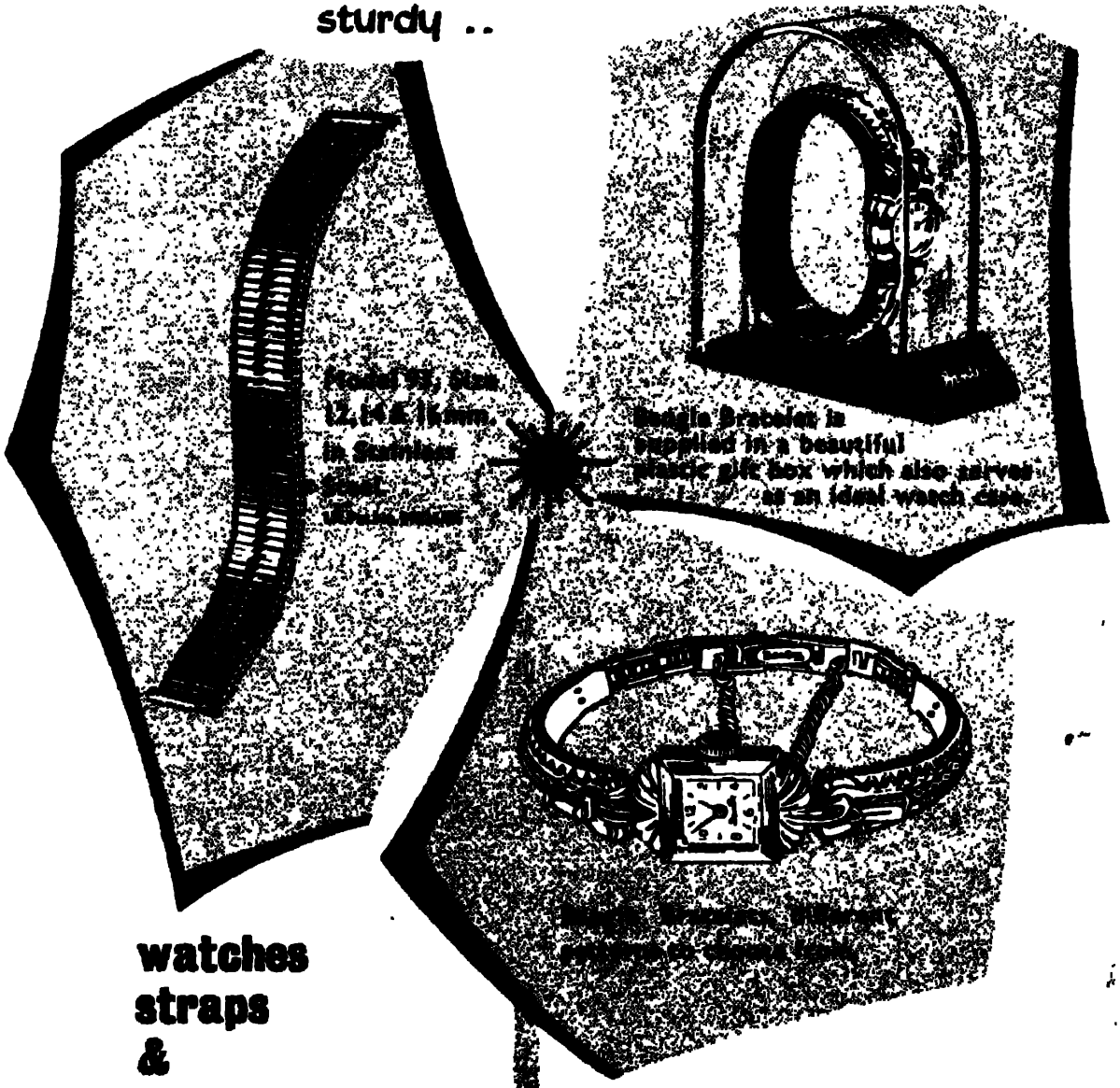
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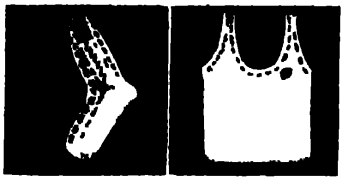
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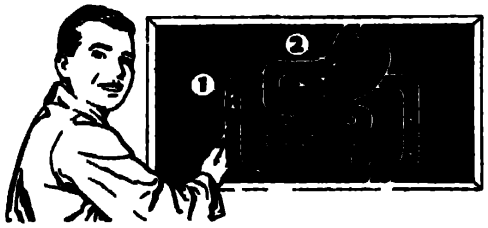
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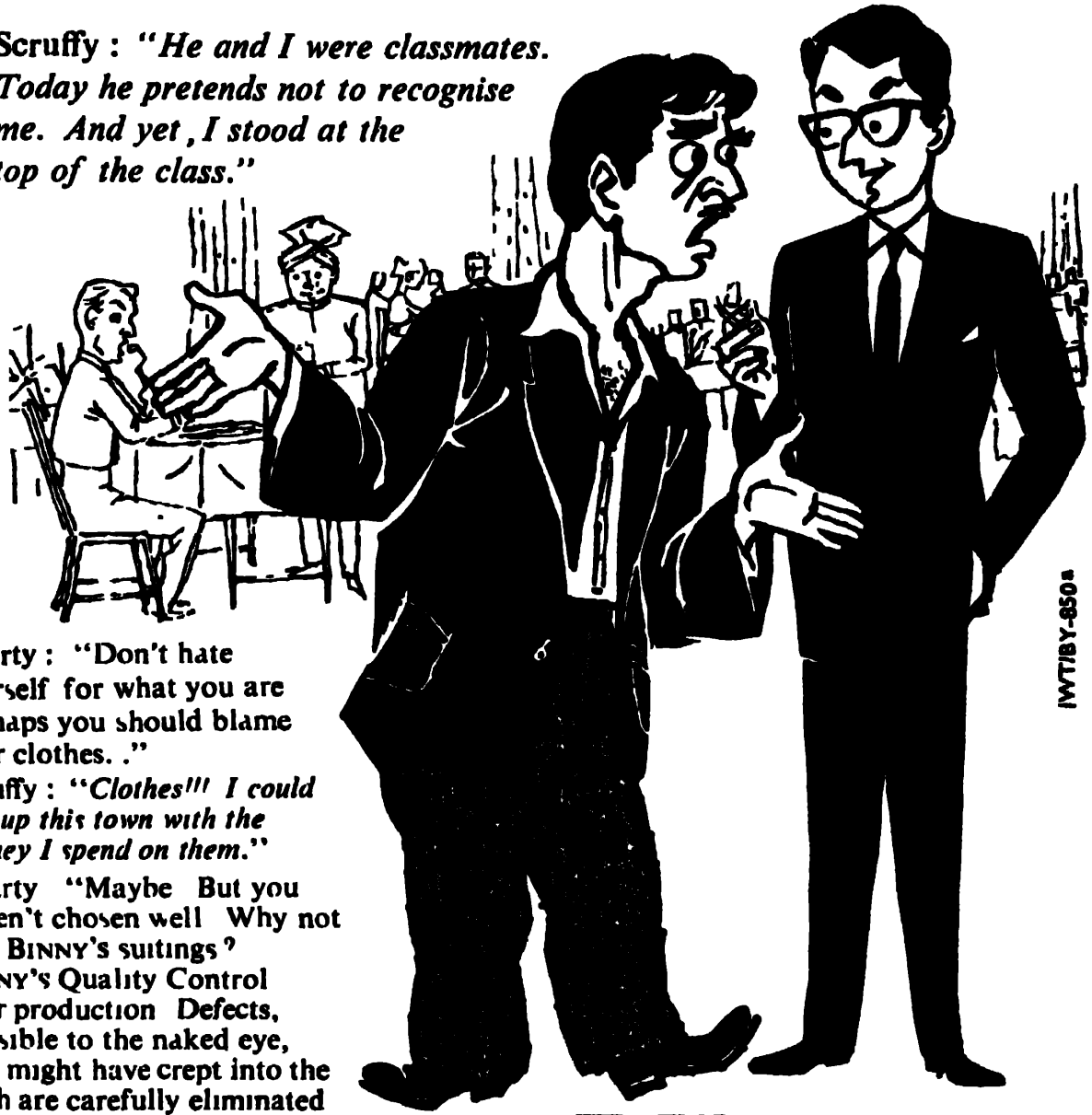
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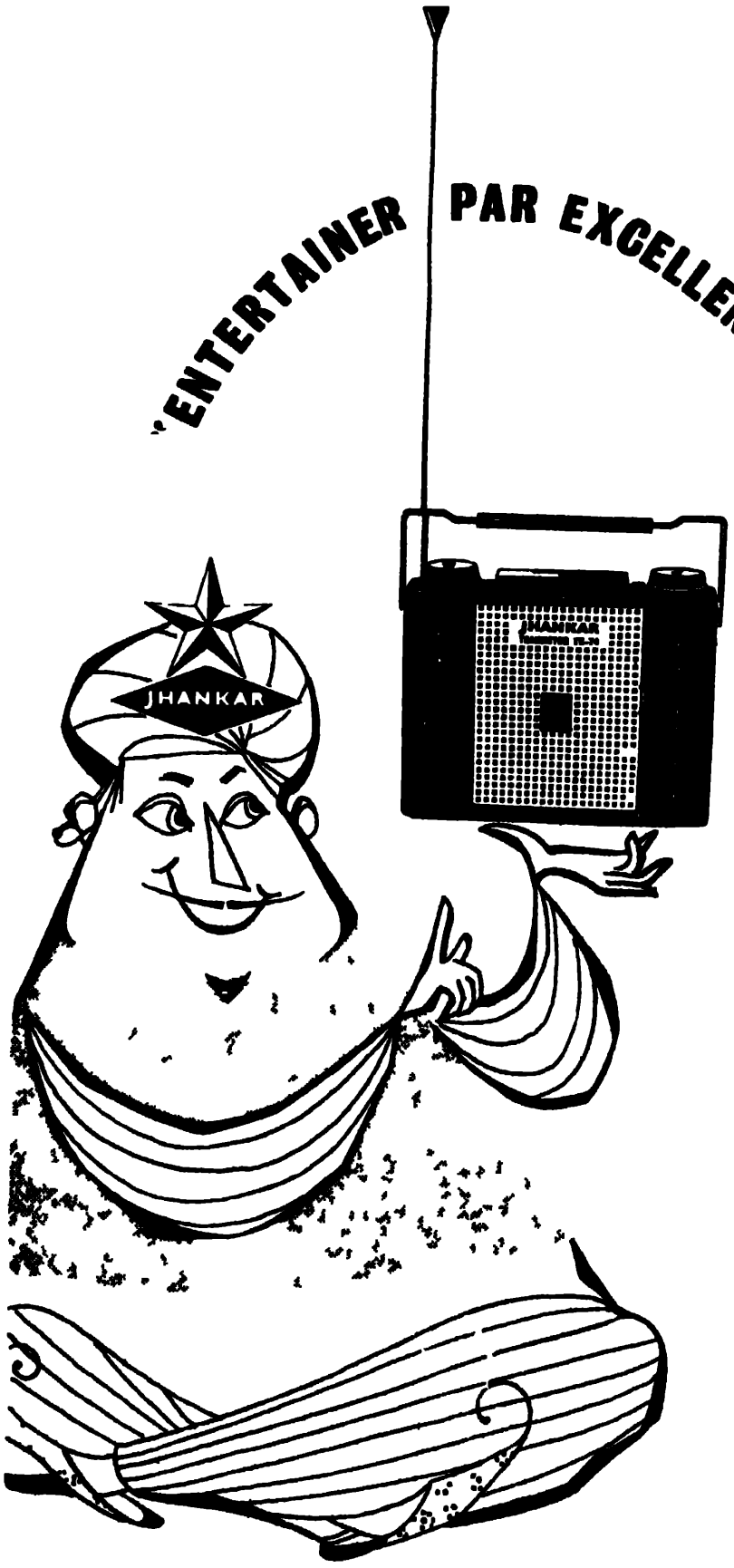
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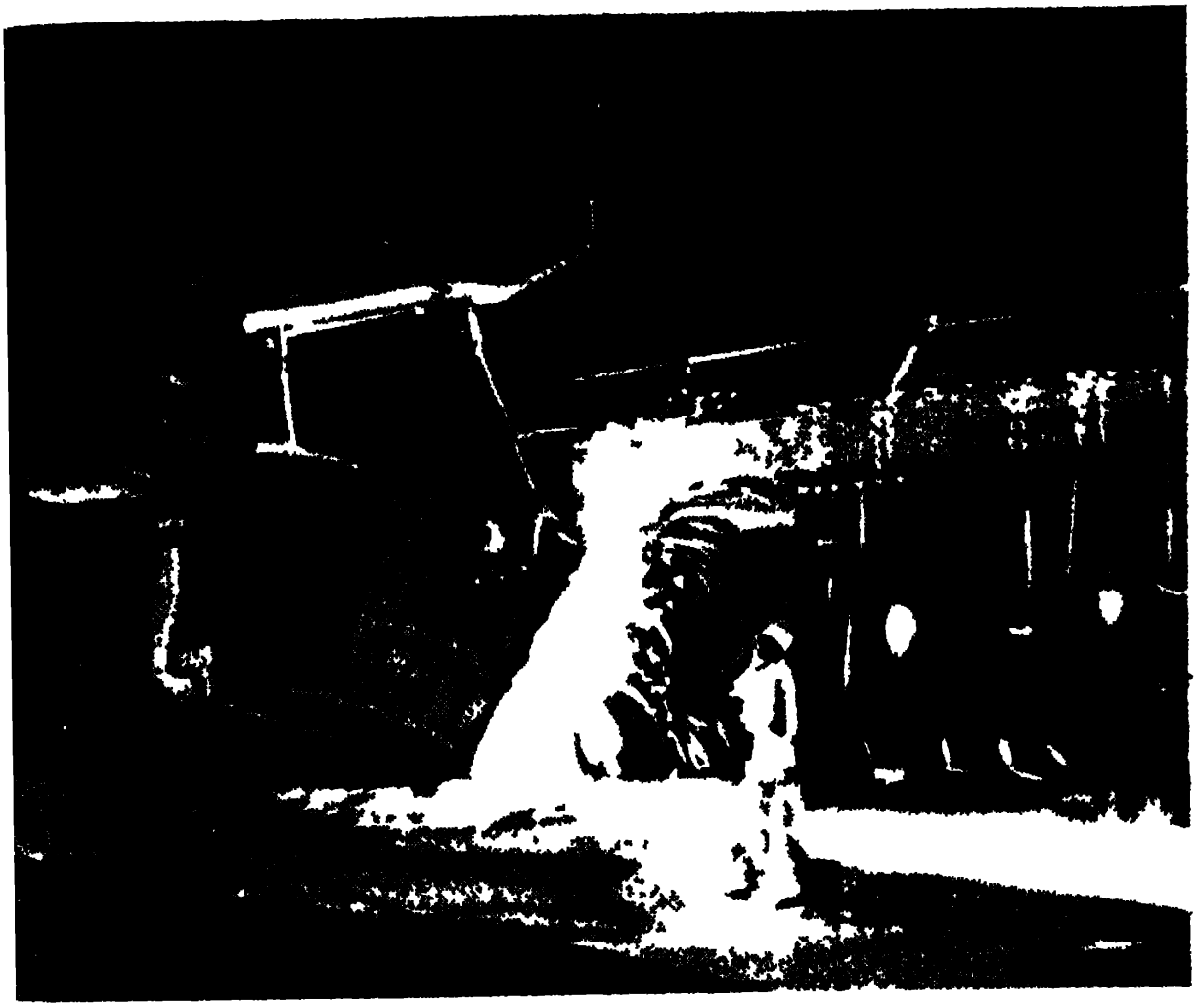
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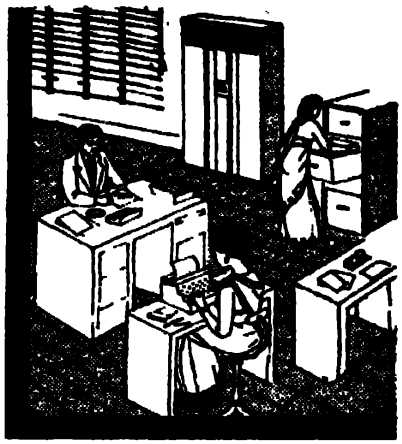
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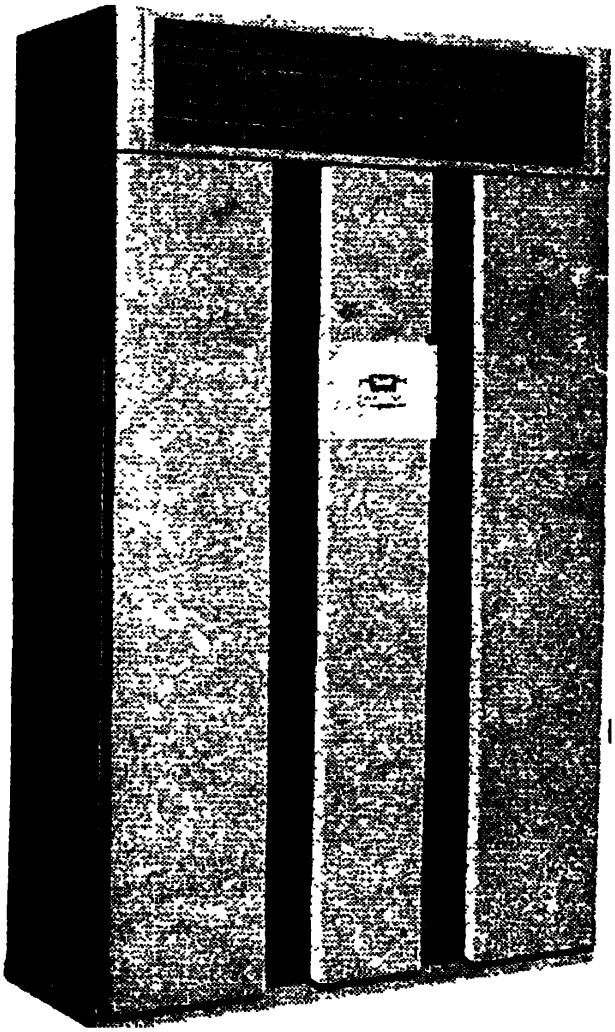
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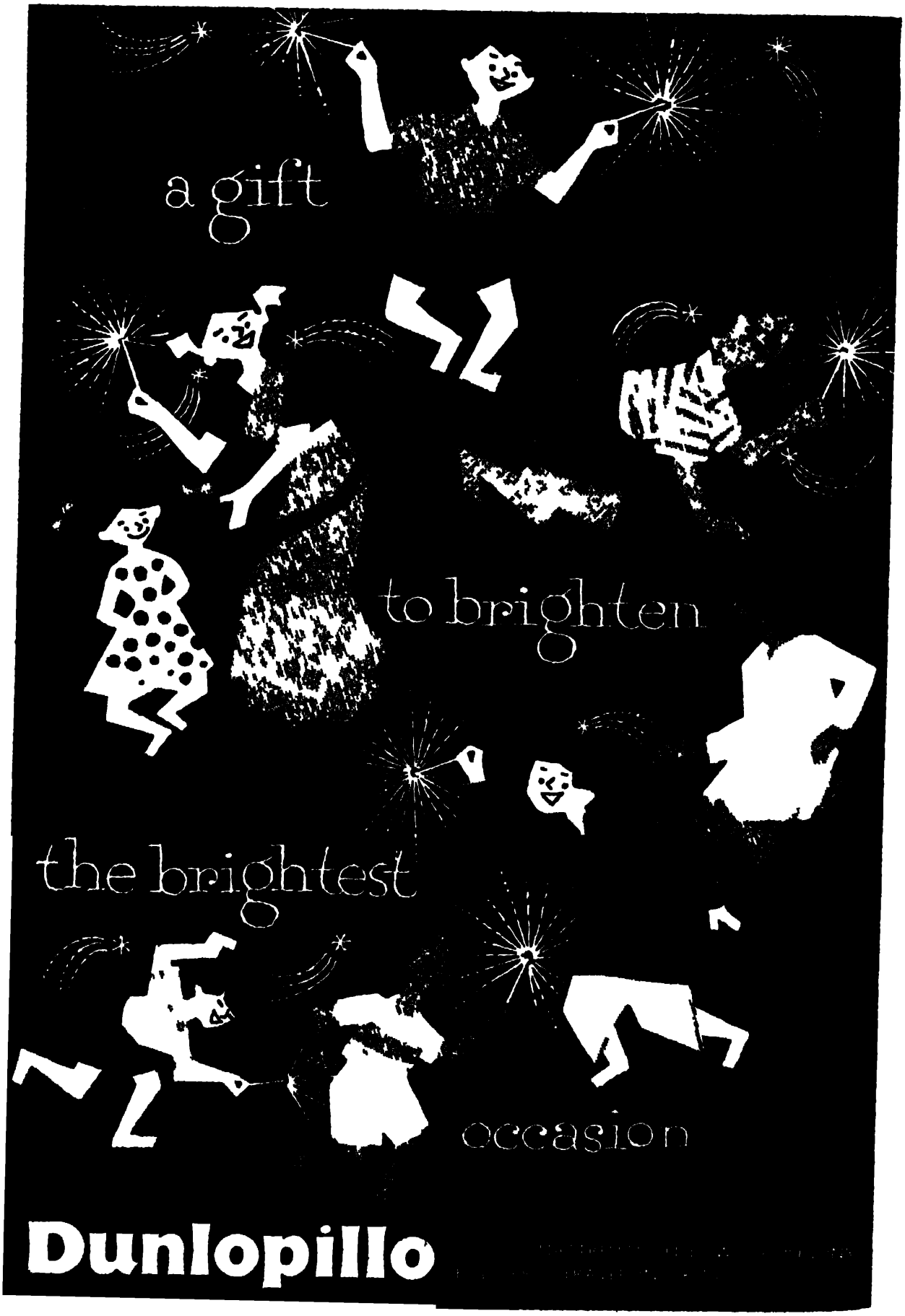
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VOLUME 77 The Reader's Digest OCTOBER 1960

Where Success Comes From

By Arthur Gordon

It is in the mind's eye—and the image of it, firmly held, can often help you to live up to your own best moments

One of my most vivid and valuable memories goes back to a mild December afternoon when I was 13 years old. Vivid because I remember it so clearly. Valuable because, without fully understanding it, I was handed a remarkable piece of wisdom.

A single barrelled, 20 bore shotgun, given to me for Christmas, had made me the proudest youngster in the district. On my first hunting trip, moreover, by a lucky fluke I had managed to hit the only bird I got a shot at. My heart almost burst with excitement and pride.

The second trip was a different story. My companion was an elderly judge, a friend of my father's. He looked rather like a bloodhound, with a seamed brown face and hooded eyes and the easy tolerance

that comes from knowing the worst about the human race but liking people just the same. I had some misgivings about going shooting with the Judge because I stood in awe of him, and wanted very much to please him. And I walked straight into humiliation.

We found plenty of birds, and the Judge knocked down one or two on every covey rise. I, on the other hand, didn't touch a feather. I tried everything: shooting over, under, soon and late. Nothing made any difference. And the more I missed, the tenser I got.

Then old Doc, the pointer, spotted a quail in a clump of bushes. He froze, and something in me froze, too, because I knew I was facing one more disgrace.

This time, however, instead of motioning me forward, the Judge placed his gun carefully on the ground. "Let's sit down a minute," he suggested companionably. Then, slowly, he said, "Your dad was telling me you hit the first quail you shot at the other day. That right?"

"Yes, sir," I said miserably. "Just luck, I s'pose."

"Maybe," said the Judge. "But that doesn't matter. Do you remember exactly how it happened? Can you close your eyes and see it all in your mind?"

I nodded, because it was true. I



could summon up every detail · the bird exploding from under my feet, the gun seeming to point itself, the surge of elation, the warmth of the praise . . .

"Well, now," the Judge said easily, "you just sit here and relive that shot a couple of times Then go over there and flush out that bird. Don't think about me or the dog or anything else. Just think about that one good shot you made the other day—and sort of keep out of your own way."

When I did what he said, it was as if a completely new set of reflexes had come into play Out flashed the quail. Up went the gun, smoothly and surely, as if it had a life and purpose of its own. Seconds later, Doc was at my knee, offering the bird.

I was all for pressing on, but the Judge unloaded his gun. "That's all for today, son," he said. "You've been focusing on failure all the afternoon I want to leave you looking at the image of success."

There, complete in two sentences, was the most valuable piece of advice I'd ever had, or ever would have Did I recognize it, seize upon it eagerly, act upon it fully? Of course not I was just a child, delighted with a remarkable trick that somehow worked I had no inkling of the tremendous psychological dynamics involved.



For a long time, with a child's faith in magic, I used the Judge's advice as a kind of hunting good-luck charm. Later I found that the charm worked in other sports, too. In tennis, say, if at some crucial point you needed a service ace, it was uncanny how often your racket would deliver it if you made yourself recall, vividly and distinctly, a previous ace that you had hammered past an opponent.

I know now why this is so. The human organism is a superb machine, engineered to solve fantastic problems. It is perfectly capable of blasting a tennis ball 70 feet on to an area the size of a handkerchief, or putting an ounce of shot travelling more than 100 feet per second exactly where it will intersect the path of a target moving at 50 miles per hour. It can do far more difficult things than these—but only if it is not interfered with, if tension does not creep in to stiffen the muscles, dull the reflexes and fog the marvellous computers in the brain.

And tension, which nine times out of ten is based on the memory of past failures, can be reduced or even eliminated by the memory of past success.

At first I applied this image-of-success technique only to athletics. Later I began to see that a similar principle operated for many of the successful career people whom I met through my work. These individuals varied enormously in background, in their fields of endeavour —even in brains. The one thing they all had in common was confidence.

One such man, a company chairman, reminisced to me about his first job. "I started my sales career," he said, "by selling pots and pans from door to door. The first day I made only one sale in 40 attempts. But I never forgot the face of that woman who finally bought something . . . how it changed from suspicion and hostility to gradual interest and final acceptance. For years I used to recall her face as a kind of talisman when the going was tough." To this man, that housewife's face was a mirror which reflected the image of himself as a successful salesman.

There are times when even the brightest talent can be dimmed momentarily if this consciousness of competence is lost. Once I talked to Margaret Mitchell about the frame of mind in which she wrote *Gone With the Wind*. "It was going along pretty well," Miss Mitchell said, "until somebody sent me a new book called *John Brown's Body*, by Stephen Vincent Benét. When I finished reading that magnificent American Civil War epic, I burst into tears and put my own manuscript away on a cupboard shelf. *John Brown's Body* gave me such a terrible case of the humbles that it was months before I could find the necessary faith in myself and my book to go on."

A terrible case of the humbles—what a vivid way of saying that for

a while she lost her conviction of competence! And then, tension took over—and paralysed her.

The truth is, all of us dread the hurt of failure, even in small things. And it starts young. Children face a world of constantly increasing demands. They need praise and reassurance and the repeated performance of tasks within their powers if the memory of past failures is to be crowded out by the memory of past successes. That was what the wise old judge did for me. When he saw that I was "focusing on failure," he made me turn round and stare at success.

Employing this stratagem is not just wishful thinking. The essence of the magic, it seems to me, is that you visualize something that really did occur . . . and therefore can occur again. You brace yourself on a specific, concrete episode in which you functioned well.

Such episodes happen to all of us. Initial failure, to be sure, is the price you pay for learning anything new. The first few times you try to ski, you may well topple in a heap. The first few times you try to make a speech or bake a cake, the results may leave much to be desired. But if you keep at it, sooner or later, by luck or the blessed law of averages, there will be a success.

This, then, is the image to fasten on to the next time you approach the same problem. Nail it up in your mind like a horseshoe, and it will bring you something better than mere good luck.

Hair-raising Question

"WHAT on earth's happened to you!" exclaimed my husband one evening when I came into the living-room with my head bristling with curlers.

"I've just set my hair," I replied.

"Well," he asked, "what time does it go off?"

—Contributed by Mrs. Gerald Horwitz

Late for School

THE FINAL DATE for enrolling five-year-olds in the local kindergarten was September 30. Tommy would be five, but not until two days later, on October 2.

At the school office Tommy's mother protested and pleaded in vain. Then she exploded: "It isn't as though I was trying to get away with something. He was *due* in September."

As she flounced out, she was heard to mutter, "Now I *know* I should have had that Caesarean."

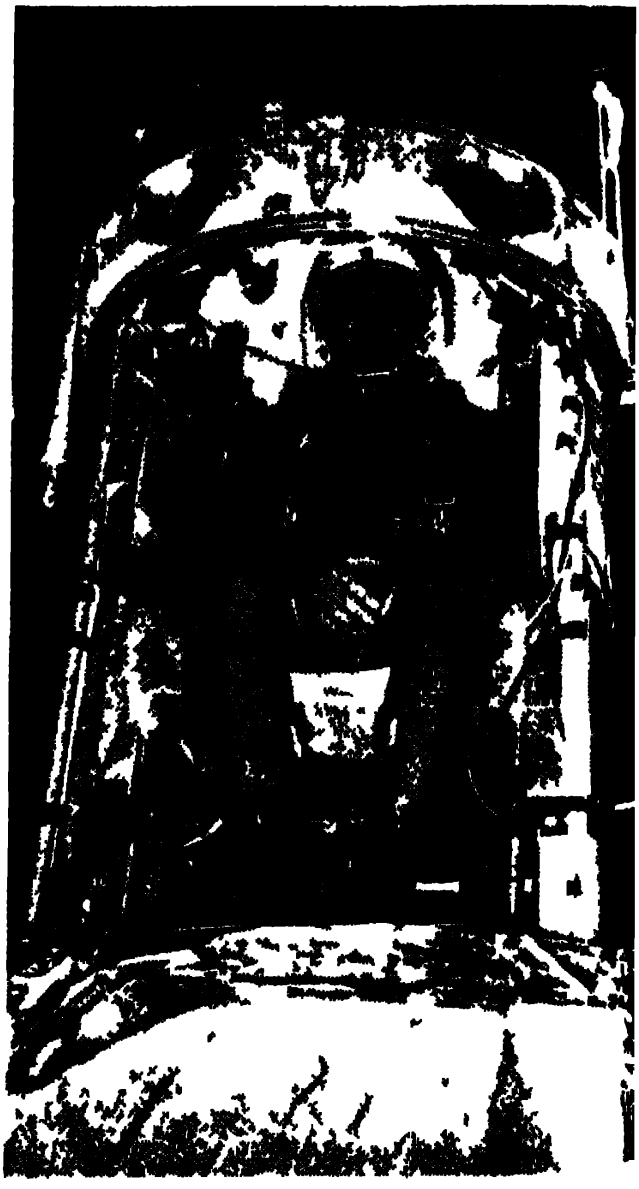
—Contributed by A. P. H.

The Space Man Who Came Back

According to all the rules, McClure should have died. But there are secret qualities of heart and mind that enable a man to defeat death

By Lieutenant Colonel David Simons with Don Schanche

Demi McClure waits to be sealed into the balloon capsule



In 1957 I made a record 102,000 foot balloon ascent for the U.S Air Force * When preparations for Operation Man High began, two years before, the purpose was largely academic—to study cosmic rays. There were no Sputniks or Vanguards or Explorers or Pioneers in space then. But by the time I had made the flight a new and urgent question had arisen:

* See "My 32 Hours at the Edge of Space," The Reader's Digest, December 1957

how soon could we put a man into space?

To find at least part of the answer, another high-altitude balloon flight was ordered. We already knew something of the mental pressures that will perplex and frighten a man in space. How he reacts to them is vital, for no amount of engineering skill on the ground can change the fact that he alone is commander of his destiny. The miracles of technology protecting him can be destroyed by a single instant of thoughtlessness, a single unforeseen hazard; or, even more frightening, a single subconscious act which he cannot even recognize, much less control. We had to find the sort of man who could meet this challenge.

Four air force officers were put through a procedure which later became a model for selection of the famous Mercury astronauts. Lieutenant Clifton Demi McClure, a tall, muscular, dark-haired 25-year-old jet pilot, was finally chosen. Trained as a ceramic engineer, Demi had a broad interest in many sciences, including astronomy. Though he was both intellectually and physically restless, he could also be remarkably calm. He would use his mind at full power when there was something to do, but he would take every chance to relax and conserve energy that might be needed later.

On the night of October 7, 1958, we were ready for the ascent from Holloman Air Force Base in the Tularosa Valley in New Mexico. By 1 a.m. the narrow capsule was sealed, with Demi buckled into the seat inside. The electrodes and thermistors hooked up to his body would keep those of us who were following his flight by radio informed about his skin resistance, heart-beat and respiration. These, in turn, would reveal his state of mind. But they could not predict how he would react to an emergency brought on by some accidental upset in our careful plans. This secret would be locked within the man himself until the end of the test.

In the capsule, McClure soon faced his first emergency. As he turned to look at the pressure gauge, his wrist brushed against the emergency chest parachute on a hook in front of him and dislodged the stay pins; 100 yards of billowing nylon was spilling down in his lap and over his legs.

It was 1.15 a.m. This parachute, made for high-altitude emergency, was built to open automatically in case its wearer was unconscious and unable to pull a rip cord. There was not another one like it at Holloman. If he reported the accident, the capsule would have to be opened, the chute repacked and the launching cancelled. Or he could say nothing and attempt the incredibly difficult task of repacking the chute within the narrow confines of his capsule. McClure began the repacking. As he worked, he described

Condensed from "Man High," © 1960 by David Simons and Don Schanche, to be published in November by Sidgwick & Jackson, London

each stage of the process to his tape recorder, stopping frequently to answer routine check questions from the unsuspecting technical experts outside.

The chute folded, he strained desperately to force the stubborn, springy material neatly into the parachute pack and fit the stay pins into place. By 3.30 the job was finished. Then his heart sank: he had inserted the pins backwards. Already tired and perspiring, McClure opened the pack again and grimly, prayerfully, repeated the closure. At 5 a.m. it was perfect.

Outside, the ground crew began inflating the balloon with compressed helium. By 7 a.m., capsule and balloon were airborne, rising straight overhead and climbing rapidly towards the stratosphere. Demi was on his lonely way. A panel of specialists, to whom he would report on weather patterns, sky brightness and relative distances of the stars, gathered in a communications van. In case the balloon moved away from us too quickly, an aircraft had been rigged up as an emergency conference room.

Demi's first report, radioed from 24,000 feet, was routine until he reached the cabin temperature: 89 degrees! We quickly checked the capsule's design charts and discovered with relief that the temperature gauge had been incorrectly installed on top of the air-regeneration system; what we were getting was the temperature of that equipment This reassuring information was relayed to Demi.

At 35,000 feet, Demi reported that he was passing comfortably through the tropopause—the band of extreme cold and wind at the top of the troposphere. At 90,000 feet, he called again, this time to me. "I see the most fantastic thing, the sky that you described. It's blacker than black, but saturated with blue. I can almost *feel* it."

At 99,700 feet, the balloon levelled off and began moving rapidly to the north-west, too fast and over terrain too rough for us to follow in the van. We transferred to the aircraft.

On his next report, Demi's voice sounded sluggish. The temperature gauge now read 118 degrees, as high as it would go. Even allowing for the faulty setting of the gauge, that was alarming.

Captain Eli Beeding, our physiological expert, called for Demi's rectal temperature. There was a pause. "It's 101·4," McClure reported.

As flight surgeon, I knew that he couldn't possibly survive that kind of heat for the rest of the day. Laboratory experiments had indicated that the point of collapse comes when the body temperature starts to go up.

I told him to sit back and relax and not try to do anything else "Roger, Colonel," he replied. "I don't think it's bad enough to worry about yet. I don't want to come

down. Repeat. I don't want to come down."

I remembered myself at a much lower temperature, still cocky and confident, rating myself high on my efficiency chart. I was the last to know how exhausted I was, and how marginal my ability to act intelligently had become, because of my failure to recognize the effects on my judgement of fatigue, heat and the awful isolation of space.

It was only one o'clock now. The capsule was going to get a lot hotter during the afternoon. Sunset was six hours away, and it would be a good three hours after that before the capsule started cooling. I decided to abort the flight then and there and get him down. Demi protested, pointing out how much he could get done if he stayed up. But I was adamant. From now on it was simply a question of whether we would recover him dead or alive.

Reluctantly, Demi began the descent. We asked him to release gas in repeated short bursts to keep the balloon from falling too rapidly, but by 3 p.m. he had dropped only a few thousand feet from his peak of 99,700. Beeding asked for another rectal-temperature reading, and Demi reported 104·1; his fever was rising steadily at about one degree an hour.

Captain George Ruff, our psychiatrist, was certain he would lose consciousness at 106—and perhaps, under these conditions, at even less. We asked him to open the valve again to speed the descent. Now, apparently beginning to grasp the desperate emergency for the first time, Demi complied, responding in a voice so slowed and thickened that it was difficult to understand.

In the capsule, McClure tripped the valve switch, opening two big holes for gas to escape from the apex of the balloon. Hammering at his dimming consciousness was a feeling of urgency. The metal top of his radio transmitter was hot enough to blister a finger. Where was the heat coming from?

He forced himself to think back over each move since the parachute spilled at his feet, until he found the answer—an astonishing accomplishment for a man in his condition. Repacking the chute had made him turn out more body heat than the air-regenerating system was designed to take; an excess of sweat had overburdened the potassium-hydroxide absorbent in the system and caused the chemical to heat up like charcoal on an open burner; then the air blower circulated the heat in the capsule. Round and round went the ever-hotter air, boosting itself and him to a temperature more nearly fatal each time.

Through dimming senses, Demi remembered a moment of panic years before when he had got caught in the surf in an overpowering undertow. Flailing against the powerful rip tide had got him nowhere. He relaxed, then started swimming,

resting, swimming, at an angle to the current, and he was soon out of it.

Now he made himself slump under the tight restraint of his shoulder harness to conserve what little energy he had for the critical moments ahead. Even that motion took its toll: his vision flickered with unreal colour, as if he were viewing things through the walls of an aquarium.

Time for the five o'clock report. With effort McClure made his eyes focus on the body-temperature gauge; clumsily, he pressed his foot on the microphone switch. "Rectal . . . now reads . . . 106·6 degrees." Steadily and surely the heat was killing him. At 60,000 feet he had at least two hours to go. With a powerful mental effort, he vowed that he would not give in.

He saw the gun-shaped spot photometer sway against its rack. Must stow it on the floor, he thought Reaching out, his fingers grasped the instrument's handle, then trembled and opened; the photometer fell, the tube-shaped lens of the instrument slid neatly between the radio foot switch and the floor. The switch was jammed.

IN THE aircraft circling far below the capsule, we anxiously considered the drastic solution of cutting McClure's capsule loose from the balloon. But he might land anywhere from a mountain peak at 10,000 feet down to the level of the desert. In a parachute landing, the capsule would hit at a speed of about 20 miles an hour. If he was unconscious and unable to release the parachute from the capsule, it could billow with the ground wind and drag the capsule. Even if he was not crushed, the caustic chemicals in the air-regeneration system might leak out, drip over his body an burn it.

UNABLE to get through to McClure, we landed the aircraft. It might be that our own radios, rather than Demi's, had cut the communications link.

I could still check his heart rate just over 180, almost three times normal; his respiration was 60, five times higher than that of a normal, relaxed man. He was still alive, but was he conscious?

All of us strained to catch sight of the shimmering disc of the balloon far above us. Now at 40,000 feet, it was about to enter the tropopause; in the next 10,000 feet it would double its speed downwards. Suddenly at 38,000 feet a black object fell away from the now-visible capsule, then stopped short under a billowing, small parachute!

When most people would have been in a coma or suffering hallucinations, McClure had been able to read his rate of descent, decide that it was too fast and trip a switch to release ballast.

Then, as the sun began to set, the

capsule's flashing red beacon light came on.

"He's still alive and thinking!" I called exultantly.

George Ruff climbed into a tracking helicopter. As the doctor most familiar with the effects of tremendous stresses, he would be the best man to have on the scene when the capsule landed.

At 21,000 feet, McClure stirred in his seat. Slowly, deliberately, like a machine driving automatic arms, he shut down the air-regeneration system, closed the valves against caustic chemical leakage in case the capsule crashed, checked the electrical switches: radio, off; air blower, off; emergency batteries, on. Then he thought of something else. "All future flights," he dictated into his tape recorder, "should have some provision for dumping the liquid oxygen overboard before landing. It creates a fire hazard."

He sat back again, exhausted.

At 13,000 feet, he aimed the small panel light directly on the altimeter and directed the beam of a second light on two switches, each covered by a safety guard. Carefully he lifted the guards and eased two fingers over the switches beneath them. When the gondola struck the ground, he would pull the switches to release the balloon. If he was out when he hit, the impact would jerk his fingers down over the switches to cut the balloon free.

The altimeter spun on: 12,200 . . . 8,000 . . . 4,700 . . . WHAM! The capsule struck and tipped crazily to one side; McClure's fingers tugged the release switches and the balloon drifted free, leaving the capsule standing upright on the desert sand.

As RUFF rushed from the helicopter to the capsule, its top hemisphere fell away. Demi had pushed it off. Now he stood there, smiling. "We'll have a stretcher in a second," Ruff said soothingly, as he helped him down.

"A stretcher?" Demi said. "I've come down almost 100,000 feet by myself. I can make the last few feet on my own, thanks." He walked to the helicopter, clambered in and stretched out on his back. His body temperature was 108·5 degrees.

The day after the flight, McClure showed no signs, beyond a slight weakness in arms and legs, of his incredible fever. He was as energetic and animated as ever. "But I didn't get to see the stars," he said.

THE ABORTED ascent, Ruff concluded, had become a much more important experiment than if it had gone off normally. It made abundantly clear an essential quality that we must look for in any future candidate for space travel. Where most pilots would have been out like a light, McClure not only continued to function efficiently but actually found the energy within himself to produce creative thoughts, such as

that of dumping liquid oxygen, and to record them. Why?

The answer was evident. McClure possessed to a high degree a quality on which, until now, we had failed to rate candidates: psychophysiological stamina, a combination of deep physical reserves plus the all-important emotional determination to use them. Drawing on this quality, he had been able to surmount emergency stresses and carry out the mission, not as planned, but as it had not been planned.

What was the source of this stamina? The answer carries an important lesson, not only for future astronauts but for the rest of us.

Demi gave us the clue when he discussed his motivation for entering these experiments: "The underlying desire is to do something with my life, to leave the world better because I was here. Not that I expect to do anything earth-shaking, but I want at least to accomplish something; and because a man can accomplish most in areas where he is most interested, I prefer to do a job connected with flight and science. The biggest dream, of course, lies in using the basic scientific tools in space to unlock some of the wonderful secrets that are held there."

Rhyme and Reason

WHAT today's literary critics might have written about some earlier works:

Jack and Jill. This engrossing record of the psychological experiences of two young moderns carries a moving message. The story of their failure in readjustment underlines an unsolved problem of our time. Highly recommended.

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. A poignant tale, descriptive of a challenging social issue, the plight of the elderly matron beset in an underprivileged home by unwanted children. Terse writing combined with telling imagery.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son. In this penetrating account of juvenile delinquency, Tom, the son of a musician, is the central figure. The story of his crime, his flight and his return to face a useless punishment is told with understanding.

Mary Had a Little Lamb. This simple story of the affection of an animal for a young girl carries with it a pointed protest against today's teaching methods. Conformity stands condemned.

Little Red Riding Hood. The tragedy of an unusual triangle, the mother, the child and the grandmother. This rare book adds a new chapter to our knowledge of human relationships. —Barry Mather

Police Dog Dox—Italy's Master Detective



When it comes to crime-busting, this extraordinary Alsatian is certainly top dog

By Nino Lo Bello

Last year a big Alsatian named Dox, undoubtedly the most celebrated dog in Italy, was offered spaghetti and pork chops in any restaurant of his choosing. It was the dog's 13th birthday. Dox led his master, Police-Sergeant Giovanni Maimone, from one restaurant in Rome to another, appraising each tantalizing kitchen smell. Finally,

at a small *trattoria,* he nudged open the door. But food was not his concern. Instead, the animal pounced like a steel-muscled projectile on a diner engaged in eating a plateful of *pasta.* The patron turned out to be a fugitive from justice who had eluded the law, and Dox, in a police case six years earlier in Turin.

About 400 criminals have been apprehended as a result of Dox's exploits with Rome's *Squadra Mobile* (mobile squadron). The world champion of police dogs, he holds 27 silver medals and four gold ones. Since 1953, when he won the crown in Europe's annual matches, he has successfully defended his title against the Continent's most seasoned police dogs, including Rex of Scotland Yard and Xorro of the Paris Police. But Dox's real exploits were not in competitions with other dogs. Under his tawny fur, as mute testimony to his courage, are the scars of seven bullet wounds acquired in the line of duty on more than 160 police cases.

By rights Dox, born in 1946, should have been retired on pension years ago. If you reckon seven human years to a dog year, Dox is approaching 98. Yet he puts in a crime-busting duty shift every day of the week. Though younger dogs are used on routine cases, Dox, the ace, is invariably called in whenever the situation requires extraordinary measures. So far, he has never failed.

"Dox was born a dog, but he is no longer just a dog," declares Dr. Carmelo Marzano, commanding officer of Rome's *Questura* (police department). "He has probably cracked more cases than any detective in the force. We consider him one of our best men."

Dox's remarkable nose has enabled him to follow a scent for as much as 12 miles in a congested city where exhaust fumes and the scent-paths of pedestrians dilute any odour. But Dox is not all nose; he's a true detective. One of Rome's crime reporters says, "This dog combines nose, brawn, teamwork and uncanny skill."

An almost incredible example is the case of the missing button. One night a burglar hid in the basement of Rome's Principe Theatre and chipped his way through the wall into a jeweller's shop next door. Discovered by a night watchman, the thug escaped after a brief scuffle. Dox was summoned and picked up the burglar's scent from the watchman's clothing.

He led police to a cellar in another part of the city. The individual sleeping there had a long police record, but he managed to convince everyone that he was innocent of the burglary attempt. "Even I believed him, especially after the night watchman said he did not recognize him," said owner Maimone. "I shook my finger at the dog to warn him to be more careful. Dox's answer was to bark at me and lope off—with the police right behind."

The dog led them to the jewellery storeroom, where he picked up a button and laid it in Maimone's hand. Then he barked again and started back to the cellar of the suspect. There Dox sniffed at a cupboard, opened the door, pulled a raincoat off a hanger and laid it at Maimone's feet, nosing at the strands of thread where a button was missing. The button Dox had found was unmistakably a mate to the others; the bits of cotton clinging to the button matched the fabric of the coat. The suspect confessed.

Browsing through Maimone's five scrapbooks covering the career of Italy's canine cop, one could also cite: the time Dox saved a little girl from getting run over by a speeding car when he butted her out of its path; the time Dox, with a leg broken by a burglar's bullet, caught the culprit after chasing him five miles on three legs; the time Dox hunted down a lost skier in the mountains of Subiaco after a posse of men and police dogs had given up the search; the time Dox kept 12 suspects standing at attention while his master walked out of the room to telephone for help.

Dox's skill amazes everyone who has observed him. He is probably the only dog in the world that can unload a pistol without firing it: after nudging the safety catch into position, he removes the clip with his paws and teeth. It took Dox nearly eight years of practice to learn this trick. He can also untie a man from a chair, no matter how complicated the knots.

The dog's courage is as legendary as his skill. Early last year, when Dox and Maimone were out for one of their usual exploratory walks in Rome's slum districts, two men on a motor-cycle spotted Dox, abruptly abandoned their vehicle and fled. Suspicious, Maimone let Dox sniff the seat of the motor-cycle, then set out in pursuit. In and out of cramped alleys, up and down dark stairways and across rooftops the invisible tracks led Dox and his master, to a dingy top-floor flat.

The woman living there denied any knowledge of the two men. But Dox began to bark viciously at a sagging sofa. Sergeant Maimone ordered whoever was hidden behind it to come out, hands first. One fugitive rose slowly on his knees.

"At that moment, unknown to me," Maimone says, "the other man, who had been hiding in a cupboard, crept out with a knife, ready to plunge it into my back. He didn't get near. Dox sprang on him, toppled him over with his ten stone and pinned him down with his fangs on the man's wrist."

The pair had committed burglaries involving nearly £1,700 (about Rs. 22,500) that the police had been unable to solve.

Dox came to Maimone's rescue the first time when the detective lay near death in a mountain cave, with four bullets in his stomach and two in his shoulder.

In the late 1940's an infamous bandit, Salvatore Giuliano, was creating a legend in the mountains of Sicily.

Maimone, then working as a special agent in Turin, had himself come in for some sensational publicity after he lifted his commanding officer, who weighed nearly 14 stone, over his head with one hand.

Thereafter, reporters delighted in calling Maimone the "Hercules Cop." Someone suggested that Turin's Hercules Cop shoot it out with the Sicilian. Both men agreed and Maimone was given a leave of absence for the duel.

But Maimone and Giuliano never faced each other. The Turin policeman was ambushed at the mouth of a Sicilian cave, and left for dead by Giuliano and members of his gang. Dox at that time was still very young, but he knew what to do. Instead of chasing the outlaws, the dog set off for medical aid. Maimone's life was saved.

Born in Germany, Dox was only 40 days old when Maimone acquired him. He trained the puppy himself, and over the years man and dog have been inseparable. They share the same room on the top floor of their *Squadra Mobile* barracks overlooking the Tiber. Dox's monthly salary—35,000 lire (about Rs. 270)—is put into savings for him. This account is swelled from time to time by rewards Dox receives from grateful people.

The largest award came from Italy's Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Carmine De Martino, victim of an extortion attempt last year. De Martino had received a note which read:

"If you value your skin and that of your children, deliver to the place indicated on this sheet the sum of five million lire [Rs. 38,000] on Friday, the 28th of August, at 2300 hours, in a package camouflaged with lettuce leaves. Do not notify newspapers or the police; otherwise it will be bad for you: when you least expect it, I will blow up your home."

The money was to be placed in a tree on Via Onnia Regilla. De Martino informed the police.

The area selected was a flat field. A few days before the deadline, *Squadra Mobile* agents, dressed as dustmen, excavated a large hole, constructed a hiding place and covered it with rubbish. The police were relying on Dox, who had sampled the culprit's scent from the extortion letter.

On the night of August 28, Maimone and the dog lay in wait. For hours nobody appeared; then just before sunrise Dox nudged his companion. From a peephole Maimone saw a shadowy figure near the tree. He loosed the dog. Before the man realized what was happening, Dox had knocked him to the ground with a flying leap. Maimone had no trouble making the arrest. The man screamed, "I confess everything—call the dog off!"

The majestic New York Times,
which on Sundays may weigh five pounds
and run to 500 pages,
still moves fast enough to get
many a scoop

ALL THE NEWS—AND MORE

By William Manchester

The attitude of the more raffish newspapermen towards their craft was eloquently expressed by a foreign correspondent in Korea. He plucked a louse from his person in a filthy Press hut and declared, "Let's face it, gentlemen. This is a low profession."

The *New York Times* disagrees. It maintains an awesome majesty, and in its editorial chambers, a few steps from the wanton glare of Times Square, journalism is upper-church. It has never been otherwise.

Henry Raymond, starting his straight-news sheet ten years before the American Civil War, set out to please "the best portion of our citizens." Adolph Ochs, the former Chattanooga typesetter who snatched it from its creditors in 1896, rejoiced that reading it was "a stamp of respectability." Today its editors say the paper "does not entertain; it informs." That means no film gossip, no Love Nests Bared—and, as the small son of any subscriber can tell you, no cartoon strips.

It also means an *éclat* which is the envy of the profession. Virtually every U.S. President since McKinley has started his day with the *New York Times*. Sir Winston Churchill, out of touch for a few days, cabled for back copies. It is in the *New York Times* that official Washington reads many of its important state documents. The late Anne

O'Hare McCormick, a foreign-news analyst for the *New York Times*, once asked a diplomat if he could add anything to an account in the paper. "Good heavens, no," he said. "Where do you think we're getting our information?"

One reason why people in the know confide in the *New York Times* is its prestige—its men have won 28 Pulitzer prizes. Another is its integrity. The *New York Times* is devoted to news. Its editors often throw out columns of advertisements to make room for an important story. But if they think an article will damage the public interest, they scrap it. Among the stories they have suppressed over the years are an exclusive interview with Kaiser Wilhelm, a New York scandal which would have shaken municipal credit, and the imminent failure of a city bank—though the paper had 17,000 dollars on deposit there and lost it when the doors closed.

Such gentility is an inviting target for hecklers, who dub the paper The Old Grey Lady and The Good Grey *Times*. Critics are titillated by the reluctance with which it yields to the times. The paper was 20 years old before it carried a headline wider than one column. In 1945 it was still spelling "Dunkirk" "Dunkerque" because the news-room atlas said so.

Readers are proud of the paper's starch, however. Old subscribers would take satisfaction in knowing that editor Charles Merz still writes his editorials in longhand. *New York Times* conservatism extends even to style: newly created words such as "percentagewise" and "finalize" are outlawed.

It is easy to exaggerate this sort of thing, and those who poke fun at the paper do. But the fact remains that the *New York Times* has few rivals as historian of the present. It has published a remarkable number of exclusives, among them accounts of the *Titanic* disaster, the Versailles Treaty, Einstein's theory of relativity, and the Marshall Plan. But now and then the *New York Times* has had to hang its head. It thought Hitler was finished in 1932. "Journalism," said H. L. Mencken, "is not an exact science."

No paper hates being beaten more than the *New York Times*, and none is readier to remake at the ring of a teleprinter bell. In 1958 about 20 major stories broke after trains had left for Washington with 12,000 copies of the first edition. Each time, managing editor Turner Catledge ordered those copies to be scrapped and new ones flown south by chartered plane.

Save for explosive stories that are taken to the *New York Times* by canny officials because they know it will handle them properly, most of the paper's exclusives are trophies of individual initiative, written by reporters who were there. *New York Times* men were in New Mexico for the first atomic bomb,

and at Cape Canaveral for Explorer I. Recently one reporter left for the North Pole as another started for the South Pole. Treasure seekers working in 80 feet of water off the coast of Scotland once noticed a man gravely peering at them through the window of his diving helmet; it was a *New York Times* reporter from the London bureau.

The ubiquity of *New York Times* men is scarcely surprising. Nearly a thousand are in the news department alone. The paper has nine news bureaux and the sun never sets on its 50 foreign correspondents. It makes a point of being represented in every important capital, and in many cases the position and influence of its representative equal that of the U.S. Ambassador.

Just keeping its reporters' names straight is a problem; the composing room maintains a by-line bank, 160 names cast in metal. Today's staff has four two-time Pulitzer winners—James Reston, Arthur Krock, William Laurence and Homer Bigart. But even the stories written by lordly correspondents and prize-winners are often not used, just because there are so many of them. Everyone admits that the paper is overstaffed. It is ready for the big story, such as the New England hurricane of 1938, when 35 reporters were used, or the American pre-election surveys. At other times, idle hands play bridge or write "B matter" — background material, to be used if and when.

"B matter" sounds dull, yet it is one secret of the *New York Times'* greatness. When momentous events break, there is usually something in what Catledge calls the "Deep-freeze," ready to be thawed and printed. There are over a thousand advance obituaries on hand. Those of the American President and Vice-President, the two living ex-Presidents, and of Sir Winston Churchill and General MacArthur, are kept in type on the composing-room floor, ready for the thump of the make-up man's mallet. When the U.S. Supreme Court ruled against school segregation in 1954 it was background copy, pecked out on lazy evenings, that provided one of those monumental examples of complete *New York Times* coverage, with 55 columns of charts and side stories on every aspect of the decision.

The story wasn't meant for reading on the train. Like all such issues, it was for the record, to be listed in the *New York Times* index and filed by librarians on microfilm. Each day a million words—twice as many as in *Gone With the Wind*—come into the news-room from the local staff, and by cable, transocean wireless telephone and 13 news services. This vast total is reduced to perhaps 185,000 words. Then, on a great battery of web presses, it is metamorphosed into issues which, on a Sunday, may weigh five pounds and run to over 500 pages.

The most heroic example of the

New York Times dedication to the record was its publication of the secret text of the Yalta Conference. One March morning in 1955 Reston phoned Catledge from Washington and said he had a copy of it. "But," he added, "I must return it tomorrow. It can't go up to New York." On his desk lay an 834-page document bound in two thick volumes —an historic scoop, but a dismaying one. The paper was unconfounded. For 20 hours, 12 telegraph lines relayed from Washington, 84 linotypes hummed and clacked, and the next day the document was spread across 32 pages of the *New York Times*. Carr Van Anda, the great managing editor of a generation ago, who thought of his men as "the keepers of St. Peter's daily ledger," would have picked up that morning's paper with pleasure.

Many wonder how the *New York Times* can make any money by carrying its interminable speeches, treaties and papal encyclicals. Actually, this is its 63rd consecutive profitable year, and it has a new 20-million-dollar home going up. There are many reasons for the *New York Times'* affluence, including shrewd investment in a Canadian paper mill, but the main reason is that some people want to know what's really happening in the world. Telling them is good journalism and good business.

To some, the thoroughness of the *New York Times* will always be an enigma. Russia's Anastas Mikoyan shook his head over it. *Pravda*, he said, does the same thing in four pages. It doesn't, of course. No other paper does.

All newspapers tell you some of the news, but only the *New York Times* tries to give you the works.

Feminine Logic

ONE EVENING when I came home from work I found my wife sitting on the porch watching the children. When I asked about dinner she said the electricity supply was cut off. "Well, I suppose we'll have to go out to dinner," I said, and she promptly started to phone a baby-sitter. Then it dawned on me that we've got a gas stove. "But you don't need electricity to cook," I said.

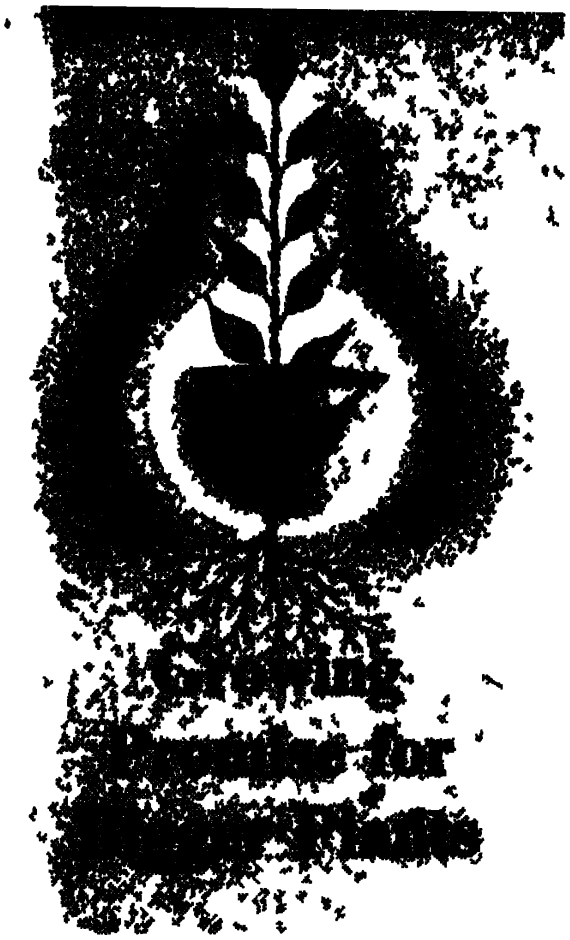
"No," she replied, "but I was going to use the vacuum cleaner before I started dinner."

—Contributed by W. F. B

THE CAR engine had developed a slight knock. I asked my wife if she had bought super or regular petrol, but she didn't know. "You probably got the cheaper grade," I said. "That could account for the roughness in the engine."

"It wasn't cheaper!" she replied indignantly. "It cost the same as always. I told the man to put in the usual two dollars' worth."

—Contributed by J. C. Scott



A strange new chemical is going to work down on the farm. It produces record crop yields—and cabbages ten feet tall

By Richard Davids

Near Manchester, in England, scientists of Imperial Chemical Industries are extracting one of the strangest natural chemicals in the world. Its name is gibberellic acid, and it has the extraordinary ability to make plants grow four or five times normal size.

Experiments with gibberellic acid are being carried out at a number of research stations. At the Akers Research Laboratory in Welwyn, Hertfordshire, three inch sweet pea seedlings treated with the chemical have grown six feet high American research workers used it to produce cabbages ten feet tall

Scientists D. G Morgan and G C. Mees at Jealott's Hill Research Station in Berkshire sprayed one half of a hayfield with gibberellic acid When the grass was cut six weeks later, the treated crop was 50 per cent heavier than the rest

Great efforts are being made, particularly in the United States, to find practical and economic applications for the strange chemical California grape farmers have found that treatment of vines with infinitesimal amounts of gibberellic acid increases the crop yield and improves the quality of the fruit

One grower, Jack Constance, sprayed eight acres of seedless grapes with 40 grammes of gibberellic acid in 500 gallons of water The spraying was expensive, but in six weeks the sprayed fruit was the largest Constance had ever grown, and the total yield was 25 per cent heavier than on his untreated vines Also, the treated grapes were so much plumper and juicier, and hung in such open, rot-free clusters, that they brought a market price 25 per cent higher than the untreated grapes

Elsewhere in California, branches of navel-orange trees sprayed with gibberellic acid doubled their fruit set. "Hard headed" lettuce—fine for the table but a nuisance to seed

growers who must employ labour to slash open the heads to induce seeding—shot up seed stalks unaided after spraying. In Arizona, sprayed cantaloup melons bore 15 per cent more fruit. In Michigan and California, the celery crop was increased by a quarter when it was sprayed shortly before maturity, and stalks stood straighter, making harvesting and trimming easier.

It is easy to see why gibberellic acid is causing excitement. Scientists investigating it regard it as one of the top half-dozen agricultural discoveries of our generation.

The story of gibberellins began in the Orient, where rice growers had long been plagued by the "foolish-seedling" disease, which sometimes ruined two-thirds of the crop. This disease made rice plants shoot up to two or three times normal height—until they were struck down by a pale pink mould that spread along the stem. In 1938 two Japanese scientists, T. Yabuta and Y. Sumiki, isolated from the mould a crystalline substance so potent that just one part per million made some plants grow with extraordinary speed. They called this chemical gibberellin.

After the war, Dr. P. W. Brian, a British chemist who worked for Imperial Chemical Industries, began to study the possibilities of quantity production of the substance. In time, he and his associates worked out a process for growing the mould in fermentation tanks and purifying relatively large amounts of it. The result was gibberellic acid, very similar to the Japanese gibberellin. By 1955 some of the amazing white powder had become available to botanists in Europe and the United States for experiment.

The results were startling. At Michigan State University, Dr. S. H. Wittwer metered out a drop of liquid containing ten micrograms of gibberellic acid on to a young bush-bean plant just poking through the soil. Two days later he was called to the greenhouse by an excited assistant. The bush beans had grown five times as fast as untreated beans beside them. More than that, they had turned into pole beans, reaching long, twining arms upwards—all in 48 hours.

Wittwer diluted a few millionths of a gramme and sprayed it on geranium buds just as the colour started to show. They blossomed almost twice as big as usual. Treated tomatoes and cucumbers set heavier crops, even without benefit of bees and pollination—and were seedless.

Meanwhile scientists were finding that gibberellic acid affects the dormancy cycle of plants, too. Carrots and many other biennial plants normally grow one year, rest through the winter, then flower and produce seed the second year. Treated with gibberellic acid, some of these young biennials shot up flower stalks and produced seed during the first summer. It has been found that gibberellic acid can break the dormancy and speed the growth of yew,

English boxwood, dwarf azalea and rhododendron cuttings. A year after treatment, specimens of these shrubs were twice the size of untreated ones. Strawberries treated with gibberellic acid have grown so fast that the runners outran the virus disease with which the mother plants were infected. The resulting young plants—severed from their mothers as soon as they struck root—were completely healthy.

The results of gibberellic acid treatment have been inconsistent, however. Some plants turned into freaks, growing so spindly that they toppled over. Others set an abundance of flower buds which did not develop. Still others slowed down to normal after their first burst of growth. Variations in locality, rainfall, temperature and sunlight caused treated plants to behave differently.

One farmer sprayed an orchard of apples and the whole crop dropped. A Texas farmer twice sprayed a plot of cotton as the bolls were forming, and got an extra half-bale to the acre—but others have not yet been able to duplicate his results.

Soon nurserymen will be able to use gibberellic acid to speed their shrubs and trees up to market size. Farmers have used it to treat seed potatoes; a five-minute soak in a gibberellic acid solution breaks the dormancy and produces more sprouts and a surer stand than usual.

Nobody yet knows how gibberellic acid works. J. MacMillan, P. J. Suter and J. C. Seaton, at the Akers Research Laboratories, have shown that plants manufacture their own supplies of gibberellin-like substances. From the undeveloped seed of a ton of runner-bean pods, they extracted a few thousandths of a gramme of pure chemical which they have shown to be related to the original gibberellin produced by the Japanese. It is now known that there is a family of gibberellins rather than a single chemical. The discovery has stimulated the quest for new growth chemicals.

Research is advancing steadily in this exciting field. The gibberellins may be only the first of a whole battery of growth promoters.

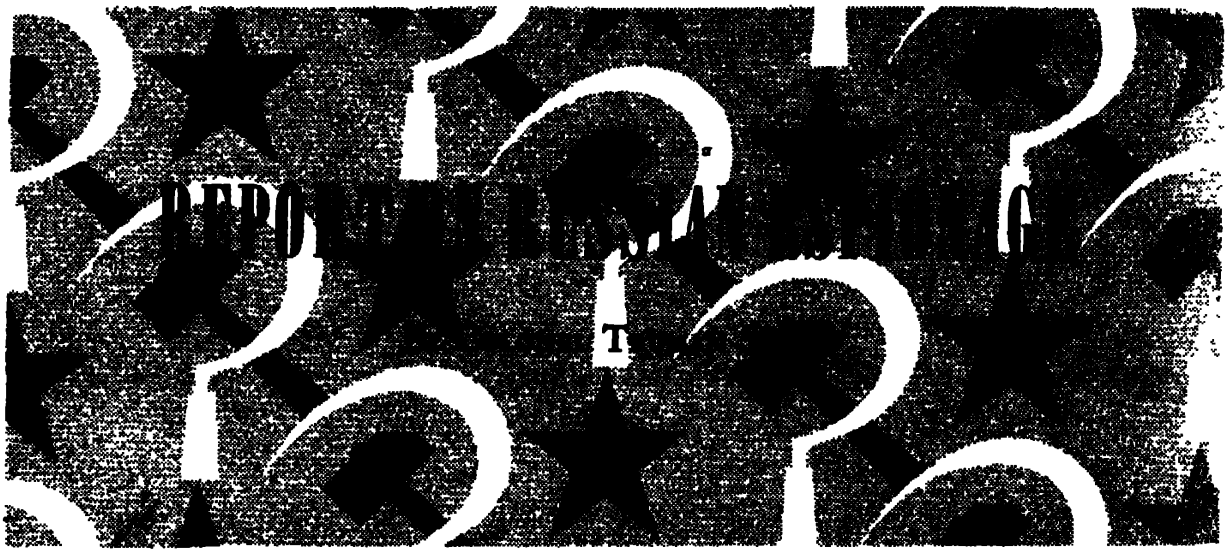
Points of View

INVITED TO watch television, an old lady up from the country said: "No, thanks—I've already seen it." —Leonard Lyons

WHEN MY husband appeared on a television medical programme to describe the procedure for correcting curvature of the spine, our old cook watched intently. The programme over, she shook her head and said, "He can do all them wonderful things with knives on humans, but only God and me knows what he does to a roast." —Contributed by Mrs. H. F. U.

"The Soviet secret intelligence-service in foreign countries serves the purpose of instigating rebellion against the capitalists and should employ even the force of arms if necessary. It is a political instrument which is to bring about world revolution and eliminate its adversary."

—LENIN



AT THE very moment when Premier Nikita Khrushchev was wrecking the Paris summit conference with his hysterical tirade against the United States for its unarmed U-2 reconnaissance flight over Russia, his own military-target plotters in Moscow were busily indexing the greatest array of maps, aerial photographs and foreign-defence secrets ever rounded up by spies of a power bent on world conquest.

Filed in that collection are recent elaborate aerial views of strategic NATO areas; photographs of the vital ports of Kiel and Hamburg, of military depots, supply dumps and airfields, of the Allied training centre at Todendorf, not to mention film strips of manoeuvres by Free-World forces. All these photographs, enabling the Communists to pinpoint important Western

COLONEL TRUMAN SMITH was for many years an influential officer in U.S. Army Military Intelligence headquarters, dealing with counter-espionage. He was U.S. military attaché in Berlin during the critical period of Hitler's preparation for war.

defences for surprise attack, were taken by Richard Breuggert, a spy pilot. His assignment ended only when the light plane he used to camouflage his spying mission plunged into the Kiel Canal. He confessed and is now in prison in West Germany.

Speaking at the United Nations recently, the Soviet Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko, asserted violently that military secrets discovered by aerial reconnaissance are required only by countries preparing for aggression. By his own statement, then, and by Soviet acts of espionage, *his* is the nation prepared for aggression.

Detailed aerial photographs of Washington are included in the Kremlin's vast files of spy-gathered target data. These pictures are so complete that Soviet attack planners can lay out approach routes to the capital and study every important bomb target, from the Pentagon and the White House to escape routes and anti-aircraft missile sites.

At least 33 of these photographs were obtained by Lieutenant-Colonel Leonid Igorovich Pivnev, assistant air attaché at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. Hiding behind the disarming businessman's name, "Mr. George," he purchased them from a near-by aerial photography company. When picked up by the F.B.I., he was in the process of spending 8,000 dollars for similar aerial shots of Chicago, plus 400 dollars more as a down payment for a complete aerial-mapping survey of New York City.

Another contribution to the Soviet collection came from Denmark: secret information, drawings and maps of Stevns Fort, one of the Danes' important defences; photographs of Koje Mine Depot; pictures and descriptive data about radar equipment at Stensved Radio Headquarters and in the harbour of Korsor. Seven Danes who had been enlisted by the Kremlin in this espionage scheme were convicted last December, and three Soviet diplomats have since been expelled from the country for their complicity. The installations, whose secrets are now in Moscow, are considered to be "of decisive importance for NATO co-operation."

"God is my witness that I come with clean hands and a pure soul," protested Khrushchev at Paris. As he spoke, the locked safes of his spy chiefs at home also contained, certainly to his knowledge, complete studies and maps of Sweden's coastal defences and secret water-lanes showing invasion routes suitable for a landing by Soviet forces. The feat of obtaining this information was engineered by a Communist espionage system built up by Viktor Anisimov, a spy-chain organizer who posed as a correspondent for Tass, the Soviet news agency. He was exposed after the arrest of Ernst Andersson, a Swedish naval warrant officer and Communist subversive.

These are but a few documented

examples of Soviet Russia's dangerous espionage apparatus, which, long before the U-2 flight, was assembling information that would permit Khrushchev to launch a nuclear attack on the Free World at the most favourable time. The nerve centre of this gigantic spy-complex is a massive six-storey building of dark stone and barred windows along Dzerzhinsky and Lubyanka Streets in Moscow. Here is the headquarters of the powerful State Security Service known as KGB, a descendant of the terroristic Cheka, OGPU and NKVD. Working with it is GRU, the underground Second Chief Directorate of the Soviet Ministry of Defence, plus counterpart organizations in each of the satellite countries and Communist China.

The network has but one purpose —aggression; but one goal—world conquest. The West has no choice but to protect itself against the aggressors. We *must* know what warlike preparations are under way in a nation whose leaders have consistently turned their backs on any sensible plan for mutual arms inspection.

When Khrushchev called the flight of the unarmed American reconnaissance plane "perfidious and aggressive," did he conveniently put out of mind the words of the founder of the Soviet Communist Party? Nikolai Lenin said: "The Soviet secret intelligence-service in foreign countries serves the purpose of instigating rebellion against the capitalists and should employ even the force of arms if necessary. It is a political instrument which is to bring about world revolution and eliminate its adversary."

In line with this directive, some 75,000 Russians are today operating an espionage network spread across the face of the earth—spies, saboteurs, executioners, secret police, even *élite* spies to spy on lesser spies. This huge clandestine conspiracy has never been equalled by any other nation in history in size, scope, deadly efficiency and sheer evil intent. It is difficult for most of us to appreciate its menace, as its methods are so debased as to be almost beyond the comprehension of any normal person with a sense of right and wrong. The Soviet saboteurs have perfected all the devices, physical or psychological, that can be used to degrade and conquer.

Consider one technique which has snared countless well-meaning people all over the world simply because they have loved ones behind the Iron Curtain. V. C. Georgescu, a well-to-do American oilman, sat stunned in his New York flat while Christache Zambeti, first secretary of the Romanian Legation in Washington, coldly showed him and his wife a photo of their two sons who had to be left in Romania when the American-owned business for which Georgescu had worked there was nationalized. On the back of the photo was written, "Dear Daddy,

Please do all you can to help us." The diplomat promised Georgescu that he could see his sons within a year, but only—"if you will collaborate with us."

Courageously Georgescu reported this fiendish blackmail attempt to the State Department. Today the children are back with the family only because of the resulting publicity and because President Eisenhower personally intervened in the case.

Boris Morros, an American counter-agent in Soviet espionage activities, has told how he was "taken on a tour of a Moscow school for seduction where floor after floor was devoted to training pretty girls and attractive women in the ways of securing secrets and brain-washing their men."

The results? In one sex-blackmail attempt, a U.S. citizen on official business behind the Iron Curtain became involved with a Communist-provided woman, and infra-red pictures were taken in the dark to prove his indiscretions. In another, U.S. Master Sergeant Roy Rhodes, in charge of the motor pool at the American Embassy in Moscow, was led by Russian "friends" to attend a drinking party. "The next thing I remember was waking up in bed with this girl," he later admitted. He was told the girl was pregnant and that to avoid exposure he would have to supply Soviet agents with U.S. Embassy information. Rhodes is now serving five years in prison in the United States as a result of this blackmail.

People depraved enough to employ such methods find nothing distasteful in more violent methods, especially when it comes to getting rid of individuals who would interfere with the march of Communism to victory.

Abo Fatalibey, who had been broadcasting for Radio Liberation, was brutally murdered in Munich by Soviet agent Mikhail Ismailov. His body, trussed up with wire, was found hidden in the flat of his Communist attacker.

Captain Nikolai Khokhlov, a Soviet defector, is among those who have told of case after case of such murders by Khrushchev's *aides*. He has also described Moscow's secret "Laboratory 12," where years of research have gone into the developments of esoteric poisoning techniques, and of "Laboratory 13," which has specialized in producing silent pistols and incendiary bombs disguised as commercial products. Six years ago he himself was sent to Frankfurt under instructions to murder Georgi Okolovich, one of the leaders of a White Russian *émigré* organization. He was armed for the purpose with what appeared to be a packet of cigarettes. But when a trigger mechanism was pressed it silently fired dumdum bullets, each loaded with enough poison to kill.

Instead of killing Okolovich, however, Khokhlov told him of the

plot and supplied the West with much valuable secret information about the high-level operations of the Russian espionage machine. Time and again his former masters have sought to dispose of Khokhlov. In 1957 when he attended an anti-Communist conference in Frankfurt, they nearly succeeded.

A foreign journalist invited him out for a cup of coffee. He had taken only a sip or two when a "strange feeling" of impending disaster caused him to put the cup down. Later that night he was seized with violent convulsions and was rushed to a hospital, where for two weeks he hovered at the brink of death. The German doctors treated him for gastro-enteritis; delirious and unable to speak, he could not tell them that he was a victim of a special poison that appeared to cause a mere body ailment but which actually would bring death before proper treatment could be administered.

Khokhlov is alive today only because, when friends in the anti-Communist *émigré* movement told American authorities that they suspected poisoning, he was given massive blood transfusions. The sentence which the Russians had attempted to execute on him was slow death by a rare irradiated metallic poison.

These are but a few of the crimes of violence committed by the agents of Premier Khrushchev, who pretends to be shocked at "aggressive intrusions across the borders of friendly countries." There have been countless others—the cold-blooded murder of Leon Trotsky; the destruction by a concealed bomb of an airliner in flight; the liquidation of Walter Krivitsky, the former head of Western European Soviet Intelligence, in a Washington hotel room; the disappearance of Juliet Stuart Poyntz, who was starting to write her confessions as a Communist recruiter, went for a walk in broad daylight in New York and was never seen again.

Death and destruction on an even greater scale were the direct results of the wholesale theft of the atom-bomb secrets by a Soviet espionage chain, master-minded by Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. These thefts put the bomb in the hands of the Kremlin years before Russian scientists could have perfected it, thus clearing the way for Communist aggression in Korea. "Millions of innocent people may pay the price for your treason," said the judge in sentencing the Rosenbergs.

Recent history is studded with such treachery. In Britain there was Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the nuclear scientist who betrayed the West. Now, back in East Germany, he has told the Press: "Whatever helps the Soviet Union is right."

The defection of Igor Gouzenko a GRU code clerk masquerading as an employee of the Russian Embassy in Ottawa, brought some sensational disclosures of a far-reaching Soviet spy ring in Canada.

This world-wide Communist espionage never stops. Even while Premier Khrushchev was visiting the United States on his "goodwill tour" last year, lulling Americans with his song of peace and his show of affection for President Eisenhower, he had his agents desperately trying to gain knowledge about the classified machines America uses to code military messages, part of the nation's most highly guarded defence data. On September 18 at 3 p.m., just nine minutes before Khrushchev stepped up to the podium at the United Nations in New York to lift his eyes heavenward and piously declare that a means must be found to keep humanity from backsliding into war, Vadim Kirilyuk, Russian political-affairs officer in the United Nations Secretariat, accompanied by another Russian diplomat, approached a street corner in Springfield, Massachusetts.

While the second diplomat hung back to make sure that the U.N. official was not being followed, Kirilyuk kept a rendezvous with a young American code technician whom he urged to pilfer defence secrets from a near-by vital security installation which manufactures cryptographic apparatus. However, unknown to Khrushchev and his diplomat spies, F.B.I. agents were also at the scene. They photographed the entire episode.

Since the end of the war, at least 35 other Soviet and satellite diplomats in America have been exposed as espionage agents and hatchet men.

Yet these individuals represent only the tip of the Soviet espionage iceberg that has come to the surface. According to the director of the F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover, "Soviet defectors are unanimous in stating that between 70 and 80 per cent of Russian officials in the United States are members of Red intelligence services."

The mystery is how it was possible for Khrushchev to raise such an absurd world-wide *furor* over the U-2's unarmed flight for defensive information while the Kremlin's espionage for aggressive ends has been going on day by day, year after year, perfidiously cloaked under "diplomatic immunity."

Here is just a small part of the official record of Russian espionage activities in the United States:

Commander Igor Aleksandrovich Amosov, assistant Soviet naval attaché, sought to acquire secret information about new radar, electronic equipment and bombsights by paying out 2,000 dollars through a recruited spy.

Colonel Ivan Aleksandrovich Bubchikov, assistant Soviet military attaché, sought information on jet fuels, atomic submarines and aeronautical developments by offering large sums of money to a sales engineer.

Major Yuri Pavlovich Krylov, assistant Soviet military attaché,

solicited data about nuclear power from an employee of the Atomic Energy Commission and improperly purchased quantities of electronic equipment through American intermediaries.

Vassili Mikhailovich Molev, Soviet Embassy property custodian, received reports passed on from Jack Soble, another Soviet spy, who in turn recruited George and Jane Foster Zlatovski.

One of their assignments: to dredge up compromising information about the lives of Americans working at military installations in Austria. Specifically they were instructed to study "sexual and drinking habits"—evidence commonly sought to blackmail loyal citizens of all countries into careers as Communist spies.

Aleksandr Petrovich Kovalev, second secretary of the Soviet delegation to the U.N., arranged to receive spy microfilms through an accommodation address.

Colonel Maksim Grigorievich Martynov, member of the Soviet representation to the United Nations Military Staff Committee, tried to recruit a U.S. Army officer to procure U.S. military manuals.

Yuri V. Novikov, second secretary of the Soviet Embassy, appeared at the Washington Monument to carry out an espionage meeting with a tall man who he had been led to believe was a U.S. Defence Department employee with access to confidential information. Actually the man was a double agent for the F.B.I.

Colonel Frantisek Tisler, Czechoslovakian military attaché until his defection in July 1959, testified before an investigation committee in May that his mission "called for me personally to recruit American citizens to act as agents and furnish me with intelligence on classified material related to U.S. military developments."

Three days before Khrushchev torpedoed the Paris summit conference, the Bonn government announced that in the last nine years more than 18,000 agents of the Soviet *bloc* had been caught in West Germany. In the first quarter of 1960 alone, 588 self-confessed Communist agents have been arrested.

In ten other countries around the world, according to incomplete records, 123 people have recently been convicted in courts of law for participating in espionage. In addition, during the past eight years, 157 Soviet *bloc* diplomats and officials have been exposed as espionage agents. Since 1958 Britain has expelled 18 leading Communist agents.

Betrayal, treachery, sabotage, theft, blackmail, murder—this is the record of the Soviet cold-war offensive against the rest of the world.

Maturity: The capacity to endure uncertainty.

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

Tick the word or phrase that you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

(1) **ferment** (fer′ ment)—A: heat. B: decay. C: power. D: agitation.

(2) **cataclysm** (kat′ a klĭzm)—A: series of questions. B: loud noise. C: violent upheaval. D: deep gorge.

(3) **temper**—A: to anger. B: moderate. C: synchronize. D: mould.

(4) **welter**—A: confusion. B: heat. C: wilting. D: swelling.

(5) **paragon**—A: equality. B: seeming contradiction. C: geometric figure. D: model of excellence.

(6) **refectory** (re fĕk′ tō rē)—A: meditation. B: obstinacy. C: dining-room. D: meal.

(7) **refractory** (re frăk′ tō rē)—A: broken. B: unmanageable. C: noisy. D: dissenting.

(8) **emulative** (em′ ū lā tiv)—A: ambitious to equal or surpass. B: having a pleasant disposition. C: causing to remember. D: harmonious.

(9) **torpor** (taw′ pŭr)—A: ignorance. B: act of twisting. C: sluggish condition. D: warmth.

(10) **repine**—A: to reconsider. B: grow frail. C: long for. D: fret.

(11) **belated**—A: delayed. B: scolded. C: whipped. D: weakened.

(12) **stipend** (stī′ pend)—A: command. B: allowance. C: support. D: profit.

(13) **opportunist**—A: one who takes advantage of circumstances. B: swindler. C. modern artist. D: repairer of musical instruments.

(14) **bombast**—A: stuffing. B: high-sounding language. C: explosion. D: destruction.

(15) **paltry**—A: shaky. B: unfair. C: worthless. D: stupid.

(16) **diminuendo** (dĭ min ū en′ dō)—A: growing in force. B: slim in figure. C: very small. D: gradually lessening in volume.

(17) **harry**—A: to scatter. B: annoy. C: impel to hasty action. D: plough.

(18) **wastrel** (wās′ trel)—A: itinerant beggar. B: wandering singer. C: Mediterranean wind. D: spendthrift.

(19) **rigmarole**—A: unnecessary detail. B: disorder. C: meaningless talk. D: game.

(20) **strident**—A: taking long steps. B: harsh. C: quarrelsome. D: conspicuous.

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

(1) **ferment**—D: Agitation; excitement; as, a nation in *ferment*. Latin *fermentum*, "that which boils up."

(2) **cataclysm**—C: A violent social or political upheaval; as, the *cataclysm* of war. Greek *kataklusmos*, "flood."

(3) **temper**—B: To moderate; reduce intensity; soften; as, to *temper* justice with mercy. Latin *temperare*, "to make mild."

(4) **welter**—A: Confusion; jumble; as, a *welter* of conflicting claims. Dutch *welteren*, "to turn over."

(5) **paragon**—D: Model of excellence or perfection; as, a *paragon* of virtue. Italian *paragone*, "touchstone."

(6) **refectory**—C: Dining-room or hall, especially in a religious institution or college. Latin *refectus*, "refreshed."

(7) **refractory**—B: Unmanageable; sullenly disobedient; perverse; as, a *refractory* child. Latin *refragari*, "to oppose."

(8) **emulative**—A: Ambitious to equal or surpass (another); as, to be *emulative* of a competitor's success. Latin *aemulus*, "jealous."

(9) **torpor**—C: A sluggish condition; stupor; as, to sink into *torpor*. Latin *torpere*, "to be numb."

(10) **repine**—D: To fret; as, to *repine* at one's lot. Latin *poena*, "punishment."

(11) **belated**—A: Delayed past the usual time; as, a *belated* arrival. *Be* plus *late*; an intensified form.

(12) **stipend**—B: An allowance or salary, fixed payment for services; as, a handsome *stipend*. Latin *stipendium*, "money payment."

(13) **opportunist**—A: One who takes advantage of circumstances or opportunities, with little regard for principles; as, a political *opportunist*. Latin *opportunus*, "suitable; favourable."

(14) **bombast**—B: High-sounding language; rant; big talk; as, given to tiresome *bombast*. Latin *bombax*, "cotton."

(15) **paltry**—C: Worthless; trifling; petty, as, a *paltry* sum. Dialectal English *palt*, "coarse cloth; rags."

(16) **diminuendo**—D: In music, gradually lessening in volume; as, a *diminuendo* passage. Italian.

(17) **harry**—B: To annoy; harass; as, to *harry* a speaker. Old English *hergian*, "to afflict with an army."

(18) **wastrel**—D: A spendthrift; prodigal Diminutive of *waster*.

(19) **rigmarole**—C: Meaningless talk; incoherent talk or writing; as, a speech filled with *rigmarole*. Middle English *ragemon*, "document."

(20) **strident**—B: Harsh to the ear; loud and unpleasant-sounding; shrill; grating; as, a *strident* voice. Latin *stridere*, "to make a harsh noise."

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct ..... excellent
18–16 correct ..... good
15–14 correct ..... fair

A Mile High—A World Wide!



By Mary Bard

Now celebrating its fiftieth birthday, the Girl Guide Movement started by Agnes Baden-Powell has become an international bond of friendship—as this "Roundup" proved

One July evening last year, a 1,200-acre tract at the foot of the mountains north of Colorado Springs burst into a bloom of brilliant-coloured tents, like prairie flowers after the first rain. Some 8,500 Senior Girl Guides from the United States and its possessions, Girl Guides from all over the world and 1,500 volunteers and staff members had moved in to set up camp. "A Mile High—A World Wide," as the slogan proclaimed it, the "Roundup city" was a going concern in just one day.

To prepare for this ten-day

encampment, rolling prairie land had been converted into a well-ordered camp site with roads, a water system, sanitary facilities, religious equipment, buses, ambulances and lorries, and a field hospital. Dotted throughout the camp were 50 first-aid stations. The post office set up business in a tent.

Colorado contributed the services of its police and health departments. Colorado Springs supplied water and fire-fighting equipment. And nature furnished brilliant sunshine, the jagged mountain backdrop and crystalline air spiced with sweet-scented pine.

The girls—aged 14 to 18—were experienced campers who, as a result of their personal achievements, had won the privilege of representing their councils at this super-camping session. The American girls had earned their fares by doing everything from baby-sitting to selling garden produce. The girls from other countries were sponsored by the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund, which receives annual contributions from every American Guide troop.

Observing the Roundup was like trying to watch a 1,000-ring circus. The day opened officially with a thrilling spectacle as thousands of youngsters, cowgirl hats atilt, brown arms swinging, marched over the hills towards the avenue of flags. Standing at attention, they maintained complete silence while their buglers played reveille. Then the colour bearers raised the 102 flags of all the countries in the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

Reveille over, the girls marched back to begin a busy day. Swopping souvenirs was a major activity. Troops back at home had spent months preparing swops for their representatives to exchange at Roundup. Reflecting the natural resources, history, nature, handicrafts of their communities, these souvenirs provided an instant key to friendship. The variety was endless and ingenious: snake vertebrae from Louisiana; tiny gold-pans complete with pick and nugget from Alaska; Arizona cattle-branded leather.

At the demonstration area on a hillside overlooking the camp, hundreds of shows took place during Roundup, many simultaneously. The air rang with sounds and vibrated with colour as girls did English country dances, built a Finnish steam bath, rendered the Lord's Prayer in Red Indian sign language, and made apple butter from an old German recipe. Girl Scouts from Hawaii gave lessons in lahala weaving as well as ukulele playing and hula dancing.

Waiting in the queue outside a telephone box, I sympathized with the excited girl who kept shouting into the phone, "But, Mum, there just isn't any way to tell you *all* about Roundup!"

Over charcoal grills, on which

they also cooked their meals, the girls demonstrated the preparation of regional delicacies. New Jersey girls, dressed in Dutch costume, made holeless doughnuts light as thistledown, called *oliebollen*. A Wisconsin patrol made Lithuanian pastry—and danced while it baked.

Square dancing was the favourite after-dinner entertainment. As fiddles scraped and the big tent rang with do-si-do's, a Girl Guide from Ceylon in a blue sari dropped down beside me exhausted but exhilarated. I remarked that I thought square dancing was peculiarly American. "Oh no," she replied. "I learned in Bombay at the English school I attended. See," she said, gesturing towards the floor. "Girls from Argentina, Israel, Japan—we all do square dancing."

At three youth forums the girls exchanged ideas with experts in various fields. Discussing racial segregation, they asked, "Are parents' attitudes really the problem in human relations?" And, "How can I be proud of my heritage if I deny this same right to others?" It was interesting that they seemed unaware of the race, creed or colour of the girls participating in these discussions.

Surely no city ever had a healthier population. There were the usual minor casualties such as sunburn, insect bites and sprains. Now and then in that mile-high altitude enthusiastic screams produced a momentary lack of oxygen which caused the screamer to faint. But Texas was responsible for the only serious epidemic. It broke out the first day, and raged through the camps until by noon of the second day every patrol had contracted an incurable case of "Hi, y'all."

On the last night of Roundup the air was soft and a sliver of moon hung over the mountain peaks. A huge campfire blazed high, and the natural arena, filled to the brim with girls, became silent as the Girl Guides from abroad filed by. Each carried a scroll which she read, then symbolically placed on the fire in the cause of peace, friendship and tolerance.

There were quavers in our voices as we sang the Roundup song: "Oh, the road winds upward all the way, the winds are fresh and fair . . ." I overheard a tiny girl from Korea murmur to her blonde companion, "This is the first time I ever left Seoul. After Roundup I will no longer fear foreigners."

"Foreigners!" her companion exclaimed. "There isn't a single foreigner in this whole Roundup, even if their parents are from every country in the world."

This year another city rose in the same spot--this time it was filled with boys instead of girls. The Boy Scout Jamboree, 55,000-strong, camped on the same plateau. And after a week there weren't any foreigners there either. Our youngsters may yet teach us how easy it is to exchange fear for friendship.



Capturing male fancy isn't difficult.
It's dealing with the gentleman later that requires a little thought

By Phyllis McGinley

THE WORLD is brimful of recipes telling girls how to please gentlemen and ensnare spouses. But I sometimes think the pundits have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Capturing male fancy isn't all that difficult. Nine-tenths of the girl babies born into the world have the gift perfected by the time they are drinking out of a cup.

I recall a demonstration of native talent by a member of my own household when she was four and out with me for a Sunday visit. We must have dropped in at cocktail time, for there were present a large number of grown-ups. When the moment came to go, she detached her hand from mine, walked across the room to the tallest and likeliest male stranger and murmured meltingly, "Will you tie my bonnet for me?"

If all girls do not play the music thus by ear, they've usually learnt, by 18, at least to carry the tune. Moreover, they have studied how to take an intelligent interest in what ever interests their prey; if need be,

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they can ski down terrible mountains, reef a sail or listen interminably to the sound of locomotives on hi-fi.

Yet this getting on with *men* isn't what's really important. The vital knowledge is how to get on with a man, *one* man. Concerning that, I think our mothers and grandmothers knew more than we do.

For one thing, they recognized their luck. They never stopped preening themselves on having the good fortune to be married women. For every right-thinking woman knows the profit in matrimony is by all odds hers. Simone de Beauvoir, the French writer, insists that men invented marriage to keep women in their place as the second sex. But why would a man deliberately go out of his way to dream up an institution so hampering to his liberty, so chafing to the wild male spirit and above all so expensive? No, marriage was all a woman's idea, and for man's acceptance of the pretty yoke it becomes us to be grateful.

If ever I were intrepid enough to instruct my daughters on the care and taming of husbands, I should put gratitude first on my list. It is a sincerer form of flattery than imitation; and for its sake a man will endure a great deal—extravagance, too much seasoning in the stew or a tendency to sinus trouble. Gratitude is better than charity at covering a multitude of faults.

Faults there are bound to be, marked like towels—His and Hers. But the woman who gets on with a man knows how to get on also with his defects: she adopts them. The most successfully married couples I know have, perhaps unconsciously, worked this out. Is the lord of the manor unpunctual about letters or meeting one at the station? Does he drink too much coffee, clutter up the ash trays, leave all the lights on? Is he a pantry-raider? Does he tramp across the carpet in gardening boots? Let it not exacerbate the soul. Be unpunctual together. Let the lights burn and the leaves gather on the rug. Faults shared are as comfortable as bedroom slippers and as easy to slip into.

Next to gratitude, and ornamenting it, I should put appreciation. Particularly appreciation of his wit. A husband expects a certain amount of disillusionment. He knows that a helpmate before breakfast is bound to be less picturesque than the *soignée* creature with whom he used to go dancing. He has braced himself for hair-nets and flannel dressing-gowns. What he hasn't bargained for is a wife who either interrupts his newest joke with, "You'll have to call the carpenter, darling, about that window," or greets its point with a chill stare.

Let's see—that's three items on the list, and it seems scanty advice for a woman to have accumulated after more than 20 years. What about the hot meal at night and the

good breakfast? And is there to be no sound counsel on staying slimly seductive, on asking intelligent business questions, on getting one's own way without a fuss?

I'll have to admit I am a poor oracle. I've seen marriages fly apart at the seams and I've seen them as firmly welded as a battleship, and there was never a rule of thumb to go by. Good housekeepers may come to grief and bad ones may prosper. I have known happy women who understood more about business than their husbands. As for glamour, even that is moot. One friend of mine, although she can scarcely make out the name over a restaurant, leaves her glasses at home because her husband thinks they are unbecoming, and *she's* happy. I also know a witty woman novelist who buttons her sweaters unevenly and forgets her lipstick, and *her* husband hasn't spoken a cross word to her for years. And when it came to the final question, I'd have no answer at all. In a successful marriage, there is no such thing as *one's* way. There is only the path of both, the bumpy, difficult but always mutual path.

Pressed, I might add a trifle so old-fashioned as to seem fresh. It concerns the selection of a proper family tree. Nothing helps so much in getting on with a man as seeing to it that he stems from a long line of monogamous ancestors.

And there the list would have to end. Gratitude, an attentive ear, a sharing of faults, and a stout conviction that marriages were meant to last—those are all I have to offer. They might seem poor weapons in a woman's arsenal. But who wants weapons when she has—and is aware that she has—all the luck?



Tales of Woe

"LIFE's been hard for me this year," the garageman told us as we waited for our car to be repaired. "My wife's been in hospital for two months, my boy fell out of a tree and broke his elbow, my girl has had to have eye treatments every week, and I'm aching all over with arthritis. I said to the Lord just this morning, 'Lord, if there's any more trouble comin', send it now while I'm used to it.' " —Contributed by Margerie McKay

BADGERED by a wholesaler to settle his account, a shopkeeper submitted a long list of woes that made immediate payment impossible, then concluded his letter thus: "The only reason I am clinging to life at all is to see what the hell is coming next." —UPI

the best medicine

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD horse was entered for a race. Since the horse had had no previous races, he started at odds of 80 to 1. But he galloped home first by several lengths. The stewards, naturally suspicious, called the owner in for questioning.

"How is it that you've never raced this horse before?" they demanded. "After all, you've had him for eight years."

"Well, to tell the truth," the owner said sheepishly, "we couldn't catch him until he was seven." Joe McCarthy

FOR 20 YEARS two politicians from opposing parties quarrelled every day. Finally, a third man intervened. "Boys, this must stop," he said. "Let's have a drink together and make peace."

The politicians agreed, and when the drinks were served the friend cried, "Now make a toast to each other."

Raising his glass, the first politician said, "Here's wishing for you what you're wishing for me."

"Oh, now you're starting off again!" yelled the other.

- Harry Hershfield

A FRENCHMAN celebrating his 25th wedding anniversary gave a big party for all his friends. But the host was nowhere to be seen.

Finally a friend found him in the library, drinking a brandy and staring into the fire.

"Pierre," the friend said, "you should be celebrating with your guests. Why are you so sad?"

"François," the husband explained, "when I had been married for five years I decided to kill my wife. I went to my lawyer and told him what I was going to do. He told me if I did it I would get 20 years in prison.

"Just think, François, tonight I would have been a free man."

Art Buchwald

SANDY, a young Scot, had been to London for a holiday. On his return a friend asked how he had fared.

"All right," he said cautiously. "But they're funny folk down there."

"How's that?"

"Well, one night very late it must have been about two in the morning –a man came banging and banging on my door. He shouted and yelled and was in a nasty temper. At two o'clock, mind you!"

"And what did you do?"

"I didn't do anything. I just went on quietly playing my bagpipes."

Contributed by John Haven

TWO DRUNKS wandered into a zoo and stopped in front of a lion's cage. As they stood watching, the lion suddenly let out a roar.

"Come on, let's go," said one of the men.

"Go ahead if you want to," the other replied. "I'm going to stay for the film." – *T. L.*

A NOTED psychiatrist was a guest at a chic gathering, and his hostess naturally broached the subject in which he was most at ease.

"Would you mind telling me, Doctor," she asked, "how you detect a mental deficiency in somebody who appears completely normal?"

"Nothing is easier," he replied. "You ask him a simple question which everyone should answer with no trouble. If he hesitates, that puts you on the track."

"What sort of question?"

"Well, you might ask him, 'Captain Cook made three trips round the world and died during one of them. Which one?' "

The hostess thought for a moment, then said with a nervous laugh, "You wouldn't happen to have another example, would you? I must confess I don't know much about history."

—*P.F*

"YOU KNOW, Jimmy," the late John Barrymore was reported to have remarked to Jimmy Durante, "some day you should play Hamlet."

"The hell with them small towns," replied Durante. "New York is the only place for me." —*I.C R.*

MY BOSS'S 11-year-old son hates girls, and it is like getting him to the dentist to make him attend dancing class.

But one day the boy returned from the session in an amiable mood. Surprised, his father asked, "How did it go today?"

"Okay," the boy replied.

"I thought you hated it," his father went on. "What made you change your mind?"

"Oh, today they ran out of girls, so me an' Jimmy danced together."

—Contributed by Mrs. D. Cook

THE BOXER'S manager was grousing. "My boy is no good in short fights," he said. "He needs 15 rounds." But preliminary fighters just don't get 15 round fights, so he finally had to settle for a six-rounder.

After ten seconds in the first round the fighter was flat on the canvas, out like a light.

"You see!" howled his manager. "I told you he was no good in short fights!" —J S

A TRAVELLER was telling of an adventure in New Mexico.

"It was harrowing," he declared. "Red Indians to the right of me, Red Indians to the left of me, Red Indians in front, Red Indians everywhere."

"Whew!" exclaimed a listener. "What did you do?"

"What *could* I do? I bought a blanket." —*A B*

MY SISTER, the harassed mother of five, was asked by a friend, "Well, Nell, what do you want your next one to be?"

"A grandchild!" she replied.

—Contributed by Mrs. Frank Watson

A CHARACTER actor confided to a pal, "I'm almost 65 years old, have saved half a million and have fallen madly in love with a dashing young girl of 19. Do you think I'd have a better chance of marrying her if I told her I'm only 50?"

"I think you'd have a better chance to land her," said the pal frankly, "if you tell her you're 80!" —Bennett Cerf

When discretion is the better part of finance, customers the world over know where to hide their fortunes—and their identities

SECRETS OF THE SWISS BANKS

By J. D. Ratcliff

Over a certain group of European banks hangs a shroud of mystery and cloak-and-dagger intrigue. Both they and their depositors figure prominently in detective fact and fiction. Newspapers have charged the banks with hiding the loot of gangsters, Latin-American dictators and tax evaders from all over the globe. They have been accused of financing illegal East-West trade in strategic materials. In fact, so many charges have been laid at the doors of Swiss banks that, the London *Economist* observed, "In recent years 'Zürich' has become something of a dirty word."

What are the facts?

Swiss banks differ from other banks in but one major respect: the absolute tight-lipped secrecy with which they conduct their business. Swiss bankers simply do not talk. A bank employee divulging information about a customer's account could be fined £1,750 (Rs. 23,000), sentenced to jail for six months and sued by the depositor for damages.

Money deposited in a Swiss bank is hidden as effectively as if it were buried in the middle of the Sahara. Many Swiss banks don't even have name plates on their doors. The head of one such institution dryly remarks, "Our customers know where to find us."

The customer wanting a high degree of anonymity is given a number which is known to only a few senior bank officials and to no one in the accounting department. Thereafter his signature is his number written out in longhand. If he wishes funds to be transmitted by cable, he is assigned an elaborate identification code. Statements may be held at the bank until called for; otherwise they are posted in plain envelopes. For some important customers in neighbouring countries, an agent of the bank in the client's own country will post the statements, so that there is no foreign stamp to attract attention.

Is such secrecy a deliberate attempt to attract "hot" money? No, maintain the Swiss; it is merely an expression of their national character. Dr. F. E. Aschinger, financial editor of the respected *Neue Zurcher Zeitung*, says: "A highly developed sense of privacy is part of our nature. I do not know what the man in the next office earns, or where he lives. He prefers it that way, and so do I."

Because of the lack of natural resources in their native country, the Swiss have always been forced to make a livelihood through special lines of endeavour. Long ago they became world-famous for their shrewd, sound management of money.

Voltaire is reputed to have joked: "If you see a Geneva banker jump out of a window, follow him. There is money to be made on the way down."

Traditionally a neutral country, Switzerland has offered Europe something which couldn't be found elsewhere: a safe, secret sanctuary for money. After each world war other European currencies were devalued—while the Swiss franc stayed hard. Inevitably the country became a haven for wealth. (Although no exact figures are available, it is estimated that 500 Swiss banks today hold for foreign accounts cash and securities worth £1,000 million—Rs. 1,300 crores.)

From time to time Swiss secrecy faces a severe test. One of the worst came in the '30's, when Nazi Germany required all citizens to declare funds held abroad—on pain of concentration camp internment, or of death.

Gestapo agents often accompanied suspected depositors to Swiss banks, forcing the suspects to ask to withdraw funds. But bank officials outwitted them. They had ordered their employees to act dumb, and never to talk in the presence of a second person.

Nazi agents even tortured imprisoned depositors, obtained the cable code numbers, then wired for funds. Bankers, aware that a reply might be a sentence of death, refused to transmit funds until a Swiss consulate in Germany had made a discreet investigation. It was to protect the lives of harried Jewish depositors that the Swiss banking act of

1934 placed heavy penalties on violation of secrecy.

In 1945 the victorious Allies demanded an accounting for, and confiscation of, all German assets held in Switzerland. The Swiss refused. Then the Allies blocked Swiss assets in London and New York, and stopped all rail transit to the country. Faced with a critical shortage of food, fuel and raw materials, the Swiss yielded—in typical fashion. No direct examination of bank accounts was ordered. Instead, the Swiss Compensation Office merely asked each bank to report the gross amount of German assets. The total came to £35 million (Rs. 48 crores), and this became the basis for a negotiated settlement.

Today continuing efforts are made to prise information out of the canny Swiss—mainly by agents from Iron Curtain countries seeking to lay hands on funds of their own nationals. A favourite ruse is to attempt to make a deposit to the account of a suspect. If accepted, it would be strong evidence that an account *did* exist. Therefore, Swiss banks refuse to accept such deposits from unidentified people. Two years ago an attaché of the Romanian diplomatic corps in Berne was reputedly expelled from Switzerland for attempting this type of economic espionage.

A serious blow to Swiss banking pride came in 1958 when Spanish police arrested the agent of one of Switzerland's largest banks.

Incredibly, it seems that he carried a code book listing names of Spanish depositors and their account numbers. Since some of the depositors were politically prominent, a major financial scandal was revealed. The Franco regime settled the matter by imposing fines of £1 million (Rs. 1·3 crores) and confiscating assets worth a further £1 million.

Do Swiss banks provide a safe depository for the funds of gangsters? Although few reputable bankers want gangster-owned accounts, it is clear that they do exist in Swiss banks—just as they exist in other banks. For the gangster, Swiss banks have obvious attractions. His funds are safe from the scrutiny of police and income tax authorities. Even Swiss tax authorities cannot penetrate the banks' secrecy, although they have tried, through court action, a number of times.

Two years ago the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics broke up a giant dope ring operating from New York. Fragmentary records seized in a raid showed cable transfers of at least £25,000 (Rs. 3·2 lakhs) to accounts in three Swiss banks. The Bureau is convinced that the total deposits of the ring must be much larger—but there is no way to find out, or to get at the money.

The Press repeatedly reports vast sums deposited in Swiss banks by current and former Latin-American dictators—Cuba's Batista, Guatemala's Arbenz, and various others.

According to these stories, Argentina's Juan Perón tops the list—with £35 million (Rs. 48 crores) which his late wife, Eva, took to Geneva when she was touring Europe in 1947. But these reports are founded largely on guesswork. "Such deposits undoubtedly exist," a respected Geneva banker told me, "just as they must exist in London and New York. But from what I know of dictators' psychology, they probably keep most of their funds in a suitcase under the bed—ready to flee at any moment."

By Swiss law, all unclaimed deposits belong to the bank, not the state, and vast unclaimed funds are rumoured to be reposing in Swiss banks—funds of families exterminated by the Nazis, of assassinated dictators, and the like. Ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia, now living in straitened circumstances in Monaco, is firmly convinced that his father, King Alexander, assassinated in Marseilles in 1934, had large deposits in Swiss numbered accounts. He has made persistent efforts to locate such funds, but to no avail. (The Swiss insist that unclaimed accounts are virtually non-existent. They point out that they require all depositors in numbered accounts to name one or more beneficiaries in case of death.)

The French are by far the largest foreign depositors in Switzerland followed by Italians, Germans and South Americans. Exchange control regulations handicap those British people who would like to take advantage of Swiss facilities.

The gravest charge brought against the Swiss is that they harbour funds for tax evaders. Until clamped down on by the Swiss Bankers Association, one Geneva bank advertised in the Press abroad—in effect, openly inviting people to hide funds from the tax collector in numbered accounts.

One banker says frankly, "It is presumed that a large proportion of foreign numbered accounts are here for purposes of tax evasion." But, however the world may protest, the Swiss are likely to go their unruffled way—providing the banking security that the world wants, and the secrecy which is part of the Swiss nature. Over the centuries this has proved to be an unbeatable business combination.

Season of Mists

October is a lover's month because it includes all the seasons, revealing what the years must hold for man and woman—long days of sunshine, obscuring mists, high encounters of winds, cleansing rains and whitening frosts. —Sir Lawrence Weaver

Let us be done with the stale convention of autumnal sorrow. Life among the leaves goes down with all its flags flying, all its fifes playing, all its drums beating. —James Douglas

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By Alexa Stirling Fraser

Bobby Jones



From childhood it was clear that Bobby Jones was going to be a great golfer—and a fiery personality

I WAS A FRAIL child, and that accounted for my meeting Bobby Jones—he was frail, too. Both our parents had moved out of the city of Atlanta, Georgia, where my father was British Consul, to live across the road from the East Lake Country Club in the hope that exposure to swimming, tennis and golf would improve our health. Bob was only five, and I was nine; we became playmates simply because there were few other children around.

We swam, experimentally. We tried tennis a little. Almost at once we settled upon golf. When it was clear that we were serious about the

Alexa Stirling Fraser, born in the United States of British parents, ranks among the great women golfers of all time. She was United States Women's Amateur Champion 1916-1920, and Canadian Women's Open Champion in 1920 and 1934.

game, Bob's father cut down a set of clubs for him (clubs were wooden-shafted in those days), and for my next birthday I received a set of clubs to match my size. The club professional, a little Scotsman named Stewart Maiden—who had, I think, the most perfect swing in golf—gave us lessons, free of charge.

By the time Bob was eight he was obviously destined to become a remarkable player. Even then, adults watched his straight tee shots with envy, sighed over his crisp irons, applauded his deadly putting. However, he had one flaw—his temper. Let him make a poor shot and he'd turn livid with rage, throw his club after the ball, or break it over his knee, or kick at the ground and let out a stream of very adult oaths.

As I grew into my teens, Bob's temper tantrums began to embarrass me. It was perhaps amusing to see an eight-year-old break his club when he made a bad shot, but not so amusing when the boy was 12 or 13. People began to gossip about his conduct, and I wished my father could have a few words with him. My father, Dr. Alexander Stirling, saw golf as a measurement of a man's character. He had sternly instilled in me the ethics of the game. When he gave me my own set of clubs, he said, "Alexa, play to win. But even more important than winning is your conduct on the course. Do not lose your temper over a poor shot. Do not sulk in defeat. Be gracious in victory."

Inevitably, Father did talk to Bob, but not in quite the way I would have desired. One afternoon Father and I were playing a round together and came upon Bob just as he topped a drive. He threw his club after the ball and swore loudly.

Father, normally a soft-voiced man, drew himself up and thundered, "Young man, don't you know better than to use language like that in front of a lady?" He took me by the hand and marched me off the course. That was the end of my games with Bob.

For the next two years I saw him at the country-club parties, but I wasn't allowed to play golf with him. He was a handsome boy, with a gentle, wry way of smiling, and, except for his bursts of temper on the course, his manners were impeccable.

Then a situation arose to which my father could not object. During the First World War the Red Cross asked Bob and me to go on a fund-raising tour of exhibition matches. I agreed with some misgivings. By now I had played enough tournament golf to be steeped in the traditions of the game, and I didn't want to be humiliated by Bob's outbursts.

Sure enough, he lost control, and at the worst possible place—Boston's aristocratic Brae Burn Country Club. At the eighth hole he missed an easy shot. I saw the blood climb his neck and flood his face. Then he picked up his ball and hurled it into the woods. A gasp of surprise

and shock went through the large crowd watching us. I wished only that the ground beneath me would open and let me sink from sight.

Later, when I berated him, Bob said, "I don't give a damn what anybody thinks about me." After a moment he added, "I only get angry with myself." Suddenly I saw him as a 15-year-old boy driven by the demand of perfection he made of himself. Whenever he fell short of it he went into a rage, not at the ball or the club or the course or the spectators or his opponent, but at himself. Worst of all, he knew that these outbursts released a psychological poison in him that upset his game.

In fact, Bob was just heading into what sports writers came to call his "Seven Lean Years." During this period he entered a lot of major tournaments and was frequently runner-up -- but never champion. Always there would be one shot that would bring on the flood of rage; and always that one flaw beat him.

One such unhappy event took place in the spring of 1921, when he and I were members of the U.S. group that went to Britain to compete in the Open and Amateur championships. Only 18, charming, modest, thoughtful and, oh, so handsome, Bob was the centre of attention wherever he went. He dressed gaily in fawn-coloured plus-fours, a cashmere sweater and gleaming, hand-made shoes. He was cheered as "Bonnie Bobbie," and the crowds fervently hoped he would win the British Open Championship at St. Andrews in Scotland. But disaster awaited him there.

Bob made a creditable showing in the first three rounds. On the first nine of the fourth round, however, his game seemed to come apart, and he took a 43. Then, playing the 11th hole, he put an iron shot into the famous Strath bunker, which was terribly deep. Four times he chopped with his niblick, only to have his ball jump half-way up the precipitous cliff and roll down again. On his fifth try the ball flew out of the bunker, over the green and into the sea beyond. Bob tore his score card into tiny bits, threw the shreds into the sea and stormed off the course.

Back at home, Bob's critics pulled no punches. They said he was a spoilt child, a bad loser. The return to East Lake must have been humiliating for him. He could not shut his ears to the attacks upon him, nor blind his eyes to the obvious fact that fewer admirers followed him. He seemed a lonely figure as he strode through practice rounds, battling with his game and himself.

Late that same summer he entered the U.S. Open at the Columbia Country Club in Washington. This was to be the turning point in his career. Until the last round he had a good chance of winning. Then, at the fifth hole, with every stroke a crucial one, he hooked his second shot out of bounds. He dropped another ball and, incredibly, hooked it to the same spot. The gallery

stared apprehensively at Bob. He stood rigid, his hands gripping the club until his knuckles were white. But he made no move, no sound; his face was an expressionless mask. The only thing he could not control was the wave of blood that poured up into his neck and face. Gradually it receded; then he relaxed his hands, gave the gallery a wry smile, dropped another ball and finished the round. He returned a 77, his worst score for years, but it was the finest round of his life. He had at last mastered himself; he was ready to become the greatest champion in the history of the game.

In 1923 Bob won the U.S. Open; in 1924 the U.S. Amateur; in 1925 the U.S. Amateur again; in 1926 the British Open and the U.S. Open; in 1927 the British Open and the U.S. Amateur; in 1928 the U.S. Amateur for the fourth time; in 1929 the U.S. Open for the third time. Then, in 1930, he made the incredible "Grand Slam" of all four major championships: the British Amateur and Open, the U.S. Amateur and Open. This is a feat that has never been matched. It was the decade of Bobby Jones.

His fame rested not only on his phenomenal play but on his sporting conduct. He was the most modest of champions. He once said, "A fellow would be an idiot to get puffed up over a thing like playing golf." He was foursquare honest about the game. In a crucial match he penalized himself a stroke for moving his ball accidentally in the rough when he addressed it with his club. No one was near him or could possibly have noticed the slight movement of the ball, but he insisted on the penalty. When he was praised for this he said, "You might as well praise a man for not robbing a bank." Always generous to rival competitors, he once remarked, "I don't play against men, I play against par." It was still a battle with *himself* for perfection.

After winning his Grand Slam, Bob announced that he was retiring from competition golf. There was nothing more to win, so he decided to make a few films about golf and then concentrate on his business interests and his law practice in Atlanta. He had had a brilliant scholastic record, had married a beautiful girl and was starting a family; he was surrounded by a host of admiring friends; he was 28 years old. All of us who knew Bob said to ourselves, "What a wonderful future is in store for him. And he deserves every bit of it."

What *really* was in the future was tragedy. In July 1948 Bob, then a successful businessman and a civic leader, played a benefit exhibition match to help raise money for a hospital in the little North Carolina town of Highlands. He found that he was having some difficulty in co-ordinating, and he felt terribly tired. But he finished the match. He put the experience down to general fatigue and decided that he needed

a rest. That was the last game of golf he was ever to play in public.

One evening a month later he had started to putt a few balls on the living-room carpet when his leg suddenly gave way beneath him. He then submitted to a complete medical examination, and the grim truth was revealed. He had a disease of the spinal cord which caused a weakness of the muscles. The following year he had two operations, but they did not correct the trouble; he was likely to be a pain-racked invalid for the rest of his life.

I did not see Bob at this time. I had married a Canadian doctor, moved to Ottawa and had a family of three children. But one day I received a letter from him saying that the United States Golf Association was going to have a celebration of the golden anniversary of the Women's Amateur Golf Championship, and he very much wanted me to come to Atlanta and participate.

Reporters and photographers met me at the station and told me that Bob was waiting at the top of the stairs. This news came as a shock. He really couldn't walk downstairs! Until this moment I hadn't quite believed it. Half-way up the stairs I saw him, and I felt as if a steel band had suddenly been clamped round my chest.

On the retina of my memory was impressed the picture of a handsome young man in plus-fours, swinging a golf club with tremendous power and grace. In tragic contrast there stood before me a man supported on two sticks, a brace on his right leg, his face grey.

We shook hands and then started towards his car. He didn't walk; he dragged his feet along without being able to lift them, his face set against the pain each movement cost him. When we reached the car he worked himself behind the wheel, and we started off for the Atlanta Athletic Club, where I was to stay. We talked of old times as he drove, and I found he was putting me completely at ease. Bob was not self-conscious about his problem; he simply ignored it.

During the following days I learned the truth about Bob's condition from his friends. He would not get better. He was in constant pain, but he went to his office every day and to the East Lake golf club frequently. He refused to use a wheel chair, although it would ease his pain considerably, and he succumbed to an electric golf cart only because he could not follow the matches otherwise. He doggedly maintained his interests and activities, fighting with all his strength against the slowly smothering paralysis. And he'd be *damned* if he was going to have any sloppy sympathy. About this point he was profanely specific.

We were having lunch on the terrace at East Lake one afternoon when suddenly his face was bathed in perspiration. He reached into his pocket for two small pills which he

popped into his mouth. Then he explained, apologetically, "The doctors said I should take them when the pain gets too bad."

That reference to his illness gave me the courage to discuss it with him, and to ask him how he managed to remain so cheerful. He laughed and replied, "One morning a few weeks ago I woke up without remembering my condition, and I stepped out of bed to walk to the bathroom. I fell flat on my face, of course. I lay on that floor and beat it with my fists and cursed at the top of my voice. For ten minutes nobody dared to come near me. I would have bitten them."

He told the story with wry humour. I commented that if he could laugh at himself, it certainly showed he'd made an adjustment to his condition.

"Adjustment?" he said, squinting thoughtfully across the links now flooded with beautiful autumn sunlight. "If adjustment means acceptance, I'd say no. I still can't accept this thing; I fight it every day. When it first happened to me I was pretty bitter, and there were times when I didn't want to go on living. But I did go on living, so I had to face the problem of *how* I was to live. I decided that I'd just do the very best I could."

We fell silent, and my memory raced back to the day when he had won his first U.S. Amateur championship and the reporters had pressed him to analyse his game, to explain in what way he was a better player than the others in the tournament. He had thought a moment, then said soberly that he didn't think he was a better player than some of the others; he thought he had won simply because he had tried harder. As I looked at my old friend now, I realized he hadn't changed.

And so Bob has gone on, tackling every problem he confronts with the same dogged perfectionism that he learned on the course. As long as I live, I shall never forget the morning during my Atlanta visit when we stopped at a rehabilitation centre where Bob was having some physiotherapy treatment. He climbed out of the car and started his torturous trip to the building entrance, dragging his legs one after the other. When, after what seemed an eternity, he reached the door, he turned to flash me a fleeting smile of triumph—the same expression he always wore when he made a good recovery from the rough, or blasted up to the pin from a bunker.

From long ago I remembered his words, "I don't play against other men, I play against par." And his smile now, from the doorway of the hospital, said to me, "Well, I didn't take a bogey on *that* hole."

The future has a way of repaying those who are patient with it.

—The Rev. Arthur Pringle

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

This moving masterpiece—the story of a sensitive child in an alien world—is, in almost literal detail, the story of Kipling's own childhood

By Rudyard Kipling

They were putting Punch to bed—the ayah and the big Surti boy with the red and gold turban. Judy, already tucked inside her mosquito-curtains, was nearly asleep. Punch had been allowed to stay up for dinner. Many privileges had been accorded to Punch within the last ten days, and he wondered why.

"Punch-baba is going away," said the ayah. "Across the sea in a big ship. In another week there will be no Punch-baba to pull my hair." She sighed softly, for the boy of the household was very dear to her heart.

Next morning Judy shouted that there was a rat in the nursery, and thus Punch forgot to tell her the wonderful news. It did not much matter, for Judy was only three and she would not have understood. But Punch was five; and he knew that going to England would be much nicer than the usual trip to the hills.

Papa and Mamma sold the brougham and the piano, and took long council together over a bundle of letters bearing the Rocklington postmark.

"The letters in themselves are excellent, and the terms are moderate enough," said Mamma. "But the worst of it is that the children will be among strangers for five years."

[redacted] cheery little chap," [redacted] "He's sure to make [redacted] wherever he goes."

[redacted] who could help loving my

[redacted] were standing over the cots [redacted] nursery late at night, and [redacted] was crying softly. After [redacted] had gone away, she knelt [redacted] by Judy's cot and put up a [redacted] illogical prayer: "Let [redacted] love my children and be [redacted] to them as I should be, but let me preserve their love for ever. Amen."

Next day they all went down to the sea, and there was a scene when Punch and Judy learned that the ayah must be left behind. But they found a thousand fascinating things on the big P. & O. steamer and soon dried their tears. In the days that followed there was so much to see and do that Punch nearly forgot the ayah and with difficulty remembered a few words of Hindustani, once his second speech.

But Judy was much worse. The day before the steamer reached Southampton, Mamma asked her if she would not like to see the ayah again. Judy's blue eyes turned to the stretch of sea that had swallowed all her tiny past, and said: "Ayah! What ayah?"

Mamma cried over her and Punch marvelled. It was then that he heard for the first time Mamma's passionate appeal to him never to let Judy forget Mamma. Seeing that Judy was young, ridiculously young, and that Mamma was always there, Punch could not understand what Mamma meant. But he strove to do his duty: that night when Mamma left the cabin, he said to Judy: "Ju, you bemember Mamma?"

"'Torse I do," said Judy.

"Then always bemember Mamma, 'r else I won't give you my paper ducks."

So Judy promised always to "bemember Mamma."

"You must make haste and learn to write, Punch," said Papa, "and then you'll be able to write letters to us in Bombay."

"I'll come into your room," said Punch, and Papa choked.

Papa and Mamma were always choking in the days after they landed. If Punch took Judy to task for not "bemembering," they choked; and so they did if Judy put her mouth for a kiss.

One day a cab, piled with their luggage, took them to an austere little villa called "Downe Lodge." Punch eyed the house with disfavour. It stood on a sandy road, and a cold wind tickled his knickerbockered legs.

"Let us go away," said Punch. "This is not a pretty place."

But Mamma and Papa and Judy had left the cab, and all the luggage was being taken into the house. At the doorstep stood a woman in black, and she smiled largely, with dry chapped lips. Behind her was a man, big, bony, grey, and lame in one leg—behind him a boy of 12,

black-haired and oily in appearance. Punch surveyed the trio, and advanced without fear, as he had been accustomed to do in Bombay when callers came.

"How do you do?" said he. "I am Punch." But they were all looking at the luggage—all except the grey man, who shook hands with Punch, and said he was "a smart little fellow."

For six days they all stayed there, and Mamma wept at intervals, and showed the woman in black all Punch's clothes—a liberty which Punch resented. "But p'haps she's a new white ayah," he thought. "I'm to call her Antirosa."

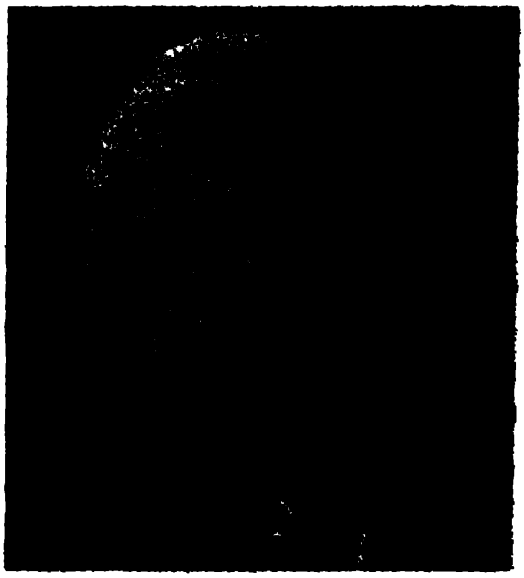
Punch did not approve of the woman or the boy. He liked the grey man, "Uncleharri," who showed him a little ship with rigging that took up and down.

One morning Punch and Judy were roused in the chill dawn to say good-bye; and of all people to Pa and Mamma—both crying. Pu was very sleepy and Judy was

"Don't forget us," Mamma. "Oh, my litt forget us, and se bets too."

"I've told Judy to bemember," said Punch, wriggling. "I've told Judy—ten—forty—'leven thousand times. But Ju's so young—quite a baby, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Papa, "quite a baby,



RUDYARD KIPLING was a 23-year-old journalist in India when he wrote this story; it recalls vividly the unhappiness of his own childhood. In 1871 Rudyard, aged six, and his sister Trix, aged three, were brought from India to live in the healthier climate of Southsea in the care of a retired naval officer and his wife; their parents returned to Bombay where Kipling senior was an art teacher. The guardians' strictness and lack of understanding made the next five years a period of such misery for Rudyard that his health was undermined and his eyesight weakened Finally the children's mother returned to England and took them to live with her on a farm at Loughton, in Epping Forest, until the boy recovered. *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep* was first published in Allahabad in 1889.

and you must be good to Judy, and make haste and learn to write and—and -and —"

Punch was back in his bed again. Judy was fast asleep, and there was the rattle of a cab below. Papa and Mamma had gone away. Of course they would come back soon, as they always did. So Punch fell asleep till the true morning, when the black-haired boy met him with the information that Papa and Mamma had gone to Bombay, and that he and Judy were to stay at Downe Lodge "for ever." Antirosa, tearfully appealed to for a contradiction, said that Harry had spoken the truth, and that it behoved Punch to fold up his clothes neatly on going to bed. Punch went out and wept bitterly with Judy, into whose fair head he had driven some ideas of the meaning of separation.

When a matured man discovers that he has been deserted by Providence, deprived of his God, and cast, without help, comfort, or sympathy, upon a world which is new and strange to him, his despair is generally supposed to be impressive. A child, under exactly similar circumstances, cannot very well curse God and die. It howls till its nose is red, its eyes are sore, and its head aches. Punch and Judy, through no fault of their own, had lost all their world. They sat in the hall and cried, the black-haired boy looking on from afar.

At last, when the boy had gone to school, Punch raised his head from the floor and sniffed mournfully. Judy was nearly asleep. Three short years had not taught her how to bear sorrow with full knowledge. There was a distant, dull boom in the air—the sound of the sea—the sea that must be traversed to get to Bombay.

"Quick, Ju!" he cried. "We're close to the sea. I can hear it! That's where they've went. P'haps we can catch them. They didn't mean to go without us. They've only forgot."

"Iss," said Judy. "They've only forgotted."

He took Judy by the hand, and the two ran unseen through the garden in the direction of the sea. Half an hour the wearied little legs tramped across heath, potato patch and sand dune, and then came upon the great grey sea at low tide. Hundreds of crabs were scuttling about the beach, but there was no trace of Papa and Mamma.

There "Uncleharri" found them —Punch dissolved in tears, but trying to divert Judy with an "ickle trab," and Judy wailing to the pitiless horizon for "Mamma."

All this time not a word about Black Sheep. He came later, and Harry the black-haired boy was mainly responsible for his coming.

Judy—who could help loving little Judy?—passed, by special permit, into the kitchen and thence straight to Aunty Rosa's heart. Harry was Aunty Rosa's one child, and Punch was the extra boy about the house. There was no special place for him

or his little affairs, and he was forbidden to sprawl on sofas and explain his ideas about the manufacture of this world. Sprawling was lazy and wore out sofas, and little boys were not expected to talk.

Harry might reach across the table and take what he wanted; Judy might point and get what she wanted. Punch was forbidden to do either. He soon forgot to tell Judy to "bemember Mamma."

This lapse was excusable, because he had been introduced by Aunty Rosa to two very impressive things —an abstraction called God, the intimate friend and ally of Aunty Rosa, generally believed to live behind the kitchen range because it was hot there—and a dirty brown book filled with unintelligible dots and marks.

Afterwards he learned to know the Lord as the only thing in the world more awful than Aunty Rosa —as a Creature that stood in the background and counted the strokes of the cane.

But the reading was, just then, a much more serious matter than any creed. Aunty Rosa sat him upon a table and told him that A B meant ab.

"Why?" said Punch. "Why does A B mean ab?"

"Because I tell you it does," said Aunty Rosa, "and you've got to say it."

For months, against his will, Punch stumbled through the brown book. He repeated till he was thrice weary, "the Cat lay on the Mat and the Rat came in." Then, in a venerable magazine, he found a portentous picture of a griffin, with verses below. This glimpse of new worlds was so tantalizing that he decided to read about everything.

As soon as Punch could string a few pot hooks together, he wrote to Bombay, demanding by return of post "all the books in all the world." Papa sent *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and a Hans Andersen. That was enough. If he were only left alone Punch could pass, at any hour he chose, into a land of his own, beyond reach of Aunty Rosa and her God, Harry and his teasements, and Judy's claims to be played with.

"Don't disturve me, I'm reading. Go and play in the kitchen," grunted Punch. "Aunty Rosa lets you go there." Judy was cutting her second teeth and was fretful. She appealed to Aunty Rosa, who descended on Punch.

"I was reading," he explained.

"You're only doing that to show off," said Aunty Rosa. "Play with Judy now, and don't open a book for a week."

Judy did not pass a very enjoyable playtime with Punch, who was consumed with indignation. There was a pettiness at the bottom of the prohibition which puzzled him.

"It's what I like to do," he said, "and she's found out that and stopped me. Don't cry, Ju—it wasn't your fault—please don't cry, or she'll say I made you."

After dinner Judy would often be whisked off by Aunty Rosa, while Punch was left to play alone, "and be sure that I hear you doing it."

It was not a cheering employ, for he had to make a playful noise. At last, with infinite craft, he devised an arrangement whereby the table could be supported as to three legs on toy bricks, leaving the fourth clear to bring down on the floor. He could work the table with one hand and hold a book with the other. This [illegible] day when Aunty [illegible] upon him unawares and told him that he was "acting it."

"If you're old enough to do that," she said, "you're old enough to be beaten."

"But I'm—I'm not a animal!" said Punch aghast. Aunty Rosa had hidden a slight cane behind her, and Punch was beaten then and there over the shoulders. It was a revelation to him, and he was left to weep himself into repentance.

Harry entered the room, eyeing Punch, a dishevelled heap in the corner, with disgust.

"You're a liar—a young liar," said Harry, with great unction, "and you're to have tea alone because you're not fit to speak to us. And you're not to speak to Judy again till Mother gives you leave. You'll corrupt her. Mother says so."

Having reduced Punch to a second agony of tears, Harry departed upstairs with the news that Punch was still rebellious.

Uncle Harry sat uneasily in the dining-room. "Damn it all, Rosa," said he at last, "can't you leave the child alone? He's a good little chap with me."

"He puts on his best manners with you, Henry," said Aunty Rosa, "but I'm very much afraid that he is the Black Sheep of the family."

Harry heard and stored up the name for future use.

From that day began the downfall of Punch, now Black Sheep.

"Untrustworthy in one thing, untrustworthy in all," said Aunty Rosa, and Harry felt that Black Sheep was delivered into his hands. He would wake him up in the night to ask him why he was such a liar.

"I don't know," Punch would reply.

"Then don't you think you ought to get up and pray to God for a new heart?"

"Y-yess."

"Get out and pray, then!" And Punch would get out of bed with raging hate. He was always tumbling into trouble. Harry had a knack of cross-examining him as to his day's doings, which seldom failed to lead him, sleepy and savage, into half a dozen contradictions—all duly reported to Aunty Rosa next morning.

"You usen't to be as bad as this," said Judy, awe-stricken at the catalogue of Black Sheep's crimes. "Why are you so bad now?"

"I don't know," Black Sheep would reply. "I'm not, if I only

wasn't bothered upside down. Oh, Ju! Don't you say I'm bad too."

"Aunty Rosa says you are," said Judy. "She told the Vicar so when he came yesterday."

"Why does she tell all the people outside the house about me? It isn't fair," said Black Sheep. "When I was in Bombay, and was bad—doing bad, not made-up like this—Mamma told Papa, and Papa told me he knew, and that was all. Outside people didn't know too."

"I don't remember," said Judy wistfully. "I was all little then. Mamma was just as fond of you as she was of me, wasn't she?"

"'Course she was. So was Papa. So was everybody."

"Aunty Rosa says that you are a Trial and a Black Sheep, and I'm not to speak to you more than I can help."

"Always? Not outside of the times when you mustn't speak to me at all?"

Judy nodded her head mournfully. Black Sheep turned away in despair, but Judy's arms were round his neck.

"Never mind, Punch," she whispered. "I will speak to you. You're my own brother though you are—though Aunty Rosa says you're Bad, and Harry says you're a little coward. He says that if I pulled your hair hard, you'd cry."

"Pull then," said Punch.

Judy pulled gingerly.

"Pull harder—as hard as you can! There! I don't mind how much you pull it now. If you'll speak to me same as ever I'll let you pull it as much as you like—pull it out if you like. But I know if Harry came and stood by and made you do it I'd cry."

So the two children sealed the compact with a kiss, and Black Sheep's heart was cheered within him, and by extreme caution and careful avoidance of Harry he acquired virtue, and was allowed to read undisturbed for a week. Uncle Harry took him for walks, and consoled him with rough tenderness, never calling him Black Sheep. They went often to the cemetery, where for hours the man would sit, while the boy read epitaphs.

"I shall lie there soon," said he to Black Sheep, one winter evening, when his face showed white as a worn silver coin. A month later, he turned sharply round, ere half a morning walk was completed, and stumped back to the house. "Put me to bed, Rosa," he muttered. "I've walked my last."

They put him to bed, and for a fortnight the shadow of his sickness lay upon the house, and Black Sheep went to and fro unobserved. Papa had sent him some new books, and he was told to keep quiet.

"Uncle Harry's going to die," said Judy, who now lived almost entirely with Aunty Rosa.

"I'm very sorry," said Black Sheep soberly. "He told me [illegible] long time ago."

Aunty Rosa heard what he [illegible]

"Will nothing check your wicked tongue?" she said angrily. There were blue circles round her eyes.

"I wonder what will happen to me now," thought Black Sheep, when semi-pagan rites peculiar to the burial of the dead in middle-class houses had been accomplished, and Aunty Rosa, awful in black crape, had returned to this life.

It was decided that he should be sent to a day school which Harry attended. This meant a morning walk with Harry, and perhaps an evening one; but the prospect of freedom in the interval was refreshing. "Harry'll tell everything I do, but I won't do anything," said Black Sheep. Fortified with this virtuous resolution, he went to school only to find that Harry's version of his character had preceded him, and that life was a burden in consequence.

"How do you like school?" said Aunty Rosa at the end of the day.

"I think it is a very nice place," said Punch quietly.

"I suppose you've warned the boys of Black Sheep's character?" said Aunty Rosa to Harry.

"Oh yes," said the censor of Black Sheep's morals. "They know all about him."

"If I was with my father," said Black Sheep, stung to the quick, "I shouldn't speak to those boys. He wouldn't let me. They live in shops."

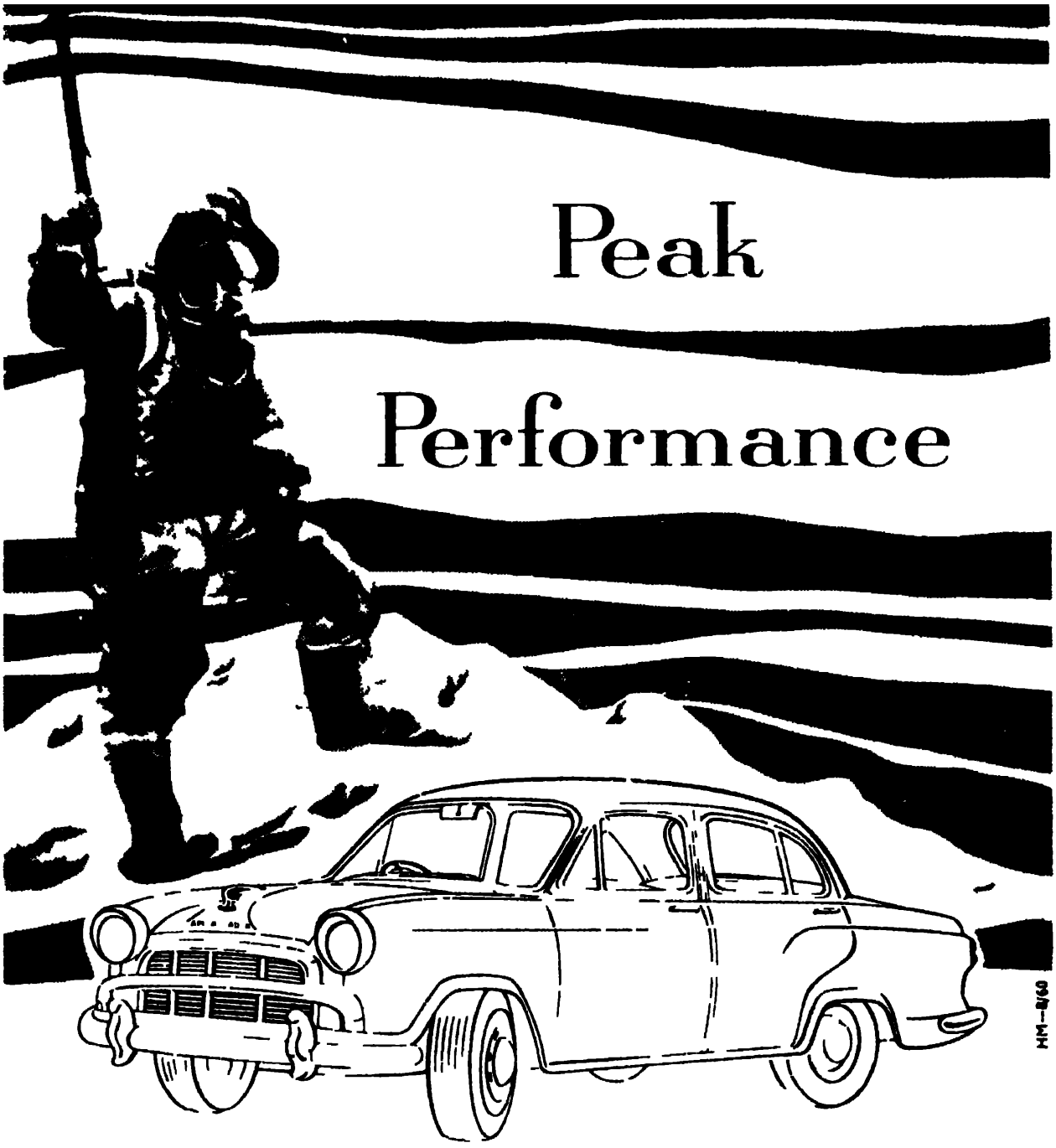
"You're too good for that school, are you?" said Aunty Rosa, with a bitter smile. "You ought to be grateful that those boys speak to you at all. It isn't every school that takes little liars."

Harry did not fail to make much capital out of Black Sheep's ill-considered remark; with the result that several boys demonstrated to Black Sheep the eternal equality of the human race by smacking his head. Of Judy he now saw but little. She was deeply religious—at six years of age Religion is easy to come by—and sorely divided between her natural love for Black Sheep and her love for Aunty Rosa, who could do no wrong.

The lean woman returned that love with interest, and Judy, when she dared, took advantage of this for the remission of Black Sheep's penalties. Failures in lessons at school were punished at home by a week without reading other than school-books. Harry was at once spy, practical joker, inquisitor, and Aunty Rosa's deputy executioner. From his actions, now that Uncle Harry was dead, there was no appeal.

As time went on and the memory of Papa and Mamma became wholly overlaid by the unpleasant task of writing them letters, under Aunty Rosa's eye, each Sunday, Black Sheep forgot what manner of life he had led in the beginning of things. Even Judy's appeals to "try and remember about Bombay" failed to quicken him.

"I can't remember," he said. "I



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know I used to give orders and Mamma kissed me."

"Aunty Rosa will kiss you if you are good," pleaded Judy.

"Ugh! I don't want to be kissed by Aunty Rosa. She'd say I was doing it to get something more to eat."

Just before the holidays Black Sheep fell into deadly sin. Among the many boys whom Harry had incited to "punch Black Sheep's head because he daren't hit back," was one more aggravating than the rest, who, in an unlucky moment, fell upon Black Sheep when Harry was not near. The blows stung, and Black Sheep struck back at random with all the power at his command. The boy dropped and whimpered. Black Sheep was astounded at his own act but, feeling the unresisting body under him, shook it with both his hands in blind fury and then began to throttle his enemy, meaning honestly to slay him. There was a scuffle, and Black Sheep was torn off the body by Harry and some colleagues, and cuffed home tingling but exultant. Aunty Rosa was out: pending her arrival, Harry set himself to lecture Black Sheep on the sin of murder.

"Why didn't you fight him fair? What did you hit him when he was down for, you little cur?"

Black Sheep looked up at Harry's throat and then at a knife on the dinner table.

"I don't understand," he said wearily. "You always set him on me and told me I was a coward when I blubbed. Will you leave me alone until Aunty Rosa comes in? She'll beat me, so it's all right."

"It's all wrong," said Harry magisterially. "You nearly killed him, and if he dies you'll be hanged, and go to Hell."

"All right," said Black Sheep, picking up the table knife. "Then I'll kill you now. You never leave me alone—and I don't care what happens!"

He ran at the boy with the knife, and Harry fled, promising Black Sheep the finest thrashing in the world when Aunty Rosa returned. Black Sheep sat at the bottom of the stairs, the table knife in his hand, and wept for that he had not killed Harry. The servant girl came up from the kitchen, took the knife away, and consoled him. But Black Sheep was beyond consolation. He would be badly beaten by Aunty Rosa; then there would be another beating at Harry's hands; then Judy would not be allowed to speak to him; then the tale would be told at school——

There was no one to help, and the best way out of the business was by death. Aunty Rosa had told him, a year ago, that if he sucked paint he would die. He went into the nursery, unearthed the now disused Noah's Ark, and sucked the paint off as many animals as remained He had licked them clean by the time Aunty Rosa and Judy returned. He went upstairs and greeted them

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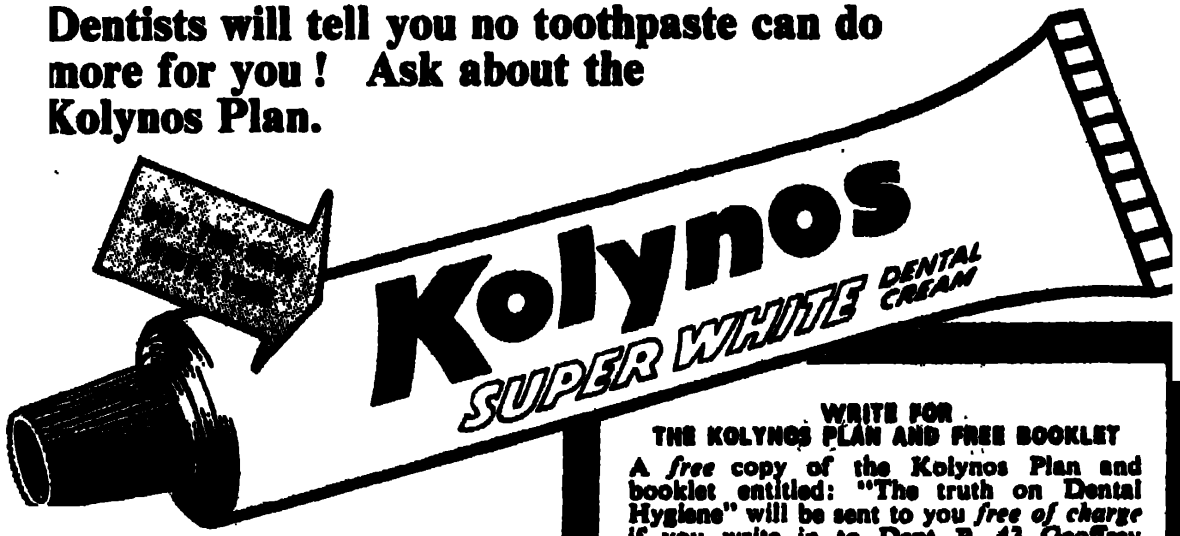
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with: "Please, Aunty Rosa, I've nearly killed a boy at school, and I've tried to kill Harry, and when you've done all about God and Hell, will you beat me and get it over?"

The tale of the assault as told by Harry could only be explained on the grounds of possession by the Devil. Wherefore Black Sheep was not only most excellently beaten, once by Aunty Rosa and once, when thoroughly cowed down, by Harry, but he was further prayed for at family prayers. Black Sheep was sore and stiff but triumphant. He would die that very night and be rid of them all. No, he would ask for no forgiveness from Harry at bedtime.

"I've been beaten," said he, "and I don't care what I do. If you speak to me tonight, Harry, I'll get out and try to kill you."

Harry took his bed into the spare room, and Black Sheep lay down to die.

It may be that the makers of Noah's Arks know that their animals are likely to find their way into young mouths, and paint them accordingly. Certain it is that the common, weary next morning broke through the windows and found Black Sheep quite well and a good deal ashamed of himself.

When he descended to breakfast on the first day of the holidays, he was greeted with the news that Harry, Aunty Rosa, and Judy were going away to Brighton, while Black Sheep was to stay in the house with the servant. His latest outbreak suited Aunty Rosa's plans admirably. It gave her good excuse for leaving the extra boy behind. Papa in Bombay had sent a package of new books. And with these, and the society of Jane, Black Sheep was left alone for a month.

The books were eaten quickly in long gulps of 12 hours at a time. Jane made many friends and, after receiving Black Sheep's assurance that he would not tell of her absences, went out daily for long hours. Black Sheep would read until all the house was grey dark, and then run down to the kitchen fire and read by its light. He was happy in that he was left alone and could read as much as he pleased. But, later, he grew afraid of the shadows of window curtains and the flapping of doors and the creaking of shutters.

He was glad when they all returned—Aunty Rosa, Harry and Judy—full of news, and Judy laden with gifts.

Then the old life recommenced; but with a difference, and a new sin. To his other iniquities Black Sheep had now added a phenomenal clumsiness—was as unfit to trust in action as he was in word. He himself could not account for spilling everything he touched, upsetting glasses as he put his hand out, and bumping his head against doors that were manifestly shut. There was a grey haze upon all his world, and it narrowed month by month, until at

last it left Black Sheep almost alone with the flapping curtains that were so like ghosts.

The weeks were interminable, and Papa and Mamma were clean forgotten. Harry had left school and was a clerk in a banking office. Freed from his presence, Black Sheep resolved that he should no longer be deprived of his allowances of pleasure-reading. Consequently when he failed at school he reported that all was well, and conceived a large contempt for Aunty Rosa as he saw how easy it was to deceive her.

But it grew monthly more and more of a trouble to read the school-books, and even the pages of the open-print storybooks danced and were dim. Then the crash came. Aunty Rosa made personal enquiries as to Black Sheep's progress and received information that startled her. Step by step, with a delight as keen as when she convicted an underfed housemaid of the theft of cold meats, she followed the trail of Black Sheep's delinquencies. For weeks he had made a fool of Aunty Rosa. Horrible, and evidence of an utterly depraved mind!

For three days Black Sheep was shut in his own bedroom—to prepare his heart. Then he was thrashed by Aunty Rosa, and a placard saying "Liar" was produced. Aunty Rosa stitched it between his shoulders and bade him go for a walk with it upon him.

"If you make me do that," said Black Sheep very quietly, "I shall burn this house down, and perhaps I'll kill you. I don't know whether I can kill you—you're so bony—but I'll try."

No punishment followed this blasphemy. Perhaps Aunty Rosa was afraid, for Black Sheep, having reached the Nadir of Sin, bore himself with a new recklessness.

In the midst of all the trouble there came a visitor from over the seas, who knew Papa and Mamma, and was commissioned to see Punch and Judy. Black Sheep was sent to the drawing room and charged into a solid tea table laden with china.

"Gently, gently, little man," said the visitor, turning Black Sheep's face to the light slowly. "What's that big bird on the palings?"

"What bird?" asked Black Sheep.

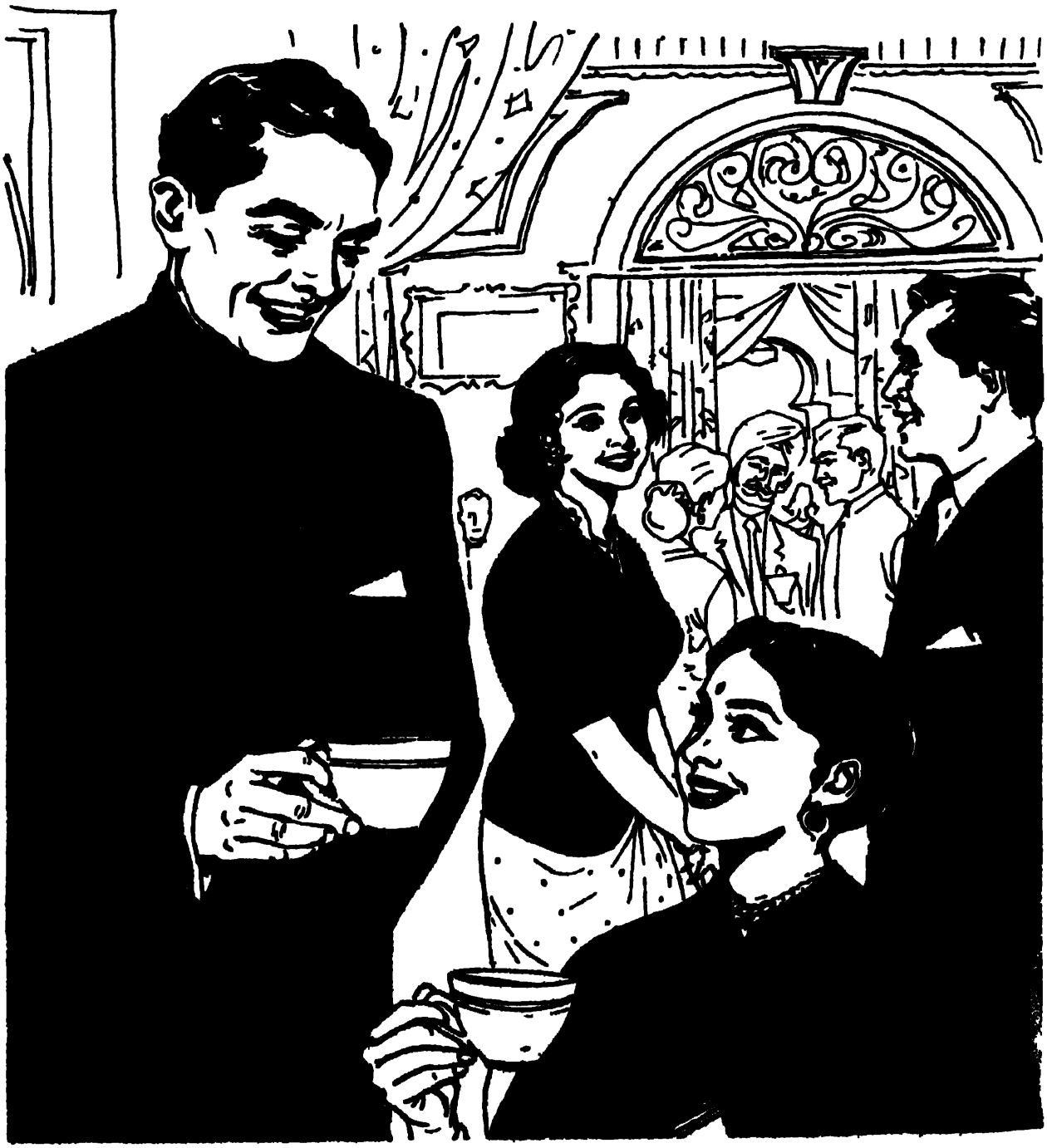
The visitor looked deep down into Black Sheep's eyes for half a minute, and then said suddenly: "Good God, he's nearly blind!"

It was a most businesslike visitor. He gave orders, on his own responsibility, that Black Sheep was not to go to school or open a book until Mamma came home. "She'll be here in three weeks," said he.

Mamma was coming. There was a chance, then, of another beating. Thank Heaven, Papa wasn't coming too. Aunty Rosa had said of late that he ought to be beaten by a man.

For the next three weeks Black Sheep spent his time in the old nursery looking at the broken toys, for

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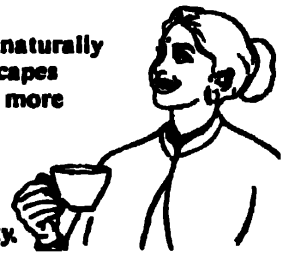


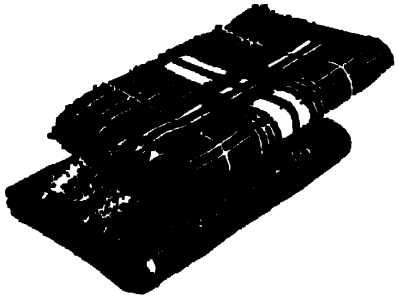
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all of which account must be rendered to Mamma. Aunty Rosa hit him over the hands if even a wooden boat were broken.

Then Mamma came—in a four-wheeler—fluttered with tender excitement. Such a Mamma! She was young, frivolously young, and beautiful, with delicately flushed cheeks, eyes that shone like stars, and a voice that needed no appeal of outstretched arms to draw little ones to her heart.

Judy ran straight to her, but Black Sheep hesitated. Could this wonder be "showing off"? She would not put out her arms when she knew of his crimes.

Aunty Rosa withdrew and left Mamma, kneeling between her children, half laughing, half crying, in the very hall where Punch and Judy had wept five years before.

"Well, chicks, do you remember me?"

"No," said Judy frankly, "but I said, 'God bless Papa and Mamma,' ev'ry night."

"A little," said Black Sheep. "Remember I wrote to you every week, anyhow. That isn't to show off, but 'cause of what comes afterwards."

"What comes after? What should come after, my darling boy?" And she drew him to her again. He came awkwardly, with many angles. "Not used to petting," said the quick mother-soul. "The girl is."

There was a constrained late dinner, at the end of which Mamma picked up Judy and put her to bed with endearments manifold. Faithless little Judy had shown her defection from Aunty Rosa already. And that lady resented it bitterly. Black Sheep rose to leave the room.

"Come and say good night," said Aunty Rosa, offering a withered cheek.

"Huh!" said Black Sheep. "I never kiss you, and I'm not going to show off. Tell that woman what I've done, and see what she says."

Black Sheep climbed into bed feeling that he had lost Heaven after a glimpse through the gates. In half an hour "that woman" was bending over him. Black Sheep flung up his right arm. It wasn't fair to come and hit him in the dark. Even Aunty Rosa never tried that. But no blow followed.

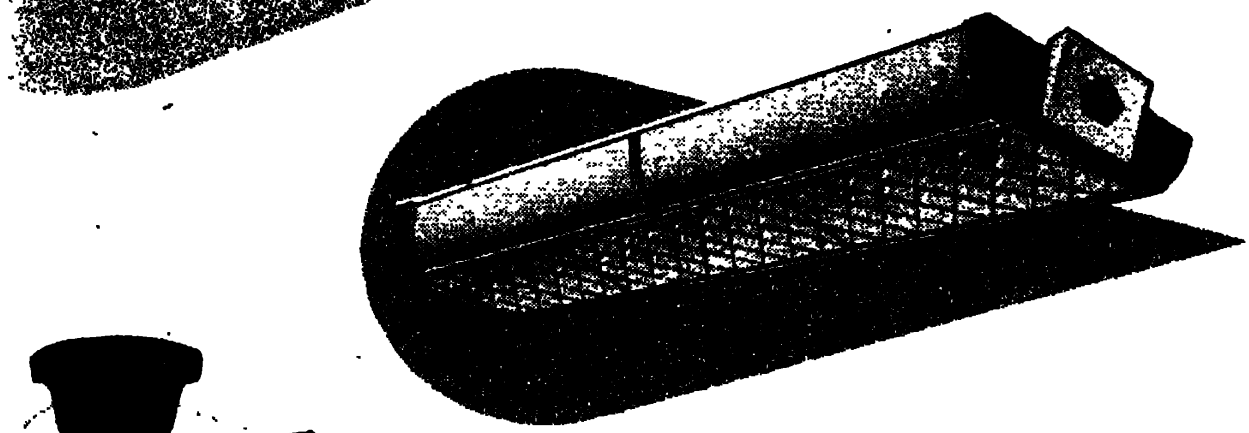
"I won't tell you anything more than Aunty Rosa has," said Black Sheep as clearly as he could for the arms round his neck.

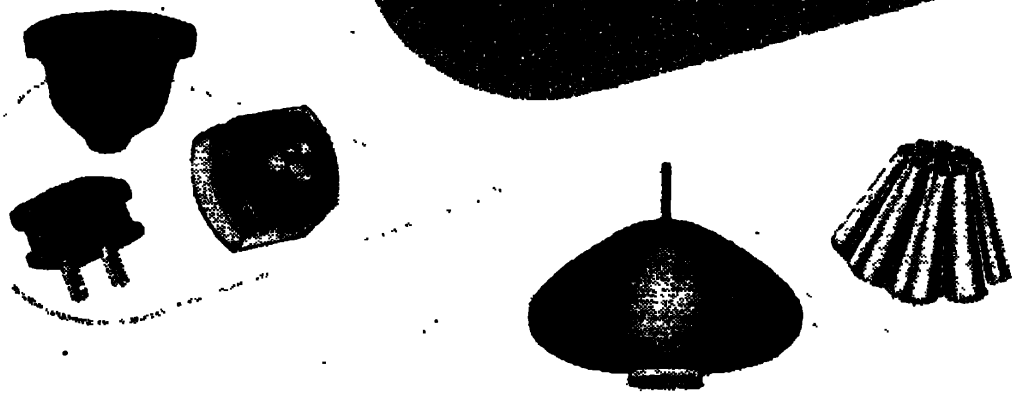
"Oh, my son—my little, little son! Don't talk like that." Two hot tears fell on Black Sheep's forehead. "Try to love me a little bit—a little bit. Punch-baba, come back to me!"

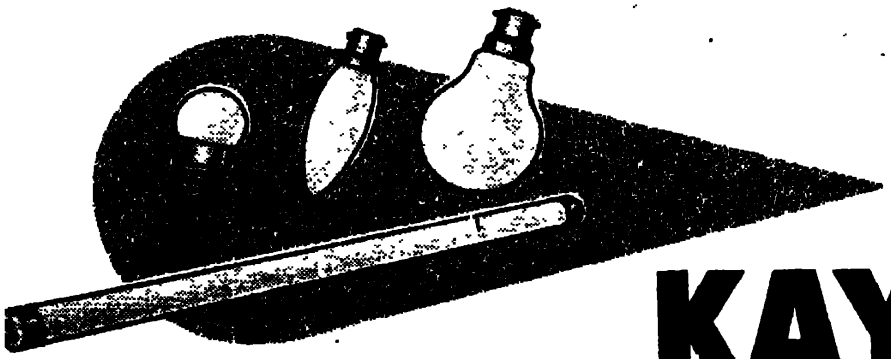
It is astonishing how much petting a big boy often can endure when no one laughs at him. Black Sheep had never been made much of before, and here was this beautiful woman treating him—Black Sheep, the Child of the Devil and the inheritor of undying flame—as though he were a small god.

"I care for you a great deal, Mother dear," he whispered at last,

...ng the nation...



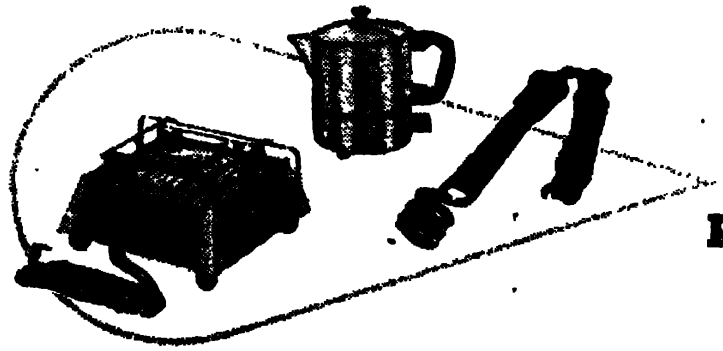




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97

"and I'm glad you've come back: but are you sure Aunty Rosa told you everything?"

"Everything. What does it matter? Oh! Punch"—the voice broke with a sob that was also laughter—"my poor, dear, half-blind darling —"

Mamma slipped away in the darkness to write a long letter to Papa. Here is an extract:

". . . Judy is a dear, plump little prig who adores the woman. She will come to me at once. Punch I cannot quite understand. He is well nourished, but seems to have been worried into a system of small deceptions which the woman magnifies into deadly sins. I shall win Punch to me before long. I am taking the children away into the country to get them to know me, and, on the whole, I am content, or shall be when you come home, dear boy, and then, thank God, we shall all be under one roof again at last!"

Three months later Punch, no longer Black Sheep, has discovered that he is the veritable owner of a real, live, lovely Mamma, and that he must protect her till the Father comes home. "We are just as much Mother's as if she had never gone," he says.

Not altogether, O Punch, for when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge.

All at Sea

A SAILING dinghy broke loose from its moorings on the English East Coast. The owner heard nothing of it for two weeks. Then a most courteous letter arrived from a small Belgian port. The dinghy, undamaged, had been picked up by a trawler and brought into harbour.

The delighted owner immediately made plans for getting the dinghy back. But it was not so simple. He had to have an import licence from the Board of Trade before his property could be returned. And his application was three times refused—to protect the British shipbuilding industry.

—Paul Tabori

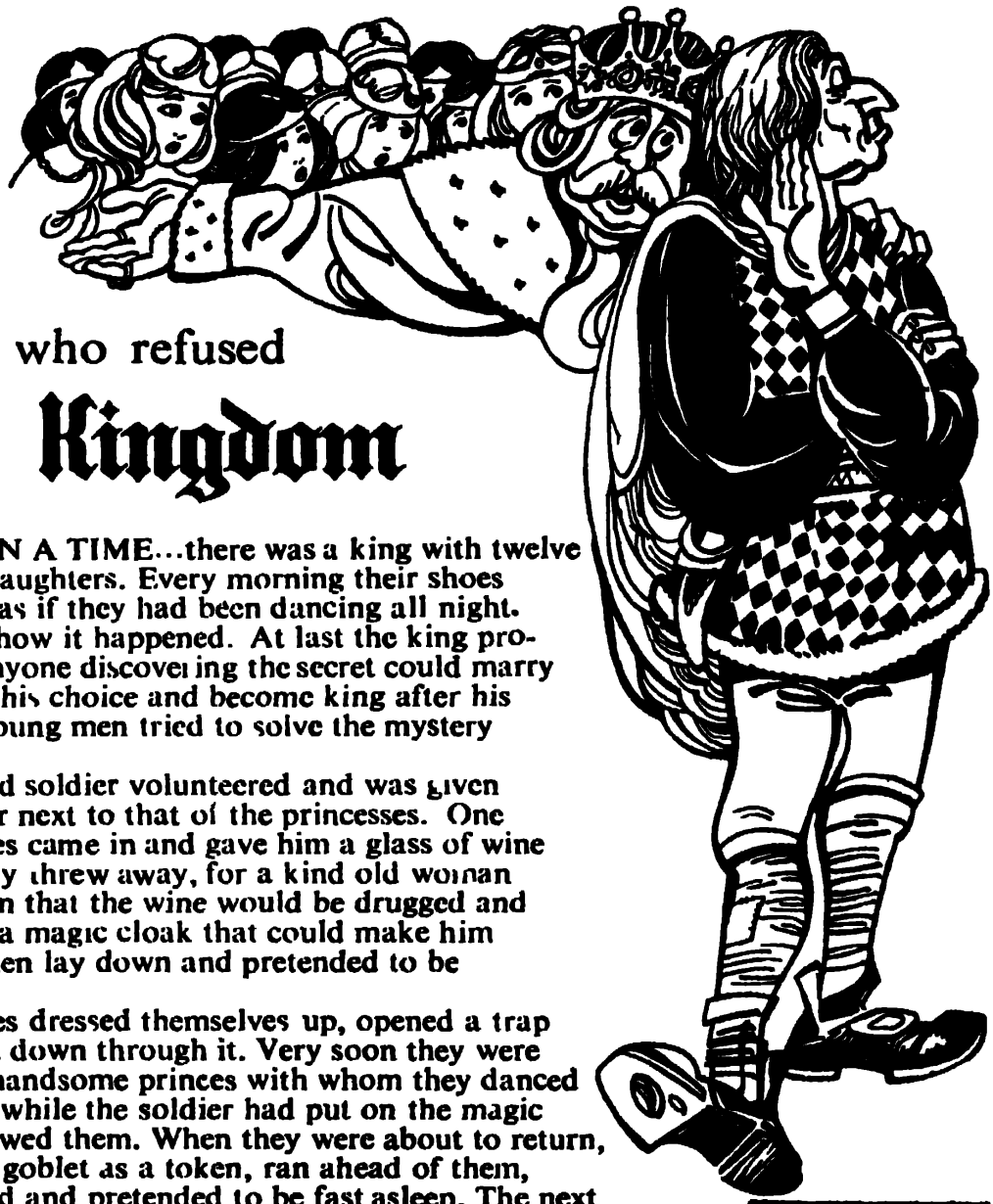
* * *

Progress Reports

NEWS SLANTING is as ancient as newspapers themselves. The classic illustration is a Paris paper's successive headlines reporting Napoleon's escape from his exile in Elba:

"The Corsican Monster Has Landed in the Gulf of Juan."
"The Cannibal Is Marching Towards Grasse."
"The Usurper Has Entered Grenoble."
"Bonaparte Has Entered Lyons."
"Napoleon Is Marching Towards Fontainebleau."
"His Imperial Majesty Is Expected Tomorrow in Paris."

—David Green



The man who refused

Kingdom

ONCE UPON A TIME...there was a king with twelve beautiful daughters. Every morning their shoes were worn out as if they had been dancing all night. Nobody knew how it happened. At last the king proclaimed that anyone discovering the secret could marry the princess of his choice and become king after his death. Many young men tried to solve the mystery but in vain

At last an old soldier volunteered and was given the bedchamber next to that of the princesses. One of the princesses came in and gave him a glass of wine which he quietly threw away, for a kind old woman had warned him that the wine would be drugged and had given him a magic cloak that could make him invisible. He then lay down and pretended to be fast asleep.

The princesses dressed themselves up, opened a trap door, and went down through it. Very soon they were met by twelve handsome princes with whom they danced all night. Meanwhile the soldier had put on the magic cloak and followed them. When they were about to return, he picked up a goblet as a token, ran ahead of them, jumped into bed and pretended to be fast asleep. The next day he told the king all that had happened during the night and showed him the goblet. True to his promise, the king invited him to choose one of the princesses for his wife but he answered, "Your Majesty, I am too old to marry and become a king. I would rather have a lovely tin of PARRY'S Sweets as my reward." Imagine that!



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PARRY'S Sweets are so delicious, so pure, so wholesome. You can buy them loose, or in beautiful printed fancy tins.

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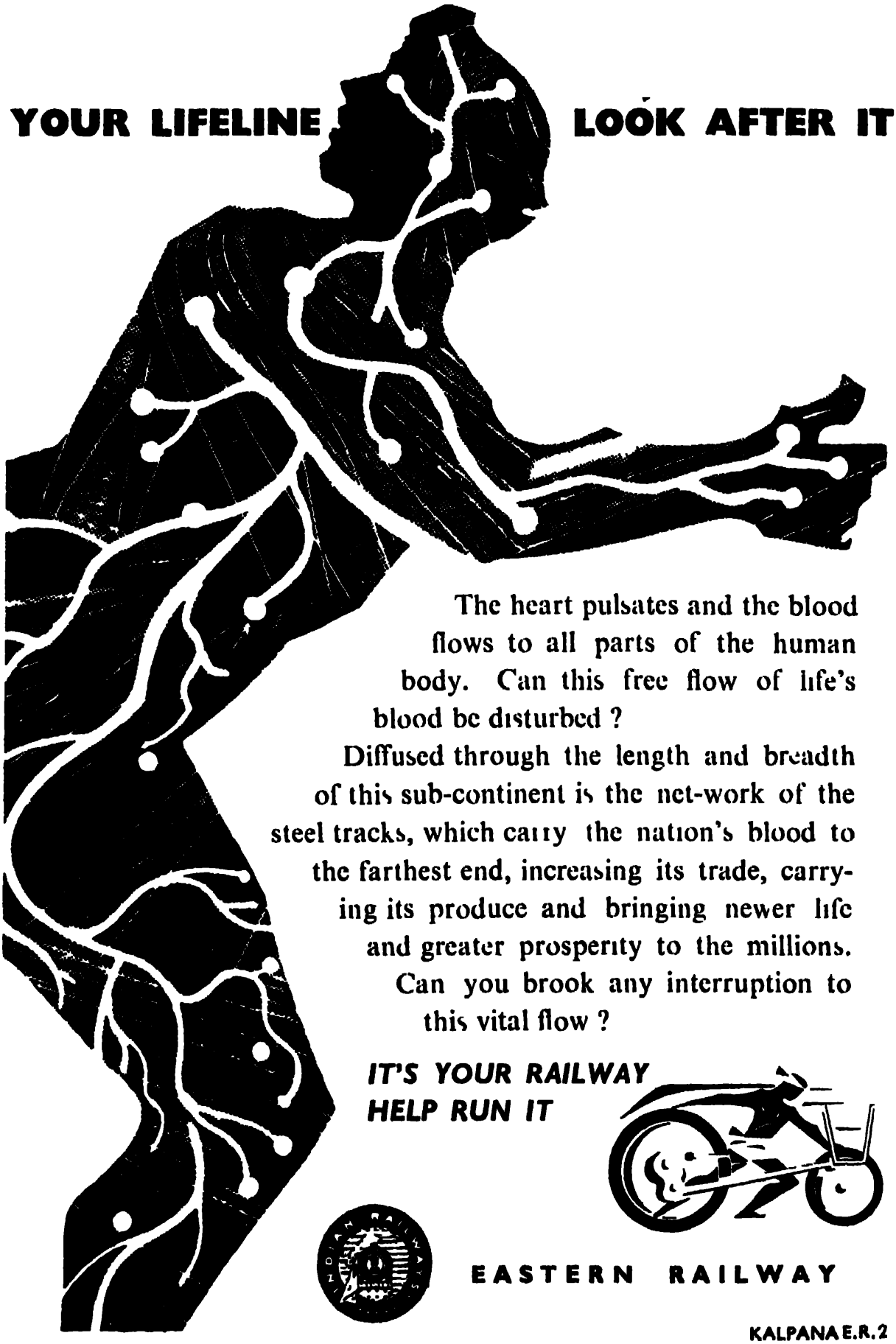


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Diffused through the length and breadth of this sub-continent is the net-work of the steel tracks, which carry the nation's blood to the farthest end, increasing its trade, carrying its produce and bringing newer life and greater prosperity to the millions.

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Wings for the Lion of Judah

Operating in country as rugged as any in the world, Haile Selassie's pioneering pilots are doing an incredible job air-lifting an ancient land into the 20th century

By Charles Miller

Five thousand feet above the saw-toothed peaks of Ethiopia's Ahmar Mountains, the Dakota staggered through towering thunderheads and jagged ribbons of lightning. Pilot Bill Parker, turning the controls over to co-pilot Akiliku Kassahun, made his way towards the rear of the aircraft, squeezing past bales of flea-infested hides and

Condensed from Flying



a pair of airsick sheep. Cooped chickens burst into panicked cackling, and a pig squealed in terror as the plane lurched in a violent updraught. The passengers, six white-robed Galla tribesmen, drew their spears out of Parker's path and grinned up at him nervously from their bucket seats. He gave them a reassuring wink. Passing the open lavatory door, he saw that the tiny washroom had an occupant—a goat.

"Not *again*," Parker grumbled, shooing the scrawny animal back into the cabin. "Just how crazy can an airline get?"

No other commercial-aviation enterprise is quite as bizarre as Ethiopian Airlines. It is helping to modernize an ancient country practically sealed off from the world for 3,000 years' by life-draining deserts and nearly impregnable mountain ranges. Before air service, communities within Ethiopia were all but inaccessible to one another. The walled city of Gondar is only 255 miles from Addis Ababa, the capital; yet 15 years ago a coffee grower ready to market his produce had to make a two-week trek by pack mule through practically unexplored wilderness—and could do it only in the dry season. Today he makes the trip in slightly over an hour, aboard a Dakota. What's more, he can do it six times a week. Once foreigners could enter Ethiopia only from French Somaliland on an antique "railway" that struggles wearily through 500 miles of cloud-capped mountains; now they can arrive from Frankfurt aboard a luxurious, radar-equipped EAL airliner. Soon they'll make the flight by jet plane.

It was the foresight of Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie that brought about the desperately needed transfusion which EAL has provided for the land of the Queen of Sheba. At the end of the war Ethiopia was still reeling from more than five years of Italian occupation. Revolution and anarchy threatened. Haile Selassie knew that if he was to reunite the nation, permanent communication inside Ethiopia was imperative. Equally vital was regular contact with the outside world. In September 1945 he negotiated an agreement with Trans-World Airlines to establish and operate an air service.

The service began with ten war-weary surplus aircraft, flown from Cairo by volunteer pilots and crews of the U.S. Air Transport Command. They found a bomb-pocked runway at Addis Ababa, but little else.

Ethiopia's economy hinges on coffee production. For nearly six months every year, during the torrential "long rains," some of the world's richest coffee country was cut off from all outside contact.

"Growers used to beg us for charter flights," says Bob Green, one of the original ATC pilots. "But we had no airfields, and thousands of tons of coffee just lay around and were spoiled. Soon missionaries began giving us reports on possible

landing sites. We'd look them over from the air, then cross our fingers and land. Within a few weeks we'd have a new airstrip."

Parker, another ex-ATC pilot who has been with the line for eight years, recalls that ground control and maintenance were practically non-existent. "We had a Dakota ready to take off from Gondar one day, when the starboard engine conked out. The pilot recruited some Ethiopians and got them to wind a long rope round the prop hub. Then they all heaved together, just as you'd yank the lanyard on an outboard motor. It took about a dozen tries, but finally the engine started."

Today the fleet consists of 20 aircraft, including three new airliners used on regular runs to Frankfurt.

The planes are flamboyantly marked. A gold Lion of Judah—Ethiopia's heraldic symbol—stands out boldly against a broad stripe of red, green and gold that runs the length of the fuselage. And a huge, stylized eagle's wing decorates the rudder. Some of the aircraft have names: "The Eagle of Ethiopia," "Haile Selassie's Eagle" and "The Spiritual Power."

International routes cover nearly 6,000 miles, and the country is criss-crossed by an 8,000-mile domestic network. Work on a huge airport for jets has been started at Addis Ababa.

By opening countless new markets in formerly inaccessible areas, EAL has enabled Ethiopia to embark on a programme of modern development. In 1945 there were only 244 cars in the country. Today, passenger-car registration is over 8,000, and a fleet of 1,200 lorries carry produce along 5,000 miles of paved roads. Since federation with the former Italian colony of Eritrea in 1952, Ethiopia is no longer landlocked; the Red Sea ports of Massawa and Assab handle a quarter of a million tons of cargo annually. Schools have sprouted like mushrooms, and English shares equally with Amharic as the nation's official language.

There is still a long way to go. Addis Ababa's traffic jams are compounded by herds of sheep and goats. Magnificent new buildings rise above acres of squalid mud huts. Only an hour or so outside the capital, lorry drivers must keep an eye out for lions and buffalo on the roads. Illiteracy is still high.

For EAL pilots the bitter struggle between man and the elements is always present. When I made the 400-mile flight from Asmara, near Massawa, to Addis Ababa, our plane battled slashing rainstorms all the way.

One scheduled stop was Bahar Dahr, a village on the shore of Lake Tana, source of the Blue Nile. As we approached, I saw a man on the ground, almost knee-deep in water, frantically waving a red flag. Our Dakota changed course. "Airstrip's flooded again," said Alemayehu

Abebe, one of the line's 15 Ethiopian pilots.

The next stop, 90 miles away, was Debra Markos, an abbreviated hollow jammed inside a circle of jagged peaks. A humped-back ribbon of mud, about 175 yards long and terminating abruptly at a cliff, functioned as the airstrip. Two more or less straight rows of whitewashed rocks marked the landing boundaries. "Got to watch it here," said Abebe, as we skidded sluggishly on the muddy runway. "Once you've decided to land you can't change your mind, even if you're blocked by baboons or a couple of lions."

Our plane was immediately surrounded by several hundred natives, many wearing the Ethiopian garb of jodhpurs and white knee-length robes. Several passengers emerged from the mud-and-wattle shanty that serves as Debra Markos's air terminal, and we took off again, plummeting about 200 feet for a few sickening seconds as the cliff edge was pulled out from under us.

During the dry season, thermal up-draughts on this run are so severe that passengers often keep their safety belts fastened for the entire trip.

Passengers on domestic flights, mostly local merchants and farmers, are often walking arsenals, carrying anything from carbines and automatic pistols to thick-bladed spears. (Ethiopia may have arrived in the 20th century, but nobody has explained this to the lions.) Hundreds of Moslems make the *Hadj*, the pilgrimage to Mecca, by air. Many come from as far off as West Africa, and follow ancient customs *en route*. Pilots are hard put to keep them from preparing meals over fires lit on the floor of the aircraft.

In contrast to the local flights, EAL's international run cannot be surpassed for comfort and luxury. Inside the bigger aircraft, gold Lions of Judah are superimposed on turquoise walls, and scenes from an ancient Ethiopian painting decorate the gold-tinted curtains. The food and service rank with the best that the world's major airlines offer.

EAL's safety record—domestic and international—is phenomenal: not a single fatality in the line's 15 years and 25 million air miles. In 1947 a plane lost its undercarriage on a remote landing strip, but no one was hurt. The line's only other accident occurred in 1957, during the flight of a newly acquired Constellation piloted by Otha Salyers. A few minutes out of Khartoum, one of the engines caught fire. Miraculously, Salyers managed to belly-land the blazing craft on a rock-strewn stretch of desert and get all the passengers clear before the explosion. For this he was decorated by Haile Selassie, who also gave him an engraved silver watch as a token of personal gratitude.

The Ethiopians will eventually take over the management and operation of the line, and to this end an intensive training programme has been set up. Ethiopians



a time of joy...

When swords of lightning n longer flash
the roll of thunder loses its echo the
pitch laden sky clears and the sun breaks
through wisps of cloud cotton like
in the sudden blue—that is the time
of the harvest and the year s work is done

For this end the effort the toil For
a world that offers a little more—
a little less of the care a little more of the joy

Today, as in the past, our products help to make homes cleaner healthier, happier But today we are also working for Tomorrow, when the evergrowing urge for better living will demand still greater efforts And we shall be ready with wider service new ideas new products

Today and Tomorrow... Hindustan Lever serves the home.

PR 10 117

are moving steadily into every job category, technical and administrative. Many of the stewardesses are members of Ethiopian nobility. (All must produce letters from their parents allowing them to stay out after dark on international flights.) The 15 Ethiopian captains and first officers have qualified in what may well be aviation's most rigid examination.

"In this kind of country, normal safety precautions don't amount to much," says the general manager, Victor Harrell. "Once our captains are airborne, they've got twice the responsibility they'd face on any other line." The result is that the Ethiopian pilots are far above average.

Many foreigners in Ethiopia think that EAL has done much to cement Ethiopia's friendly relations with the outside world. Recently, Haile Selassie made a tour of Europe aboard an Ethiopian Airlines plane. On his itinerary were several Iron Curtain countries, including the Soviet Union.

"I like to think of the Emperor landing in Moscow," said one EAL official. "His Majesty is neutral, of course, but when you see that big gold Lion of Judah on any of our aircraft—well, Ethiopia's showing the flag. And I don't mean the hammer and sickle, either."

EAL hopes to conduct economy priced safaris to the more remote parts of Ethiopia. They will probably be photographic expeditions, as the government is sensitive to wild life conservation. The project isn't intended to compete with the luxury safaris of Kenya and Tanganyika, but rather to stimulate tourism in a never-never land whose abundant game and breath-taking scenery have been seen by only a handful of outsiders. It's another wheel in the airborne machinery that's bringing Ethiopia out of the dark ages.

Bedtime Stories

JIM was just falling off to sleep when his wife nudged him and said the telephone was ringing. At this hour it was probably for him, she said, closing her eyes. Jim rolled out of bed and trundled downstairs. When he returned, his wife was asleep. He woke her. "Wasn't for me, after all," he said. She crawled out of bed and pulled on her dressing-gown. Then he added, "It was a wrong number." —*W.S.J.*

A WOMAN who plays cards one night a month with a group of friends was concerned because she always woke up her husband when she came home at about 11:30. One night she decided to try not to disturb him. She undressed in the living-room and, handbag over her arm, tiptoed nude into the bedroom—only to find her husband sitting up in bed reading.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Did you lose everything?"—Matt Weinstock

Life's Like That

My husband had been trying vainly to interest other members of the family in his hobby of fishing. One day he took our nine-year-old daughter with him on the lake, and she showed a spark of enthusiasm when he hooked a big one and let her land it.

She was thrilled. But not nearly so much as her father was when she said, "And now I want to really catch one —on my own patience."

—Elaine Brayton

It was cold and rainy at the resort where I was spending my holiday, but I bundled myself up and went down to the beach. There I saw a man in a bathing suit, lying on a large beach towel. I walked up to him and asked why he was punishing himself like that.

"I've been waiting all the year for this holiday so that I could get some colour," he said. "And I'm going to get it—even if it's blue." —Robert Jones

Brownie was the last of a litter of pups in the window of the pet shop where I work. Although his looks were nondescript and he wasn't even a puppy any more, his tail wagged jauntily, hopefully, at anyone who stopped to look.

On the day that Brownie was to be transferred to the dog's home, a pleasant young woman with several children in tow came and bought him. "I suppose it's an advertising gimmick," she said, "but it really got me."

I understood what she meant when I went to pull the "For Sale" ticket off the window. Someone had changed the "l" to "k" and added an "n."

—Margaret Wark

Visiting the timber country, my husband and I followed a well-worn path through pines and birches until we came upon a rural home. We began talking with the man who lived there about the beauty of the rivers and woods, and my husband remarked, "You must send a lot of pulp-wood from this part of the country."

"Oh yes," replied our new acquaintance. "But the tourists bring most of it back."

"How's that?" asked my husband.

The man waved his hands towards the littered path. "Sweet wrappings," he answered, "food packets, cleansing tissues . . ." —A. L.

A few minutes before the college's morning service it was discovered that student practical jokers had removed all the chairs from the hall.

Since there was no time to look for them or to round up others, the embarrassed assembly had to stand for the service.

However, the young guest preacher put everyone at ease. "I shall write to my mother about this tonight," he announced. "It will make her happy to hear that when I preached today every seat was taken and there were 400 people standing." —B. P.

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WHAT IS A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN?

One thing is certain –it's a devastating time of crisis. It's also certain that a breakdown can be "cured." Better still, say the experts, it can be prevented

By Robert O'Brien

ATTRACTIVE young couple moved into our suburb. They had two small children, and were expecting a third. The husband commuted to the city, leaving early and not returning home until late in the evening. The mother's day was filled with endless errands, household chores and the care of two frisky youngsters. Gradually the stresses of her life began to take their toll. Her moods swung from despair to brittle gaiety, and back again. One minute she would sit staring dully out of the window, the next she would be frantically cleaning the garage or attic.

One morning as she prepared for a shopping trip she suddenly dreaded going out into streets and shops. Her heart pounded. The dread rapidly spiralled into panic. On the verge of hysteria, she phoned her husband and begged him to hurry home. He found her locked in a bedroom, weeping . . .

Not long ago, a brilliant young advertising man I know was promoted to a top job in his firm. His ambitious wife was delighted. He, however, felt just the opposite.

Underneath, he didn't want the increased responsibility. But how could he admit it? Everyone would think him weak. He grew moody and depressed. He had trouble sleeping. One spring day his gaze travelled out through the open window of his high-up office. Slowly he froze with horror. The space, the languid air outside, seemed to beckon him. He stared in terrible fascination at the open window, struggling with an almost overpowering impulse to jump. A jangling phone came to his rescue. He stumbled from the office and took a taxi home. He called his doctor and went to bed . . .

Doctors used psychiatric terms to describe these different illnesses. But the term that seemed to satisfy relatives and friends was more general. They called both cases "nervous breakdown." Most of us would say the same.

Just what is a nervous breakdown? Since nerve tissue never mechanically snaps, or "breaks down," does the term have any validity? Several doctors I talked to dismissed it as "vague." Other authorities defend it. The main reason for the term's usefulness, doctors are coming to understand, is that all nervous breakdowns have certain elements in common.

The core of the nervous breakdown is *anxiety*, a condition of heightened tension accompanied by an overpowering feeling of apprehension without apparent reason. We all have anxieties. Their causes are usually forgotten. But the duplication of a once-frightening circumstance may call these nameless fears from the depths of our unconscious mind to fill us with baffling dread and terror. I once knew a newspaperman who broke down on the death of his mother. Psychotherapy uncovered a long-buried terror that he'd felt as a child whenever his parents had left him alone in the house. When his mother died and "left him behind" once more, it had all swept back with crushing force.

Another common element in all breakdowns is the failure of defence mechanisms. Early in life most of us learn ways of protecting ourselves against situations that cause anxiety. The most common defence mechanism is rationalization. A man rationalizes his heavy drinking by telling himself that he's just being sociable, for example. Another technique is "displacement." Here the upsetting emotions we feel towards one person are concealed by working them off on another. For instance, a salesman hates his boss but can't admit it, so he quarrels with his wife. Other methods of warding off anxiety include denial, a blind refusal to admit that problems exist; and repression, an unconscious but purposeful "forgetting."

Sometimes defence mechanisms perform more or less effectively for a lifetime. But frequently, when tensions and fears pile up overwhelmingly, the defence mechanisms fail



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and the underlying anxiety bursts through. It is then that the person "breaks down" into helplessness. In our stressful society, this is happening with disturbing frequency.

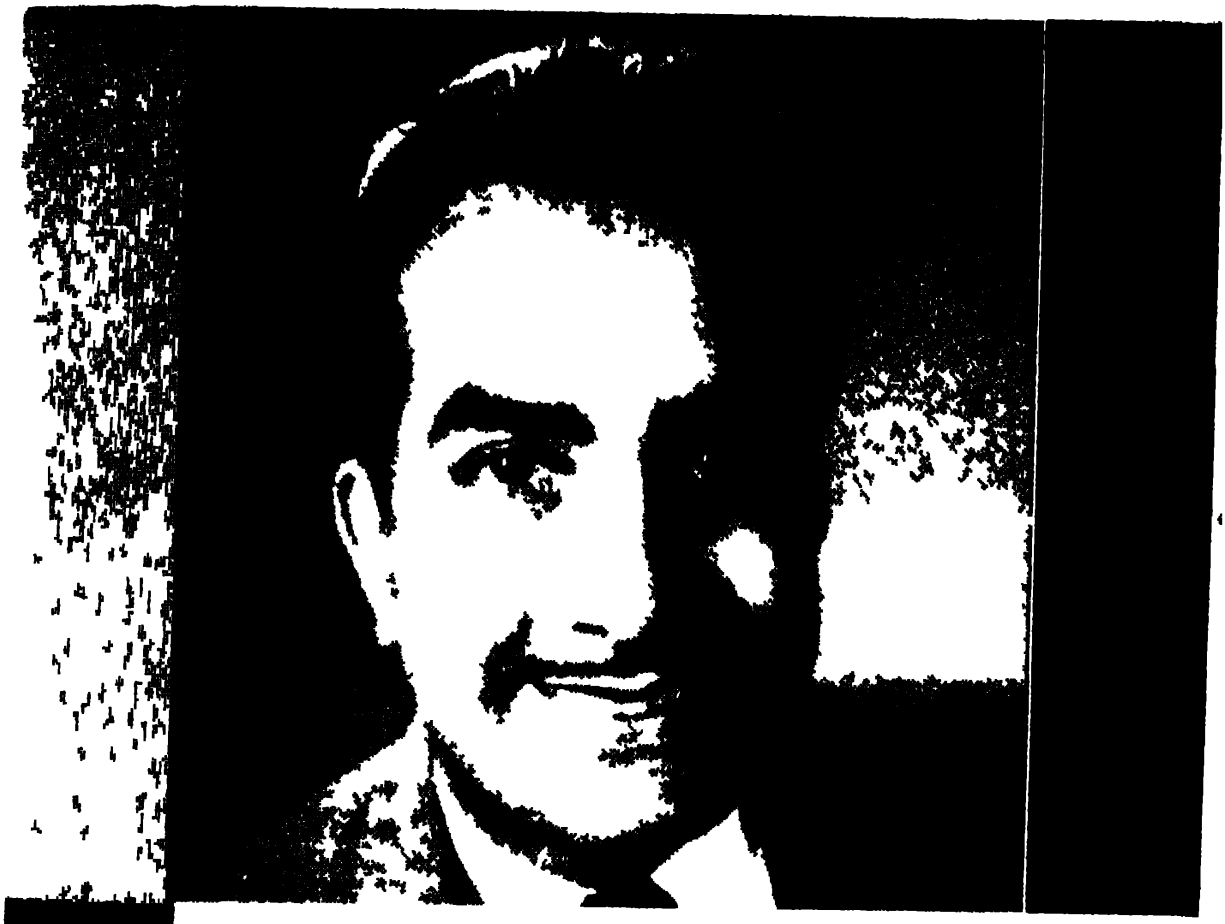
All breakdowns have a common denominator: the man can't go to work (or the housewife can't keep house). But they are rarely the sudden, dramatic crack-ups that they often seem to be. "If anything is typical," one doctor told me, "it is that a nervous breakdown is the end result of a gradual decline taking place over weeks, or even months. *It is a progressive inability to cope with anxiety.* And the warning symptoms—the distress signals—are clearly visible, all along the way."

All breakdowns are caused by stress—often physical and social as well as mental. There is a limit to human tolerance of stress, and every man has his breaking point. If mild physical strain (such as lack of sleep) is added to a severe neurosis—or if very heavy physical and social strain (such as overwork and family trouble) is added to a minor mental stress—an individual may break down. *How* he breaks will in large part be determined by his underlying psychological weaknesses.

How can we tell when we are heading for trouble? The first sign is generally a prolonged feeling of being vaguely unwell or "below par." At the same time, we may experience annoying physical ailments: tenseness, restlessness, persistent fatigue, insomnia. We may develop more crippling symptoms: severe headaches, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, gastro-intestinal disorders, muscular pains. Perhaps these symptoms serve a purpose; they give us an excuse to avoid stressful situations—a noisy party, a difficult conference, an appointment with someone with whom we are on falsely amiable terms.

A warning symptom more readily apparent to others than to ourselves is a marked change in personality—either an intensification of a character trait or an abrupt reversal in behaviour. A shy person may become more shy; an extrovert may become exuberant and rattle on endlessly about unrealistic schemes. On the other hand, a person who has been neat and orderly all his life may grow careless and slovenly. The important fact is the change itself. If the emotional disturbance develops unchecked, the next step may well be the breaking point.

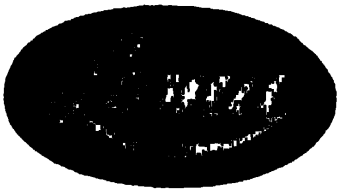
What are the chances of avoiding a breakdown? Excellent, authorities agree, particularly if the disturbance is recognized and resolved in its early stages. "In most instances," says an industrial psychiatrist, "changes in behaviour occur quite early in the development of an emotional illness. The altered behaviour pattern usually affects the individual on the job. The alert foreman or manager may be able to detect it. If the patient obtains immediate treatment, he can



I never dreamt "Life" and "Lustre"

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thanks to



A few months ago my distress knew no bounds, when I found that I had lost the prime of youth bewitching black hair And you know how a few streaks of grey hair can ruin one's appearance

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usually straighten out his problems without prolonged time off from work."

Once a breakdown occurs, recovery depends on the complexity and depth of the disturbance, the patient's desire to get well and the adequacy of treatment. In the case of the advertising man who was promoted, a few days of rest and self-appraisal and a long talk with his family doctor opened his eyes to the necessity of asking for his old job back—and he was cured. A dozen interviews with a psychiatrist, combined with more help and understanding from her husband, enabled the housewife to meet her problems more maturely.

Most breakdowns can be "cured." But it is better not to have one in the first place. So if we recognize in ourselves symptoms that are making us, or others, unhappy, we should seek immediate help. A good place to start is the family doctor or clergyman. In the early stages of emotional trouble, a candid talk with a sympathetic listener may be all we need.

As individuals, we might try to handle better the stresses of life. As one experienced doctor explains: "Every problem of frustration which is faced realistically and dealt with in an organized way adds to the strength of the personality. Every failure from which a lesson has been learnt provides both an experience and an asset which increases our capacity to meet new problems."

When stress is unavoidable, we can give ourselves a break by keeping it simple. If we're starting out on a new and unfamiliar job, we don't pick that week to give up smoking. If we find that we're getting wound up over a bothersome problem, the best thing to do is to take time off—see a film, go away for the week-end—and come back to the problem with a relaxed mind.

In work and in play, we must try to recognize our limitations. A writer once told me, "The most important day of my life was the day I stopped trying to set the world on fire, and accepted myself—the good and the bad, the strength and the weaknesses—for what I was. I've been a happier man, a more understanding father, and a more useful citizen ever since."

These seem like little things, and they are. But they help us to accept a truth that may have been hard to learn as children—that there is nothing, really, to be afraid of. As we learn this, we grow in faith, we grow in strength, and, most important, we grow in our capacity to love.

A WOMAN has applied for space-flight training. "I weigh only seven stone," she explains, "and I also play the harp." —George Dolan

The Transformation of Sergeant Brasgalla



By George Kent

What miracle turned this hard-boiled, cynical old campaigner into the beloved "American Burgermeister" of Passau?

A film director would have gone out of his way to get Sergeant Arthur O. P. Brasgalla for the role of a tough American army sergeant. Brasgalla, 27 years in the service, had a voice that could carry farther than a six-hit; he weighed 14 stone, his arms were tattooed, his nose had been broken and he had the wary eyes of a man who had watched the cards in a thousand pay-day poker games.

There was no doubt about his ability to influence people. But making friends was rather different. It had been a pretty lonely life for him—and Brasgalla was nearing 50.

Then, in 1948, he arrived in Passau, Germany, for a tour of duty. Almost overnight, it seemed, something strange happened to this crusty old sergeant with a cynical eye and a chip on his shoulder. He softened; he became a pleasant human being, more interested in helping others than in bossing them.

The change began dramatically when a local doctor telephoned Brasgalla for help. He phoned the sergeant because in Passau, a minor logistical-supply base, Brasgalla was in command. The case was desperate: a child was dying of a brain injury. He might be saved if an operation was performed within the next two hours.

Passau's hospitals had neither the surgeon nor the facilities required. The nearest place was Munich, 100 miles away. There were no trains, and a journey by car was out of the question.

The sergeant phoned his commanding officer at Straubing, and soon an army helicopter was on the way. The child was put aboard, and within the hour was set down in Munich, where an ambulance rushed him to the hospital. The operation was successful.

Brasgalla never saw the child, and he hardly thought about the episode until the *Bürgermeister* telephoned to thank him for what he had done. Perhaps more important, he received a letter of praise from his commanding officer. The cynical crust cracked a little.

That winter was bitterly cold, and the city ran short of coal. Schools were closing; the sick in hospitals were suffering. Brasgalla phoned here and there, and finally persuaded the army to lend Passau 700 tons of coal. He thought no more about this until the hospital superintendent himself dropped in to thank the soldier who had "saved so many lives."

You could almost hear the sergeant think, "How long has this been going on?" Here he was, simply doing his job, and he was being thanked and rethanked, and quite obviously the gratitude was sincere. It was embarrassing—but he liked it. The crust cracked a little more.

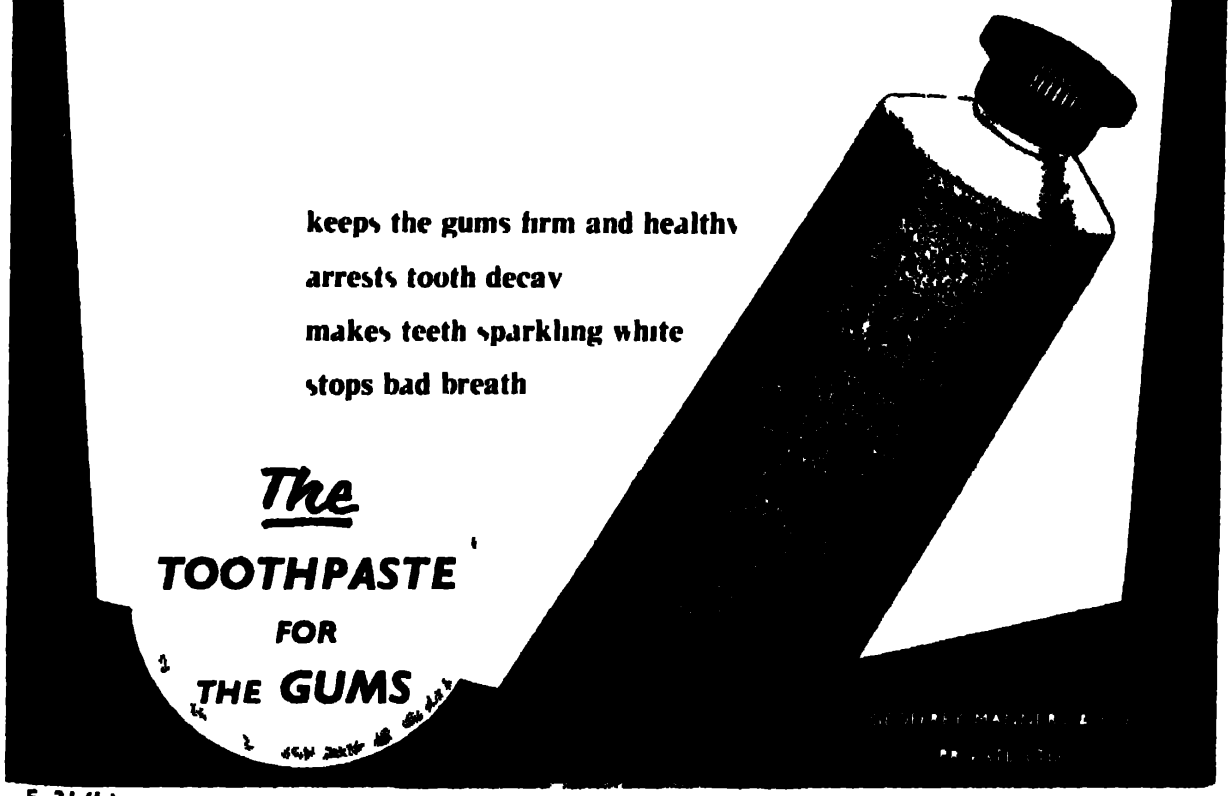
He began looking for opportunities to serve his new friends, the people of Passau. On his own initiative he obtained an army bulldozer and a grader to help the town prepare the ground for a new school. Then, at an absurdly low price, he helped a local football club to get its long-disused pitch into shape. Word of this got round, and over the years he helped to build 25 football pitches for clubs within a 50-mile radius of the city. Today the football season opens officially when Sergeant Brasgalla kicks off.

There may be a few people in Passau who do not know him, but not many. One morning recently I walked with the sergeant down the main street of this lovely old city of 35,000 people, and saw how he had entered into the hearts of all. We were stopped every yard or two. Shopkeepers waved to him, children ran up to be given sweets. A policeman saluted, and an old woman asked him about felling a tree that was shading her garden too much.

The children of Passau have a name for Brasgalla: *"Opa,"* the

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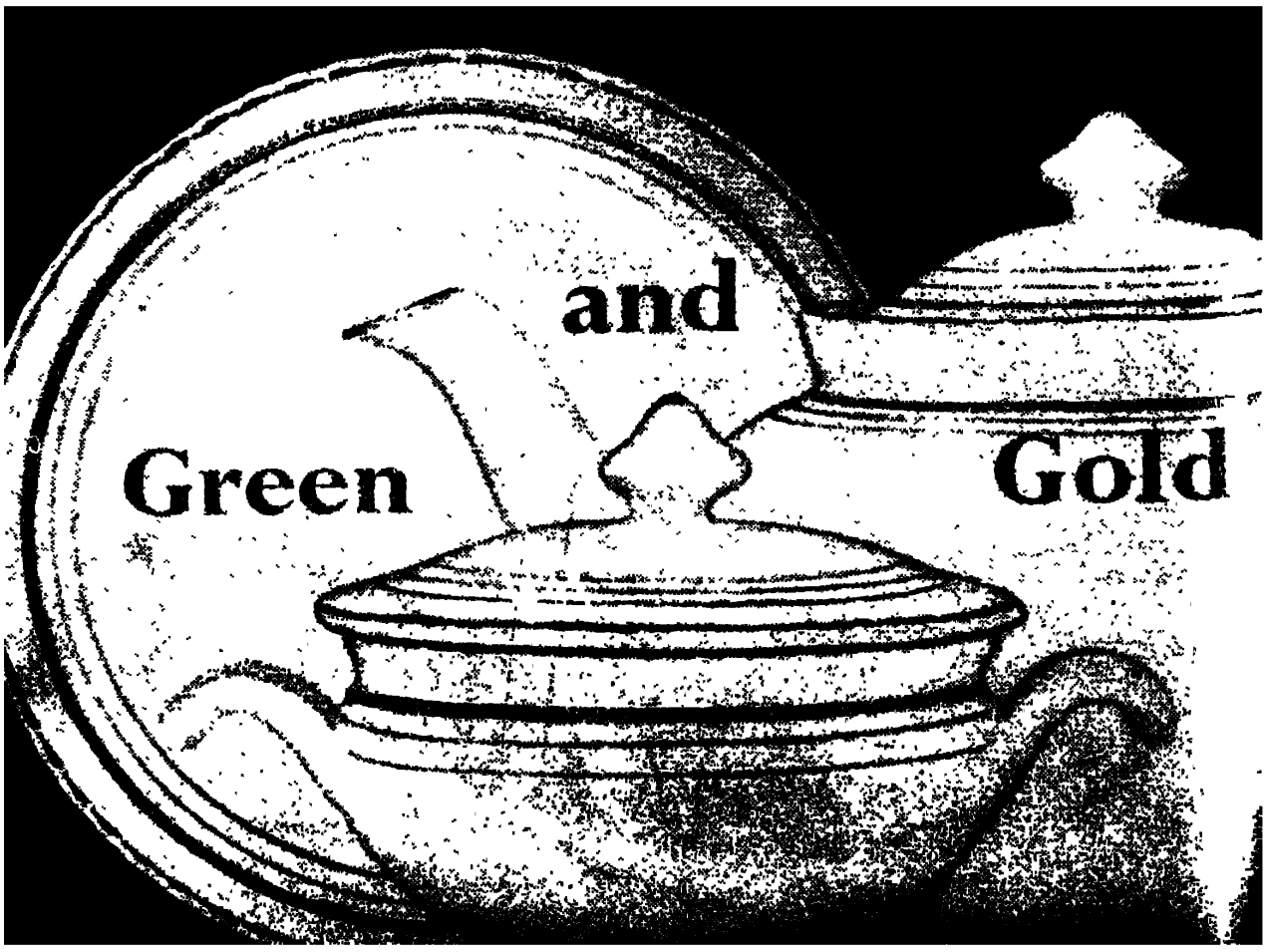
German word of affection for Grandpa. His first year there he gave the children in the orphanage a memorable Christmas, paying for gifts out of his own pocket. The next year he called on an engineer unit to share the expense. Since then the sergeant and the engineers have adopted other orphanages, bringing Christmas fun and happiness to hundreds of youngsters.

The townspeople have a name for him, too. They call him "The American *Bürgermeister.*" In this title there is a bit of truth, for little takes place in the city that does not somehow affect Arthur Brasgalla.

In 1954 the Inn River, which joins the Danube at Passau, overflowed its banks in the most serious flood in the city's history. Brasgalla was fishing in near-by Neuhaus when the water started to rise. He rushed back to Passau and telephoned Straubing; they sent 12 trucks.

Late that night a frantic call came from the *Bürgermeister:* 80 families were marooned in houses at the water's edge. Throughout the night the big sergeant sat at the phone, the only man for miles who could speak both English and German. He relayed information, gave orders, coordinated operations. By morning the flooded-out families were safe, and all their belongings were stored under guard in an empty school.

But the flood showed no sign of

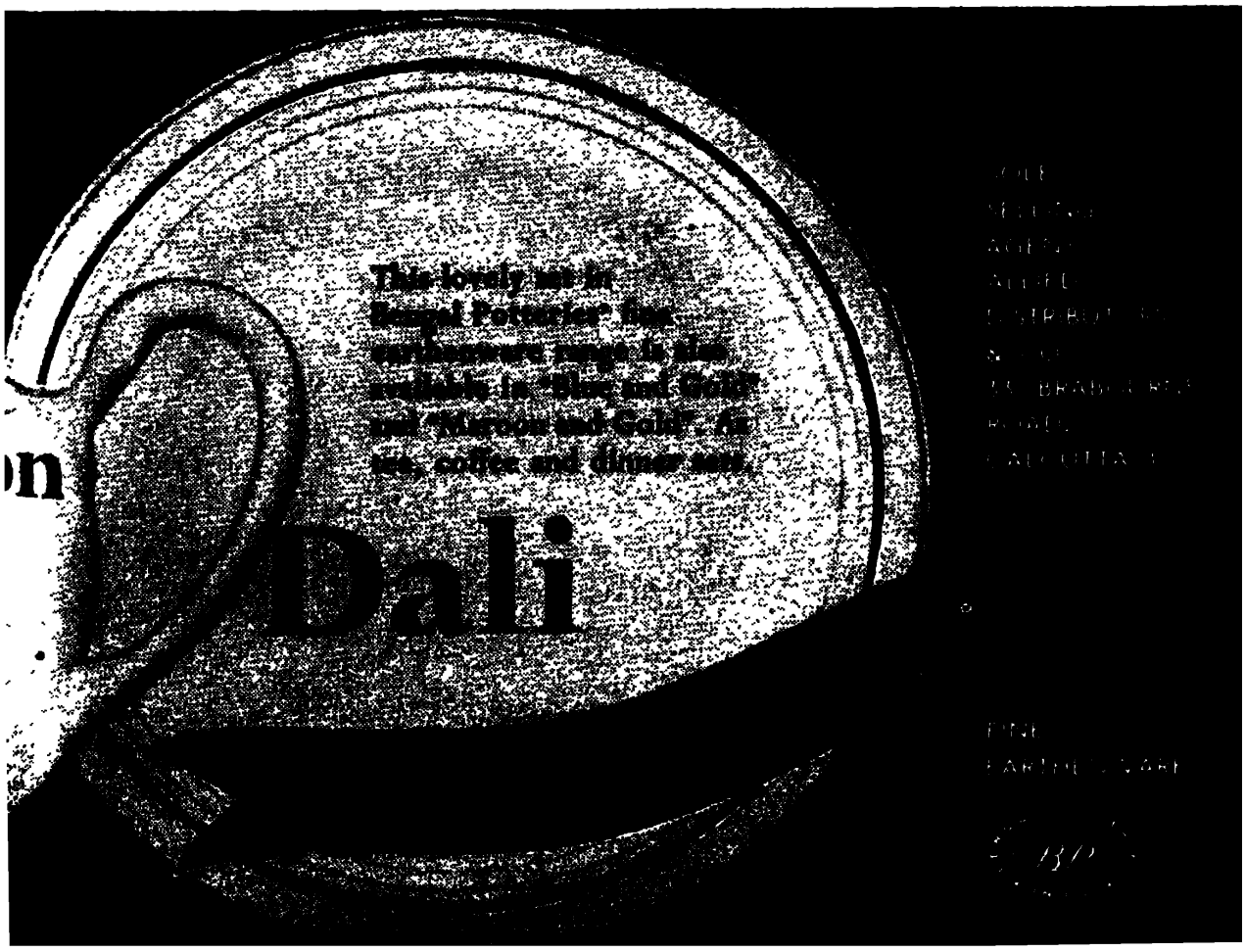


abating. At Ruhstorf the Rott River went on a rampage the next night, and daylight found the inhabitants peeping out of attic windows or perched on their roofs. Boats were useless in the raging torrent; there was only one method of rescue—helicopters—and Brasgalla called for them. But where could they land in this swirling water?

Near a bridge there was a comparatively dry spot. Brasgalla, in a high-wheeled truck, drove axle-deep in water to the bridge, laid bed sheets on the ground and, using the truck's radio, talked to the helicopters. One by one they took the people from their perches and let them down on the bed-sheet heliport, whence the sergeant hurried them to the hospital. When the dike at Deggendorf broke, he spent a third sleepless night, helping the Seventh Army to evacuate hundreds more.

Two years later Brasgalla was once more a hero when ice in the river threatened to destroy the big hydro-electric dam at Jochenstein. Local officials asked for explosives to blow up the ice, but the sergeant had a better idea. Why not use the town's three big diesel tugs as ice-breakers and force a channel that would carry the floes downstream? The townspeople were dubious, but their tugs succeeded and a catastrophe was averted.

In 1957 Brasgalla found yet



another opportunity to serve. It had been an extraordinarily dry year around the town of Hutthurm; reservoirs were empty and people were beginning to suffer. They called the good sergeant.

Brasgalla got on the telephone and in a few hours ten trucks from Straubing and elsewhere, pulling water-tank trailers, were pumping water into the town's reservoir.

Arthur Brasgalla started knocking about the world at 17, when he enlisted in the U.S. Marines. Two years later he went to work in a coal-yard, but soon he was back in the service, this time with the Coast Guard. His life went on like this: a stint in the service, a stint in civilian life. It is not a little curious that after all those years he should find in an old city on the Danube what had been denied him all his life—the simple virtues of what the Old Testament calls *loving kindness*.

The new feeling for humanity which changed the sergeant's way of life has a special importance for the troops in the area because he is their provost marshal, the military policeman who keeps order. If a soldier gets drunk and causes trouble, he isn't locked up in a cell; the sergeant simply makes him pay for the damage and sends him to his base. If the man misbehaves again, Brasgalla will insist on him being transferred.

He is quick to come to the soldiers' defence. When hotel owners complained to Brasgalla that the soldiers were not paying their bills, the sergeant asked to see the bills. Then he said, "If your prices were fair, perhaps they would be paid." He laid the problem on the *Bürgermeister's* desk. Since then there has been no over-charging, and there have been no defaulters.

Proof of the love the people of Passau have for their American *Burgermeister* was furnished convincingly in 1953 when the sergeant's tour of duty was over and he was due to be posted. The city officials wrote a prayerful letter to army headquarters pleading that Brasgalla be allowed to remain. They pointed out that not only was he a force for better German-American relations; he was essential to the city's welfare.

When his commanding officer at Straubing read the letter he wrote one to back it up: "Brasgalla's knowledge of German, his superior personal liaison with the German authorities and his pleasing personality render him almost irreplaceable at his present location."

The army did not yield immediately. Brasgalla was posted to the States, but in response to popular demand he was sent back to Passau nine months later. And three years hence, when he is ready for retirement, he proposes to find himself a house in Passau and remain there for the rest of his days.

The cynical crust, it seems, never did go very deep.

The forsaken onion

'THE trouble with him' said the Pumpkin to the Green Pea, 'is that he has only to walk into the room and everything becomes onion. No wonder he's avoided.'

The Onion looked up from his crossword and muttered darkly about segregation and the Rights of Man.

'I know some people who are not above mixing with him,' continued the Pumpkin maliciously. 'They make salads together!' And she looked pointedly at the Tomato who blushed a fiery red.

'That's not the point,' said the Green Pea remorselessly. 'He's bad enough to be with when raw, but when he gets cooked with you—it's terrible. I find I just can't be myself'

'It's not fair,' interrupted the Onion, 'it's not fair picking on me like this. What about cooking fats? Cooking fats disguise the real flavour of foods, don't they?'

'Not really,' said the tin of DALDA Vanaspati who had been sitting unnoticed in a corner. 'Some fats do and some fats don't...'

'It's just like you to say that,' the Onion cried, quivering with emotion, and he added somewhat illogically 'I do not know what others may say, but as for me—give me Liberty or give me Death.'

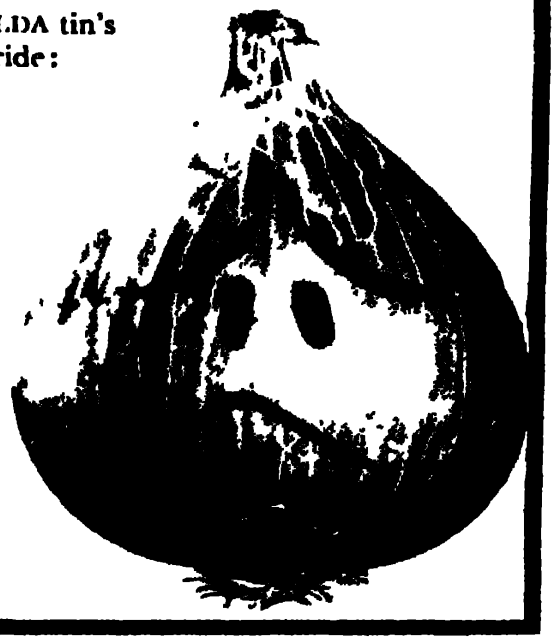
His prayer was answered immediately For, the next instant, he and the other vegetables were swept into the cooking pot

The DALDA tin surveyed the desolation around him and mused a little sadly 'I don't know where they get these ideas. It's not *every* cooking fat that hides the real flavour of foods. Take me for instance: I *bring out* their delicate natural flavours because I add none of my own. I'm pure, white, double-refined and completely odourless myself. I'm a *bland* fat, that's what I am.'

A trace of smugness crept into the DALDA tin's voice, and he continued with growing pride: 'Moreover, 700 International Units of Vitamin A are added to every ounce of me—plus 56 IU of Vitamin D. That's for extra nourishment. So you can see that I'm the ideal all-purpose cooking fat.'

Looking around him, he concluded strongly: 'Tonight over a million meals will be cooked in DALDA Vanaspati. Doesn't *your* cooking deserve DALDA too?'

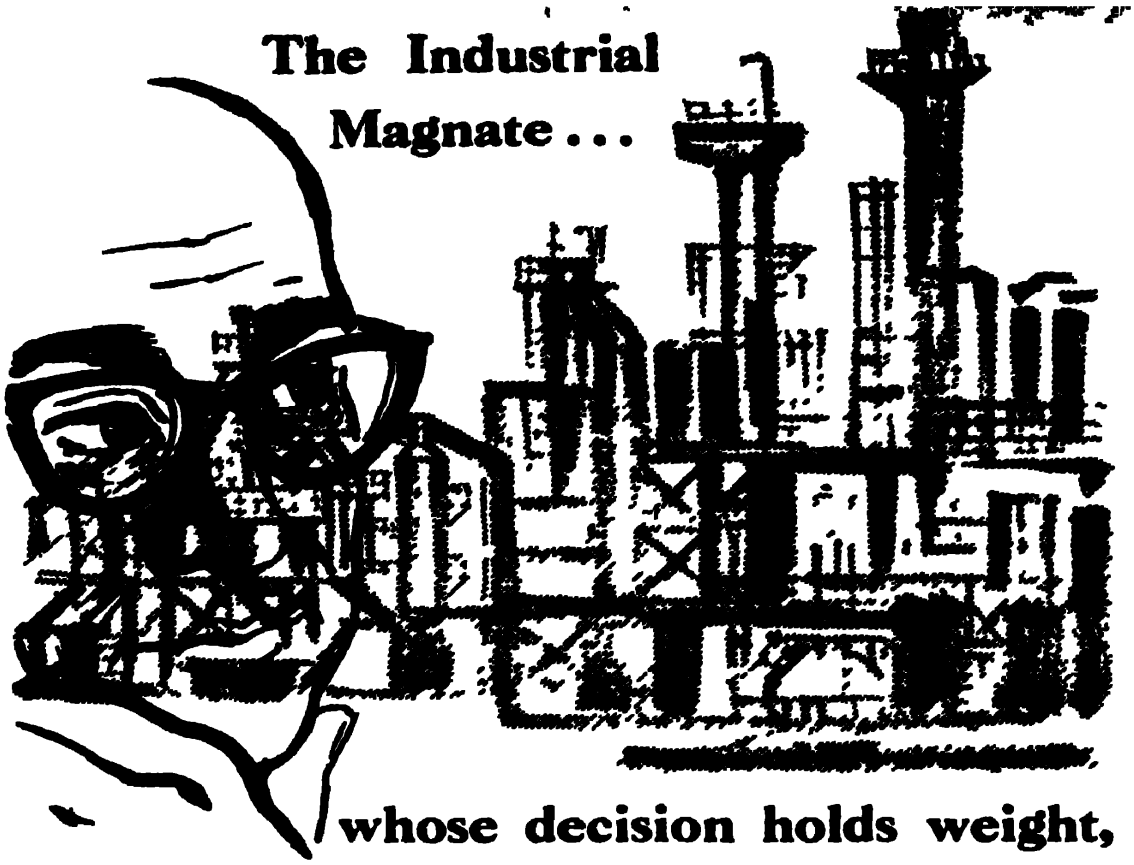
There was a faint round of applause from within the cooking pot as a hand began to open the DALDA tin.



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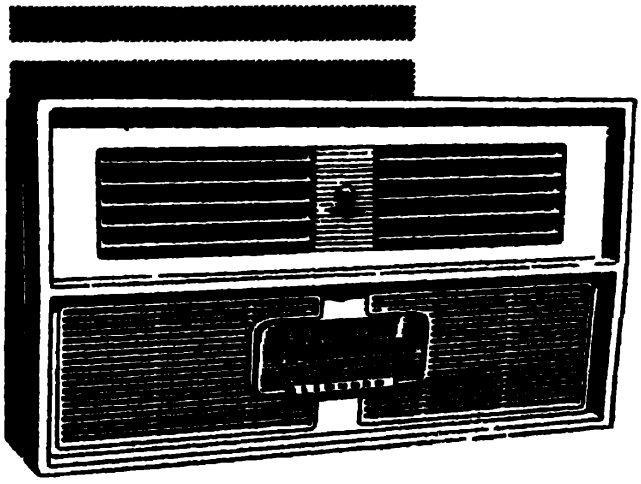
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Social Blunders: My Own and Others'

An international authority on etiquette explains how to cover up a faux pas

By Emily Post

SINCE EVEN the best-mannered and best-intentioned of us are liable to accidents, a gaffe may be made by anyone sooner or later. As a philosophical six-year-old put it, "Everyone spills his milk some time."

He made this situation-saving remark at a luncheon when he himself happened to be the centre of anguished attention. He was seated at his hostess's right, pink cheeked and serious, in his best blazer, when the roast chicken was brought in.

"My favourite!" he cried, and spread his hands wide, knocking over his untouched glass of milk Commotion followed, and only young Frank showed poise One saves embarrassment all round if one has the humour and modesty to take one's gaffe lightly

I found myself in a similar predicament at, of all places, the International Dinner of the Gourmet Society It was a brilliant affair, with a menu that featured all sorts of international specialities, including my downfall—Sweden's garnet red, syrupy cranberry conserve As I was raising my hand in a gesture of agreement with the man on my left, I had the misfortune to intercept a waiter who was trying to pass me a large bowl of the conserve. It upset all over the glittering white damask I heard the waiter gasp and in the next instant the president of the society was on his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, with twinkling eyes, "I have an extraordinary announcement to make to you Our guest, Emily Post, noted authority on etiquette, has spilt the cranberry conserve on the tablecloth!"

Then, bowing in my direction, he led the applause, and my gaffe was

made to contribute to the success of the evening.

To retrieve someone else's gaffe calls for quick thinking, the ability to put oneself in another's place and sometimes for ingenuity amounting to genius. There is a story of a White House reception for the diplomatic corps where a young naval A.D.C., confronted with an awkward situation, acquitted himself handsomely. As the line moved towards the President, the wife of a Latin American minister realized with horror that a piece of her underwear was slipping. Before she could think what to do, her feet were entangled in a web of lace-trimmed silk. Instantly the A.D.C. was at her side. With grave dignity, he bent, picked up the offending panties and disappeared. Only the couple directly behind saw what had happened. Later, as she left, a footman offered her, on a silver tray, a discreetly wrapped package.

Probably everyone has had the nightmare of going expectantly to a party to which he was not invited. The nightmare became a reality for a young lawyer and his wife the first time they were invited to dinner by the firm's senior partner. They arrived punctually at 7.45, but on Tuesday evening instead of Thursday. Their host was entertaining a celebrated judge that evening. The table was set for 14. While cocktails were being served, two more places were added. Impressed and somewhat bewildered by finding themselves in such distinguished and elderly company, the young couple did not know until they got home and looked at their invitation that they had turned up at the wrong party.

One of the most famous gaffes was made by Joseph Grew, the former U.S. Ambassador to Japan. It was saved from becoming a disaster by the quick wit of one of the people concerned. Grew was speaking at a Red Cross luncheon in Washington, and his topic was selflessness. By way of example he pointed to General Marshall, who had just returned from a gruelling trip to China and was due to go off almost immediately to Europe. Nevertheless, he had taken time to come to the luncheon although, said Grew, he had been looking forward to a "week-end in the country with Mrs. Eisenhower."

When the dignitaries roared with laughter, Grew realized the slip he had made. To make matters worse, Mrs. Eisenhower was present.

As soon as he could be heard, he turned to her and said, "Please forgive me, Mrs. Eisenhower, and please apologize to the General for me."

Beaming, Mrs. Eisenhower asked, "*Which* general, Mr. Grew?"

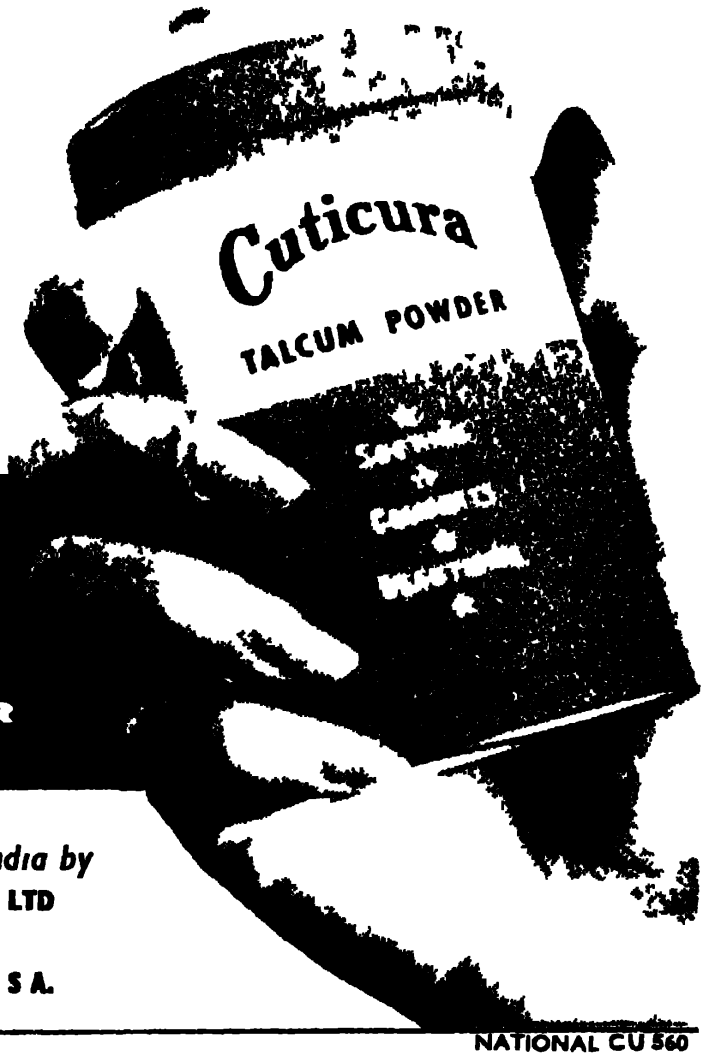
I KNOW that it takes all sorts of people to make the world. But I sometimes think that the proportions are wrong. —J. W. K.

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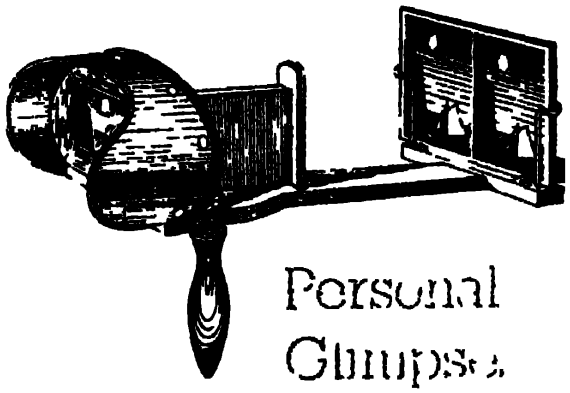


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Personal Glimpses

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and I once visited Henry Ford, who had rented a house in California. I was awed by the dour old millionaire, but not Douglas. He jollied Ford outrageously and the two went out for a stroll. I stayed in the drawing-room with Mrs. Ford. When it was time to go I went outside to find Douglas. He was sitting astride the roof, two storeys up, and Henry Ford was sitting there with him, laughing fit to bust. When I got Douglas alone, I really ticked him off.

"Perfectly safe," he protested. "I tried the handholds twice before I let him go up." —Mary Pickford

PHILOSOPHER George Santayana chose an April day in 1912 to bring his teaching career to a close. While he was lecturing to a university class, a robin landed on the window sill. Santayana sighed softly as he studied the visitor. Then, turning to the class, he said, "Gentlemen, I have a date with spring."

With that he walked out.

—Boston *Globe*

WHILE motoring through the southern states of America with Pierre Monteux, the orchestra conductor, we stopped at a restaurant in Arkansas.

The waitress looked at us in amazement as we removed our coats, and finally she said, "This place is for coloured folks."

Monteux smiled genially at her and replied, "Yes, we know. We are coloured also. But we are peenk."

—Contributed by Mrs. David Michelin

THE FAMOUS Canadian photographer Yousuf Karsh was accompanied to the Vatican by his old friend Bishop Fulton Sheen, when he went there to photograph Pope John XXIII. While Karsh was setting up, the Pope turned to Bishop Sheen and exclaimed, "God knew 77 years ago that some day I would be Pope. Why couldn't He have made me a little more photogenic!"

—I K

SEVERAL YEARS ago I did a foolish thing —foolish because I should have known my husband, Alfred Hitchcock, better. I made a *soufflé* for supper.

Hitch came home from the studio in time to beat the egg whites for me; then he watched as I folded in the cheese mixture and slipped the dish gently into the oven. I set the timer and turned away, but Hitch couldn't take his eyes off the oven. Every few minutes, as though he feared that any noise might prevent the *soufflé* from rising, he whispered, "What *is* going on behind that oven door?"

At last the timer rang and we peeped in. The *soufflé* was perfect, but Hitch was a wreck.

"No more *soufflés* until we have an oven with a glass door," he announced in a shaky voice. "I can't *stand* the suspense." —Alma Hitchcock

COMEDIAN Joe Frisco had a hot tip on the next race, but he was stony-broke. Luckily he bumped into Bing Crosby and negotiated a quick loan of 100 dollars. The horse won and paid off at 7 to-1.

The now wealthy Frisco was in the clubhouse after the race, wining and dining a large group of friends, when he glanced up and saw Crosby passing the table. He pulled out a 100 dollar bill and handed it to Bing.

"Here, kid," he said. "Sing something." Dan Regan

NORMAN ROCKWELL, whose paintings adorn many covers of *The Saturday Evening Post,* recalls his early association with editor George Horace Lorimer: "He was very patient with me. As my work increased in popularity, I took to signing my name larger and larger on my paintings. It was unconscious; the signature just seemed to grow by itself. First, Norman Rockwell, then NORMAN ROCKWELL, then NORMAN ROCKWELL.

"Finally Mr. Lorimer suggested that I try to curb my signature. 'Make it as large as you like,' he wrote, 'but not larger than the title of the magazine. We must preserve proportion. You appear on the *Post,* not the *Post* on you.'"

BING CROSBY suggests that Ken Murray, the comedian, is something less than a born athlete. To illustrate, he tells about a golf game he once played with Murray.

Despite weeks of arduous practice, Ken was still a long way from threatening par. At the first hole he teed up a brand-new ball, took a vicious lunge and hit a high, hard slice far out of bounds. We never found the ball. Another new ball at the second produced a hook which disappeared for ever in the tangled wildwood. At the third hole, Ken hit still another new ball, which promptly sailed off into an irrigation ditch bordering the fairway. Finally, at the fourth, where a deep lake intervened between tee and green, I said, "It's quite a carry over that lake, Ken. Don't you think you should use an old ball?"

"Bing," Ken answered, shaking his head ruefully, "I've never had one."

MAE WEST has written an autobiography called *Goodness Had Nothing to Do With It.* The title came from an episode in one of her films. A cloakroom attendant, on seeing Mae's jewels, commented, "Goodness, what beautiful diamonds!" To which Mae retorted, "Goodness, dearie, had nothing to do with it!" —*O. E*

IN THE 1890's, J. P. Morgan, the banker, called at a jewellers and said, "If you get anything nice in the way of a pearl scarfpin, let me know."

Not long afterwards the jeweller acquired a remarkably lustrous pear-shaped pearl. He had it set and then sent it to Morgan with a note saying that the price would be 5,000 dollars.

The next day a messenger brought back the jewellery box and a cheque for 4,000 dollars. With the cheque was a note from Morgan. "I like the pin," it said, "but I don't like the price. If you will accept the enclosed, send back the box with the seal unbroken."

The jeweller, considerably annoyed, refused the cheque, and when the messenger left he opened the box. There was no pin inside. Instead there was a cheque for 5,000 dollars.

—Contributed by Sidney Rose

THE POSSE RIDES AGAIN

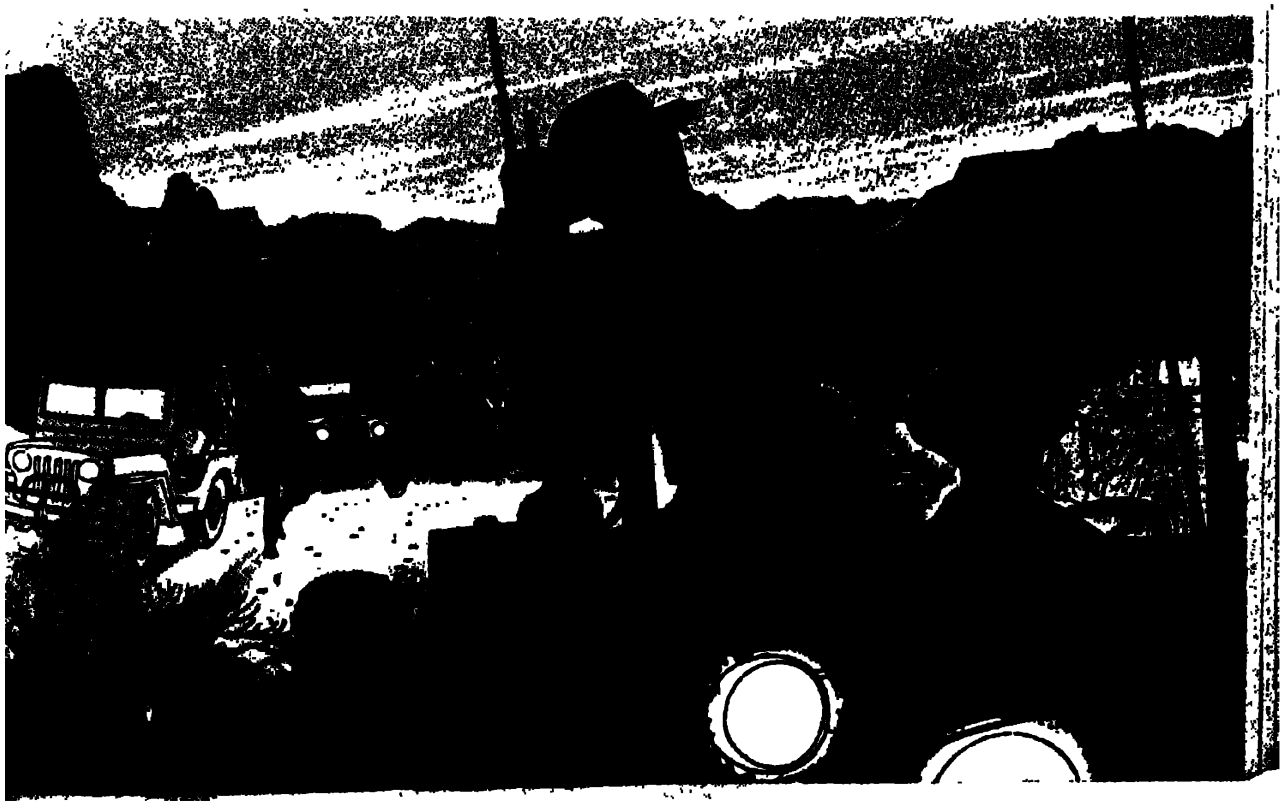
A colourful feature of the American Wild West has been revived to save lives, find lost children, hunt criminals

By Vivien Keatley

The sun had just set over the desert that February evening when the telephone rang on the desk of Maricopa County Sheriff Cal Boies, in Phoenix, Arizona. A woman's voice, thin with fright, said, "My brother Aaron has disappeared. He went for a walk and didn't come home. Wearing just a shirt and jeans. He'll freeze to death out there!"

"What's your address?" the sheriff asked. "How long has your brother been gone?" Then he said, "The jeep posse will be right out. Don't worry. We'll find him."

Condensed from The Denver Post



The sheriff needed to make only one telephone call—to Jack Irwin, who had organized a group of voluntary jeep and motor-cycle drivers in a posse and was their first commander.

Irwin studied the county map as he took the report, then said briskly, "We'll be there in about 45 minutes." He called Jack Collmar, a metalsmith who served as the posse's adjutant. "Get 'em rolling, Jack," he said, naming a small farming community 35 miles west of Phoenix as the assembly point. Then Irwin hung a "CLOSED" sign in the window of his Westwood Café and ran to the red-and-white jeep behind the restaurant.

Dr. Clem Hooper was in his surgery when a nurse held up a written message. He glanced at it, nodded and went on with the operation. When it was over, he ran to his own red-and-white jeep.

Meanwhile, the three Hatton brothers, cement contractors, revved up their motor-cycles and roared west. Plumber Grant Western and petrol-station operator Dale Porter headed their jeeps, stocked with emergency tools and rescue supplies, out on to the long, straight road. An estate agent and a cabinet-maker followed.

Irwin and Captain Bob Heck of the sheriff's patrol questioned Aaron's sister. "He often asked about that light," she told them, pointing to a distant air beacon. "Wanted to see it up close."

The men knew that it would be bitterly cold in a few hours. "Make for the beacon," Irwin ordered. "Spread out and move slowly."

In most of the jeeps an observer sat beside the driver, manning a spotlight. The line of jeeps, abreast, covered a front of nearly a mile. There were no roads. The vehicles nosed into arroyos, climbed steep banks and bumped over boulders. Suddenly, at 2.30 a.m., a voice yelled, "Hold it!"

The youth lay beneath a cactus, half frozen but alive. A volunteer wrapped him in a blanket; another poured coffee into him. A jeep's radio reported: "Mission accomplished. We're warming him up, bringing him home."

It was nearly dawn before many of the volunteers reached their own homes. They washed, had breakfast and went back to their regular jobs.

Sheriff Boies has 378 such posse men (from 32 trades and profes sions), all on 24-hour alert, to help the 125 regular deputies to guard Maricopa County. These volunteers, schooled in the latest law-enforcement techniques, are divided into the jeep posse, five horse posses, an air posse, a water-safety posse, a diving posse, a communications posse and a small, *élite* group called Rangers.

All are unpaid. Each member provides and maintains his own mount, be it horse, jeep, boat, aircraft, motor-cycle, car or truck. A

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well-stocked jeep costs the posse man from 2,000 to 3,500 dollars, depending on how much life saving and first-aid equipment is aboard. Each jeep carries a powerful spotlight, field rations, water, fuel and oil. Many have two-way radio. Each member carries his own firearms.

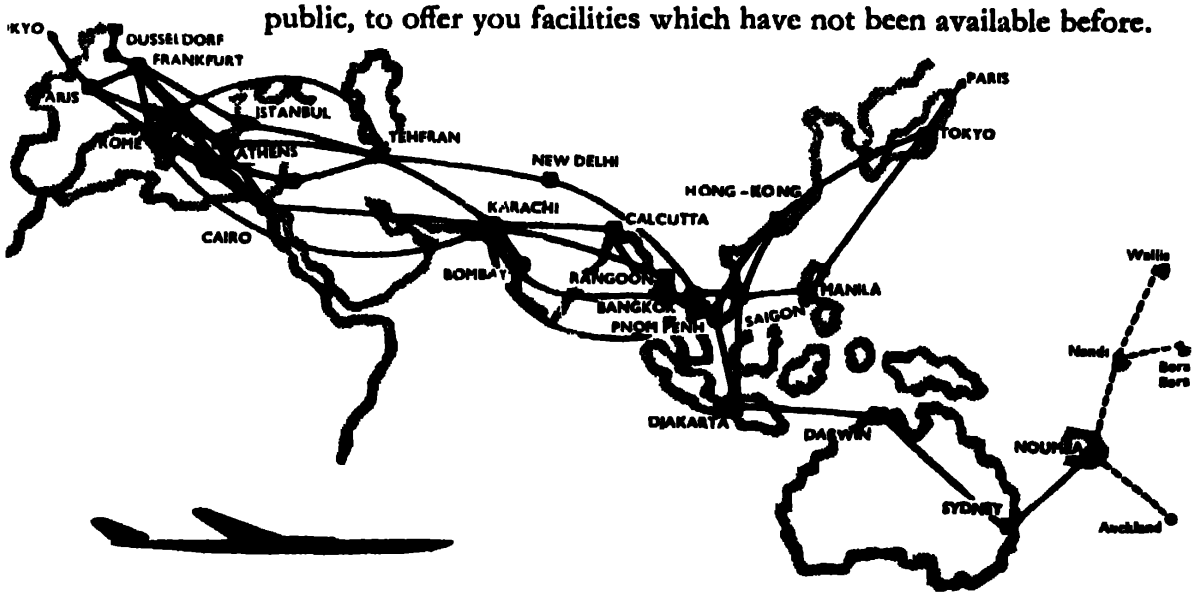
To join the jeep posse, a man must complete 50 hours of police training, practise regularly on the sheriff's pistol range, and pass an advanced course in first aid. He must know how to read the signs in the dust of a dim desert trail, how to climb a sheer mountain face; he must be able to work for 48 hours without sleep.

Unlike old-time posses, this one holds no "lynching parties," but it usually gets its man. When Sheriff Boies sent the jeeps to track down a thug who had pulled off a holdup a few days before, the air posse also went into action. Flying low over the desert, a pilot spotted the fugitive's car 50 miles south-west of Phoenix, and radioed the information to the searchers below. Three red-and-white jeeps converged on the spot. In each one, the driver's observer aimed a high powered rifle. The criminal dropped his gun and waited, hands up.

Increasing population and shrinking funds with which to pay regular deputies have caused sheriffs all over America's West and South-west to

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revive the old-time posse idea, with refinements. Boies says that his posses save county taxpayers from 50,000 to 75,000 dollars a year in salaries alone, plus uncounted thousands for equipment and supplies.

A jeep posse was organized five years ago in Yavapai County, Arizona, where Sheriff Jim Cramer keeps the peace in communities with such frontier names as Horse Thief Basin and Skull Valley. Standing at the alert 24 hours a day are 13 jeeps, a house trailer equipped to serve as a base for field operations; two boats with outboard motors, on trailers; a first aid trailer with medicines, bandages and an electric power plant; a horse and horse trailer; plenty of food and water. An aeroplane is quickly available.

One hectic summer day members of this posse sought and found 11 children lost in rugged areas from mountain camps near Prescott. "Our jeeps go anywhere we can get between the trees," one posse man says, "and we carry axes to help them grow farther apart!"

In addition to the jeep posse, Sheriff Cramer has a band of 50 horsemen, led by a school principal, which has taken part in more than 100 rescue efforts.

In Clark County, Nevada, Sheriff W. L. Leypoldt's posses have in seven years made 115 search and

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rescue missions, have helped bring in 35 persons alive and the bodies of 75 others. They have also assisted in the capture of seven escaped prisoners. The 35 members of Leypoldt's "Acro Squadron" own and operate 16 light planes. Each carries packs of food, water and medical supplies that can be parachuted to persons in distress.

On a second-hand truck, volunteers and deputies have built a mobile crime laboratory, which can also be used as an emergency field hospital or headquarters.

Sheriff Buster Kern of Harris County, Texas, has six companies of white and one of Negro volunteers, as well as a marine division and an amateur radio unit. The latter goes into action whenever disaster strikes anywhere in East Texas or on the Gulf coast. In 1957, when a hurricane piled floodwater on Cameron, Louisiana, 40 of Kern's volunteers flew in to help with the rescue of hundreds of victims. Skin divers in the marine division have recovered not only the bodies of the drowned, but cars that have disappeared in deep waters.

When any kind of disaster strikes central Oklahoma, one of the first units to arrive is usually an all-woman company called the Calamity Janes, which works with the Disaster Service of El Reno. In May 1957, when the Cimarron River raged across the Dover and Kingfisher areas some 30 miles distant, eight Janes started driving towards the flood with their first-aid gear less than 20 minutes after they had been called. Forced out of their cars by high water, they went on by boat. Marooned householders were astonished but happy to see this band of women advancing to the rescue. The women worked for 24 hours and then, returning to El Reno, went quietly back to their housekeeping and daily chores.

These dedicated women practise hard for two hours a week studying radio operation, carrying "victims" down ladders, tying knots, improving their techniques for fighting flood and fire.

Why do these thousands of men and women give so lavishly of their time, skills and cash? What do they get in return?

Their motives vary. Some have a special interest in helping to maintain law and order. Some have lived through a disaster where trained voluntary workers would have been invaluable. One jeep-posse member explains his interest in this way:

"Modern life doesn't give a man much personal challenge any more. Perhaps that's why I belong. Every run is a personal, physical challenge —with a purpose to it."

Another simply points to the masthead of *International Rescuer* magazine, which reads: "And a certain Samaritan going up to him bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and setting him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn and took care of him."

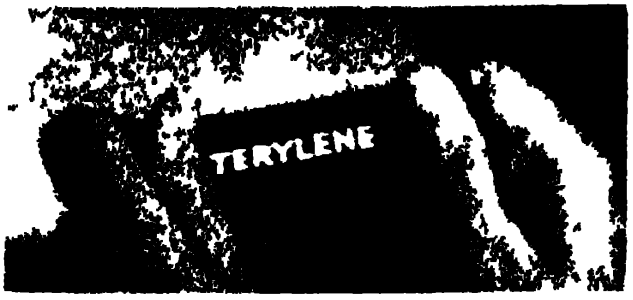
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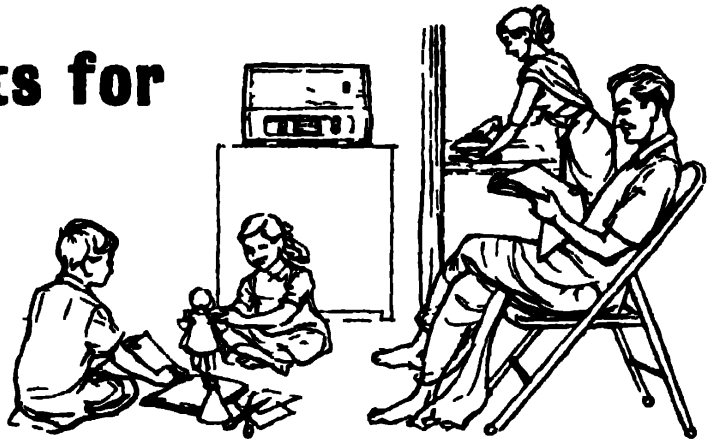


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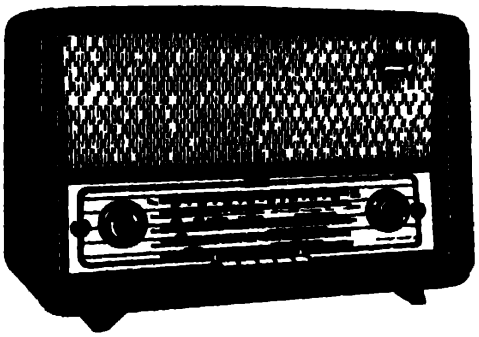
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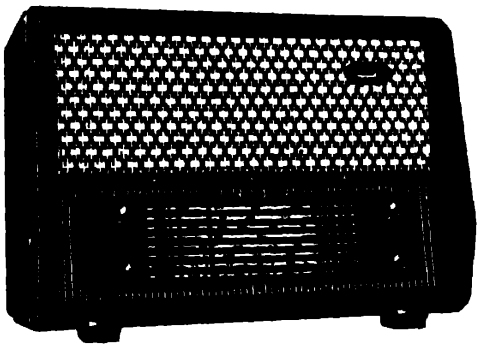
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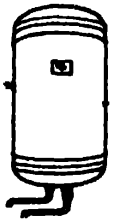


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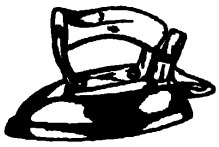


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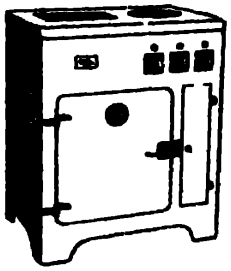
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Using an ingenious technique that minimizes damage to normal cells, surgeons can now make a direct attack on a malignant growth with medicine's most powerful drugs

NEW WEAPON AGAINST CANCER

By J D Ratcliff

One of the most dramatic, best co ordinated assaults against a single disease is now under way. The goal a drug which will have the same direct action against cancer that penicillin has against pneumonia.

In the search for this tumour destroying substance, more than 100,000 drugs have been studied A few dozen have shown enough promise to merit human trials. But the cancer fighters have been confronted with a dilemma Animal experiments have shown that if administered in too small quantities, the new drugs have no effect against the disease. If given in too large doses, they attack normal body cells Or, they may cause devastating wreckage in the digestive tract

A way out of this frustrating situation now appears to be at hand Ingenious American surgeons at Tulane University's School of Medicine in New Orleans have found a unique method of utilizing the drugs while minimizing their ill effects

The new approach to the problem grew out of a conversation at Tulane early in 1957. Dr. Oscar Creech, chairman of the department of surgery, was discussing with Dr. Edward Krementz, associate professor of surgery, the difficulty of

delivering the new drugs to a cancer in sufficient quantity, and at the same time protecting normal tissue.

In its initial stages, cancer tends to remain regionally confined. Mightn't it be possible, Dr. Creech suggested, to block off, say, a cancerous liver or lung—in effect separating it from the rest of the body's circulation? Then connect the organ to a heart-lung machine so that a separate circulation would be maintained? If you could do this, then you could deliver great, walloping doses of anti-cancer drugs *exactly* where needed. Mightn't it be possible to use doses of drugs, five, ten or even 20 times those tolerated by the body as a whole?

The two men permitted themselves to become mildly excited. It should be possible to isolate almost any body region. Legs and arms would be easy; the breast reasonably simple; the abdominal region more difficult. A lung would require a major operation—just getting *to* the main blood-vessels supplying the lung requires virtuoso technique.

Within hours they and their associates were mapping out laboratory experiments. Operations were performed on dozens of dogs—organs and body regions were isolated and perfused with anti-cancer chemicals. Virtually all the animals survived, none the worse for their experience. By June 1957 the time had arrived to translate the work to human patients.

The first candidate was Joe St. Pé, a wiry farmer of 72, whose life was threatened by one of the most dreadful of cancers—black melanoma. This usually appears on the skin but tends to spread to liver and lungs—where it rapidly snuffs out life. Conventional treatment rarely saves more than one sufferer in five.

Doctors counted 175 lethal black spots on St. Pé's left leg. Checks showed that cancer had spread to lymph nodes in the groin, but not beyond. The cancer was regionally confined.

By the usual treatment, St. Pé had but one slim chance of escaping death: hindquarter amputation—removal of leg and buttock. The old man refused.

Then the surgeons explained the perfusion technique, warning that it had never been used on a human patient. A philosophical smile came over the old man's face. "I'm going to die anyway," he said. "Go ahead."

Only a minor operation was necessary to hook the perfusion apparatus to the diseased leg. In the thigh, femoral arteries and veins were exposed. Where they led up into the body they were tied off. Below the tie-off point they were connected to a heart-lung machine.

For 30 minutes phenylalanin mustard, a colourless, innocent-looking fluid that is one of the new anti-cancer drugs, was circulated through the leg in the quantity usually given to the entire body. Since a leg is about an eighth of



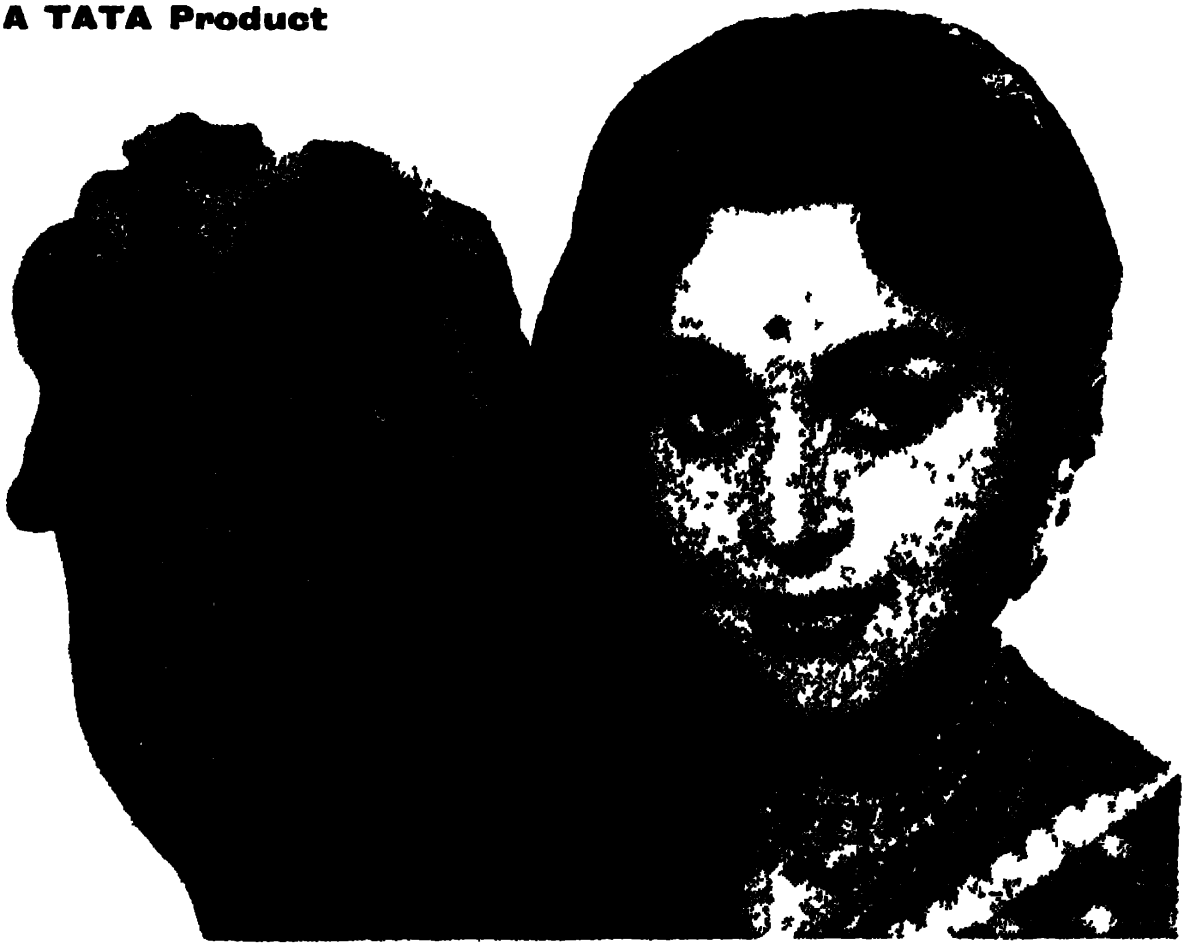
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body weight, this meant that the cancer area got eight times the usual dose of the drug.

The old man was up the next day, and ten days later he went home. It was clear that an extraordinary chain of events was under way. The black spots were crusting and dropping off, leaving non-cancerous, harmless brownish freckles in their place.

In the three years since, there has been no recurrence of cancer and St. Pé, the first patient to be treated by the new method, is again farming his land.

Spurred on by this apparent success, Doctors Creech and Krementz and their associates moved on to different types of cancer, choosing only patients for whom no other form of therapy was possible. In six months 73 patients were perfused. The surgeons employed a variety of anti-cancer agents, and some patients had as many as four perfusions, of about 45 minutes each.

One, a 64-year-old housewife, had a melanoma on her right leg. She refused amputation, which would have been standard treatment. But she agreed to perfusion treatment. Two years have elapsed and there has been no recurrence of cancer.

A railway worker presented a similar case. X-ray failed to control his disease and he, too, refused amputation. Again, nearly two years have elapsed and cancer has not returned.

Of the first 29 melanomas treated, 21 have remained quiescent. In two cases perfusion had no effect, and in six the disease recurred.

In treating breast cancer, isolation of the breast was accomplished sufficiently by placing tourniquets round the upper arms and taping off the subclavian arteries and veins. Of the first 18 patients with breast cancer treated by this method—all advanced cases—16 are alive today. In five cases, massive, disseminated cancers were shrunk enough to make an operation possible.

The technique has had less striking effects in other areas. Perfusion of the pelvic region has brought some hopeful results—and some failures. Cancers of the intestine and rectum have been wholly unresponsive, but a few uterine and ovarian cancers have responded to treatment.

At first the Tulane surgeons hoped perfusion would be a means of getting at perhaps the most dreadful of all malignancies—cancer of the brain. It was easy enough to isolate the head from the rest of the body, but in 15 trials the procedure produced only slightly beneficial results. Yet it has proved of some benefit in treating other cancers in the head area—cancer of the mouth, for example.

Not long ago I witnessed such a perfusion. The woman on the table was a 50-year-old farm wife, aged and emaciated by cancer of the tongue and the floor of the mouth. To isolate the area, surgeons made

small incisions on each side of the neck—to expose external carotid arteries and internal jugular veins. Pencil-sized plastic catheters were slipped through tiny slits in these blood-vessels. Then, farther down, the vessels were taped off. With the head area now isolated, the heart-lung machine took over.

Four hypodermic syringes were ready, each containing nitrogen mustard. A technician pushed the first of the needles through rubber tubing leading from the arterial side of the pump. Within seconds the drug reached the cancers. In the course of the 40-minute perfusion the other three hypodermics were shot into the arterial line at intervals.

On completion of the perfusion, the tubes were withdrawn, the slits in the blood-vessels closed. A few additional minutes were required to close the two neck wounds. Likely result of the treatment? "The cancer was too advanced for us to hope for cure," Dr. Krementz said. "But this patient can expect relief from pain. That is one of the most striking aftermaths of perfusion. It is also possible that her life will be prolonged significantly."

As word of perfusion's results spread, medical groups in other parts of the world have taken it up. London surgeons have been to Tulane to study the technique—which has been used successfully at the Royal Cancer Hospital.

Dr. Creech's group has perfused a total of 227 patients, 112 of whom were treated long enough ago to give follow-ups some significance. Cancers are quiescent in 55. Twenty-seven got temporary regressions, and in 30 the treatment had no effect.

Why is treatment of this type effective in one case, ineffective in the next—although the same type of cancer may be involved in both? This is one of the baffling questions facing the Tulane group. At present there is no answer.

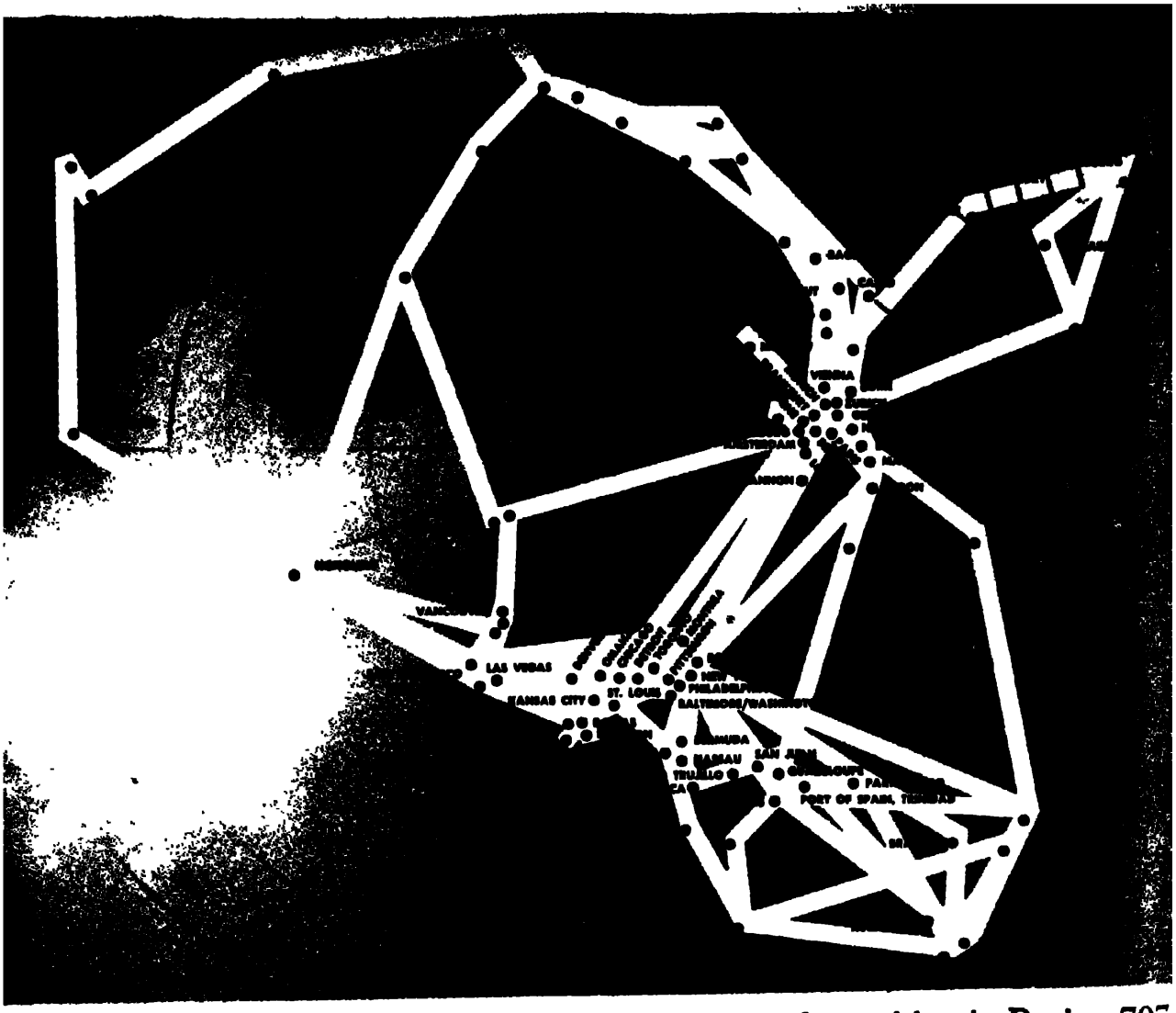
What. then, is the present status of pertusion as a weapon against cancer? Dr. Creech refuses to claim that he has *cured* a single case of the disease. It is much too early for such flat statement. At best, he will concede that disease has been "arrested."

Today, most research workers are convinced that cancer will eventually yield to a series of tactical triumphs. At this juncture, perfusion appears to be one such triumph.

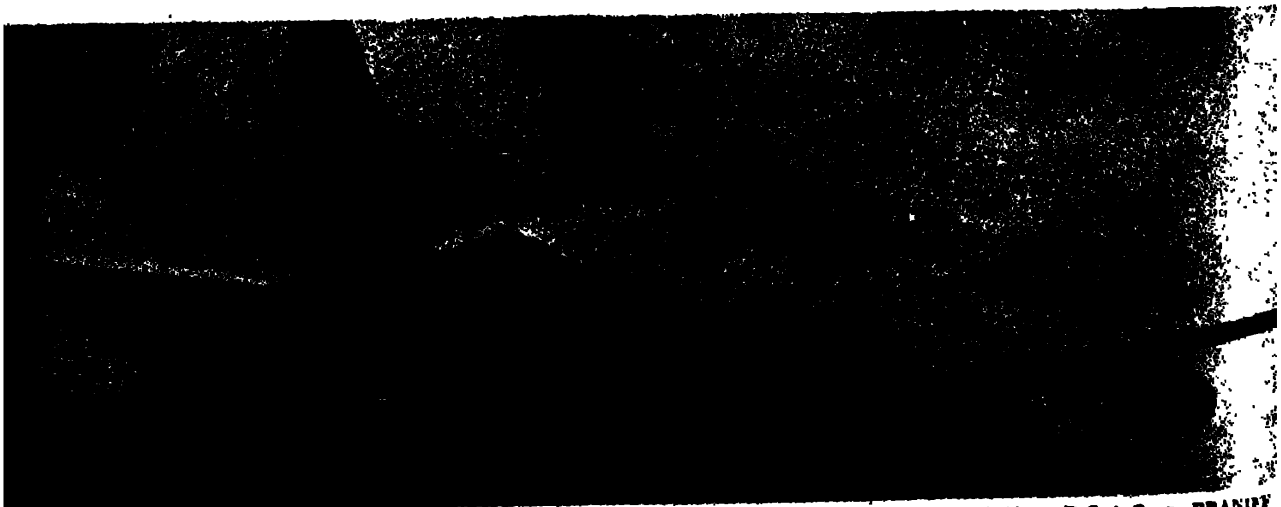
Choice Remark

As I was leaving my office one day I noticed two children standing by the turnstile entrance to the ladies' room. The boy, who was about to drop a coin in the slot, turned impatiently to his younger sister. "Well, hurry up and make up your mind," he said. "It's either this or an ice cream."

Contributed by J N Piergrossi

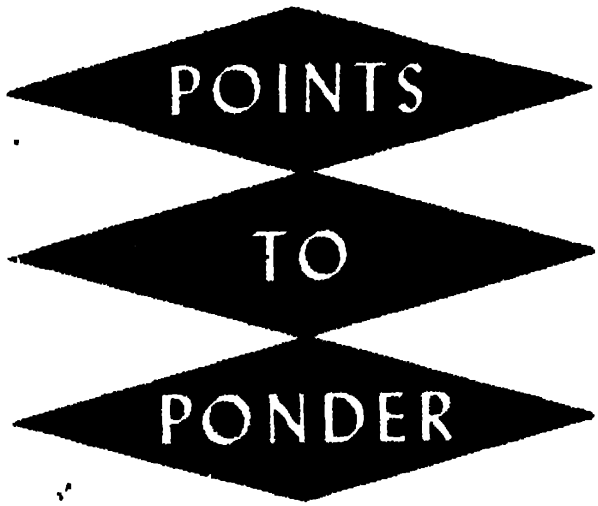


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Goethe:
I am an enemy to long explanations; they deceive the maker or the hearer, generally both.

Jessamyn West in *A Woman's Love:*
No woman, if given a choice of inscriptions for her tombstone, would choose "Mary Jones, a greatly loved woman," rather than "Mary Jones, a greatly loving woman." Being loved, as far as Mary Jones is concerned, is someone else's history. Loving is her history. Loving—and loved—is her triumph.

It is something to have had, as they used to say, a good man's love. But this is as nothing compared with having loved any man, good, bad or indifferent.

The woman who expects to sum up and justify her life to St. Peter by saying, "On earth I was greatly loved," will encounter, if I know anything about tears or heaven, heavenly tears at this misunderstanding of life's purposes and uses.

—Hodder and Stoughton, London

Mark Twain:
Everyone is a moon, and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody.

Burton Hillis:
Somehow I sense a moral for all of us in this little neighbourhood incident. Nancy Preston was petrified when her five-year-old son climbed high in a tree, then started screaming with fear. But mother wit came to her rescue. She broke a branch from another tree, skinned off its leaves then shouted up, "You come down from there. And if you fall I'll give you the hardest thrashing you've ever heard of!" In two minutes the lad was safe on the ground.

David Starr Jordan:
Wisdom is knowing what to do next, skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it.

Robert Bendiner:
The traffic engineers who plan the motorized, or major, part of our lives are worried—and with good cause. For years they have been busy designing great highways with no sharp bends, junctions or traffic signals. And now that they have just about perfected the dream highway, what do we cussed humans use it for? To dream. With all the natural hazards removed and mile after mile of beautiful road stretched out before him a man can, and often does, have his toe on the gas and his head in the clouds. And if he suddenly hears a horn close to his ear, as likely as not it's Gabriel's.

Voltaire:
We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

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A STRANGE
TALE
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"If those men aren't in trouble,"
said our captain,
"there's no such thing as trouble"

By James Ramsey Ullman *Author of "The White Tower"*

The wind blew. Clouds hid the sun. The sea heaved. With the angry squalls and veils of driving rain, this was not the South Pacific of the travel books.

I was a passenger aboard the *Chicot,* a 3,900-ton freighter serving the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands—a huge area once held by Japan, now administered as a United Nations Trust Territory. Alone in a world of water, we were 11 days out of Guam, bound for Truk in the Eastern Carolines. I awoke in my cabin very early that

Condensed from Holiday



morning, with the grey light of dawn coming through my porthole. The ship was slowing, stopping in the middle of nowhere.

In three minutes I was on deck. The sea was the heaviest I had yet seen, and as the *Chicot* lost speed it pitched and wallowed in the sullen swell. Captain Edward O'Neill, on the bridge, gestured to me to join him.

"Look there," he said, pointing. I looked and saw nothing, until he gave me his binoculars and aimed me properly. Then I saw it: a canoe. I turned to him in disbelief. "It's no bigger than a log," I said.

"That's right—a hollow log with a mast. About a 20-footer, I'd say."

On a lake it would have looked small enough. On the vast Pacific it seemed not even a toy boat, but rather a chip of wood, a floating speck. From the decks of the *Chicot* we stared at it as if at an apparition from another world. Which, in a way, it was.

I saw that there were men aboard the canoe, moving about like ants on a blade of grass that has been washed away. But they had not made any signal. Were they in trouble?

"If they're not," said O'Neill, "there's no such thing as trouble."

The *Chicot* manoeuvred so that wave and wind bore the small craft straight towards us. Like all Micronesian canoes, it was an outrigger: without the balance thus provided, it would have swamped in a twinkling. Amidships, lashed to its outrigger struts, was a platform supporting a low shelter of thatch and leaves. And above the shelter rose the sail-less mast.

There were moments, as the waves climbed high, when the mast was all that was visible. Then the rest would bob up again, and we could see the craft's five occupants. Though they appeared haggard and weather-beaten, they were all working: one man was steering, others bailing. One was elderly, one middle-aged, and three were scarcely more than boys. All were naked except for crimson loincloths.

In ten minutes they were alongside and the *Chicot* hove to, with engines still. The canoe looked tinier than ever under the high, black cliff of the *Chicot's* hull.

Our chief mate, Stanley Gilje, was on the forward deck directly above the canoe. A discussion began, with members of our crew acting as interpreters. Apparently the castaways weren't sure they *wanted* to be rescued. Where were we bound for? they enquired. Truk, someone shouted. After more palaver, the mate reported: "Okay. They say they'll come aboard if the canoe comes, too."

"That's damn nice of them," said the captain. "All right. Haul it up."

Winches ground and booms moved overhead. Two wire slings were lowered and passed under the canoe, and a rope was attached to the outrigger for balance. Four of the canoeists seized our rope ladder

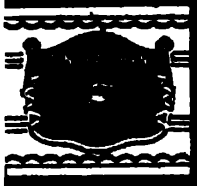
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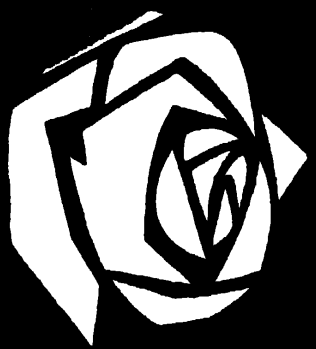
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and came scrambling up. However, the oldest, the helmsman, elected to stay with his craft to the end. The winches clattered again, and the canoe was swung on deck.

The old helmsman sat in the stern, composed and motionless. From a string around his neck hung a glittering pendant that I took for an amulet but which later proved to be a tin opener. On his lap he carefully guarded a rusted wreck of a compass. As soon as the canoe was aboard, the four other men rejoined the helmsman in it.

Their craft was, as estimated, about 20 feet long—not cut from a single log but made of planks of breadfruit wood, held together by strips of coral cement and thongs of coco-nut fibre, with not a single nail in the whole structure. The canoe proper was narrow and deep, a mere slot in which a man could squat or kneel. Its shelter, on the struts of the outrigger, was perhaps a yard square and 18 inches high. Two men at most—small contortionists—could have fitted into it at one time, for shelter or sleep.

The canoe's sail, a sodden mass of blue denim, was wedged under a thwart near the bow. There was no sign of food; only bits of charcoal, and a few battered pots and gourds which had seen a lot more service for bailing than for eating. Even now, on the *Chicot*, water was a foot deep in the canoe, and its proprietors were bailing away industriously. Out on the open sea it must have been like being in a bathtub with the taps turned on.

Their bailing finished, the five men spread the sail out to dry, inspected the seams of the hull, tightened the fibrous bindings. Their concern was all for their craft. Implausibly, none of them seemed to need any medical care. However, that they needed food was obvious. Persuaded that the canoe was all right, they finally consented to visit the galley. Odds and ends of clothing were produced to replace their soaked loincloths. They even proved human enough, with some urging, to rest for a while. Afterwards we sat down with them—and a crewman interpreter—to hear their story.

The oldest of them, the helmsman, did all the talking. His name was Sernous, he said; the others were members of his family group, or clan. They came from the atoll of Pulap, and were going to Truk.

From Pulap—in the canoe? The captain opened a map. "But Pulap," he pointed out, "is 300 miles east. And Truk's 150 miles *beyond* Pulap. So you were lost?"

"No, we were blown away."

They had been at sea for 30 days. Sernous opened his gnarled hands three times, showing all the fingers. "Thirty," he repeated. The trip should have taken four days—he had made it often before. But this time there had been big winds, big waves. And besides, his compass had gone wrong. It was an old compass from a Japanese fishing boat,



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and it leaked alcohol. Perhaps the captain could mend it.

Anyway, the old man continued, they had been pushed back to the west, day after day. The wind had been so strong that they could do nothing against it. They had had to bail in shifts, all day and all night. Even so, for much of the time, the *Santa Maria* was half under water.

That was their canoe, the *Santa Maria?* They were Catholics, then?

Yes. Sernous crossed himself.

What about food? At the beginning, we were told, they had coco-nuts, taro and breadfruit, with charcoal and flint to make a fire. When this food was gone and the charcoal soaked, they caught fish and ate them raw. They had been lucky with the fishing. They had caught about 30, almost one a day. And they had been lucky with water, too; they had collected enough rain to drink. The nights were the hardest, for they were always wet and cold.

Did they know where they had been when we found them?

Oh yes. They had been hoping to reach the atoll of Ifalik, in the district of Yap. "Is that way," Sernous said, pointing to the north-west. And the captain and mate nodded in bemused agreement. Ifalik was indeed "that way"; 35 miles, by the ship's chart, from where we had sighted them, and almost 500 from their destination at Truk.

Later, we discussed what *we* would have been like, physically and emotionally, after 30 days in that chip of a boat in mid-ocean; how *we* would have reacted to the experience of rescue. As he told his story, the old helmsman of Pulap spoke in a matter-of-fact monotone. His companions, too, showed no strain or emotion. They had been lost at sea. So what? Thousands of their people, over the centuries, had been lost; some had been found and some had not; some, even in our own time, had been carried as far as New Guinea and the Philippines.

Thirty days, 500 miles: what was that? Nothing. The answer was in their relaxed bodies and their placid brown eyes.

Sernous was speaking again, and the interpreter said, "He asks please can they go back now to work on their canoe. They want it to be strong and not leak on the way from Truk back to Pulap."

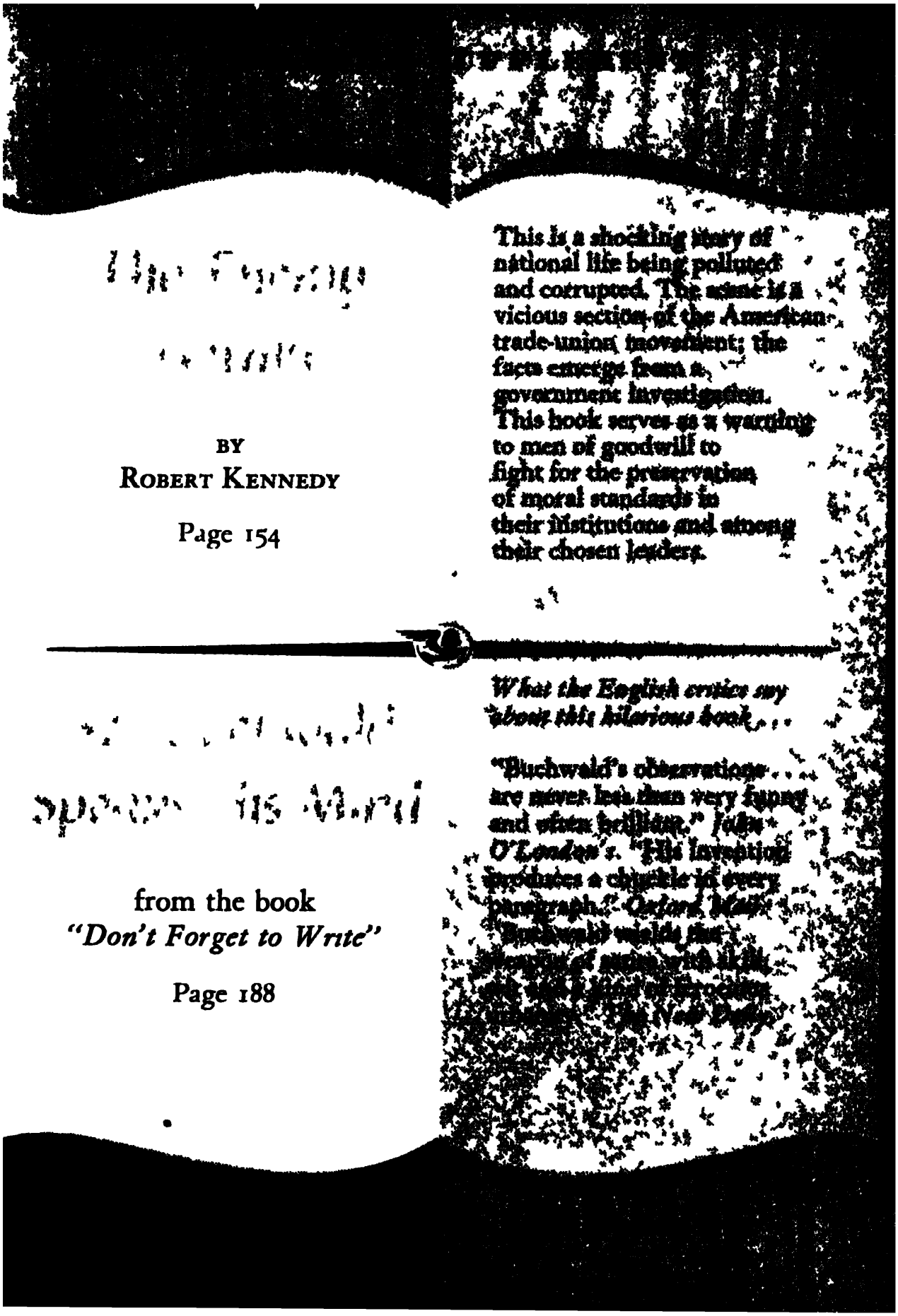
"Sure," said Captain O'Neill. Then he thought of one more question. "Ask them why they were going to Truk in the first place."

Sernous spoke, and the interpreter said, "They were going to buy cigarettes."

"That's all? To buy cigarettes?"

"Yes. Cigarettes. He says there is nothing else they need."

We produced a box apiece for them, and for the rest of the voyage our guests chain-smoked while they worked on the *Santa Maria.* What brand of cigarettes they had intended to buy they didn't tell us. But there were no complaints.


This is a shocking story of national life being polluted and corrupted. The scene is a vicious section of the American trade-union movement; the facts emerge from a government investigation. This book serves as a warning to men of goodwill to fight for the preservation of moral standards in their institutions and among their chosen leaders.
BY
ROBERT KENNEDY
Page 154
What the English critics say about this hilarious book . . .
from the book
"Don't Forget to Write"
Page 188

THE ENEMY WITHIN

The shocking story of corruption in the American trade-union move

from the book by

ROBERT KENNEDY

How many American trade unions are controlled by thugs? What is the truth behind the stories we have heard of bloodshed and killings, of racketeering and fund-stealing? This book provides the disturbing answers. It is the cold, documented story of corruption in American trade unions as it was unfolded before a government investigating committee by Robert Kennedy, who, with his brother, John Kennedy, the [illegible]

[redacted] we hadn't started [redacted] Initially, we hadn't been after Dave Beck at all.

The story of how we came by those records really began in January 1955 when Senator McClellan became chairman and I became counsel of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. In the course of examining corruption in military-clothing buying, we had found that East Coast gangsters were involved in the manufacture or transport of uniforms. I was told that mobsters had also moved into the Teamsters Union in the Midwest and elsewhere in the country.

After consulting with McClellan, I decided to conduct a nation-wide survey of the labour scene. We sent investigators into cities in the East and Mid-west, and in the second week of November 1956 Carmine Bellino, the Committee's chief accountant, and I set out for the Pacific Coast.

A series of interviews there led us back to Chicago and Nathan Shefferman, a labour relations consultant and friend of Dave Beck. Shefferman was the key to Beck's measure of crookedness. An informant told me that Shefferman, through the firms he represented, made purchases for Beck, who paid him for these purchases out of union funds.

An also told me that a Seattle contractor, John Lindsay, had done [redacted] construction work on Beck's

Seattle estate, all of which was paid for out of union funds.

Bellino and I first saw Shefferman in Chicago on December 18, 1956. He readily admitted that he had made purchases for Dave Beck, but he didn't remember how many, what they were, or the amounts of money involved. We asked for his records. His son had all his books, he said, and he was away. But if we returned two days later his son would furnish us with information regarding the transactions made for Beck. Nathan Shefferman seemed confident that his affable, friendly manner would see him through any problems that he might have with us.

Later that day we finally reached John Lindsay, the Seattle contractor, by phone. I asked him if he had done work on Dave Beck's estate. He admitted that he had. I asked if he had been paid for that work out of union funds. Again, he said he had. Next to Shefferman's records, this was the most important piece of evidence we were to receive during our trip.

And on the appointed day, that snowy, bitter December 20, we got the Shefferman records that were to document Dave Beck's downfall.

I Meet the Teamster Boss

Back in Washington, two days after Christmas, Carmine Bellino and I outlined for Senator McClellan the evidence we had uncovered. He was intensely interested, but recognized as we did that for a full investigation in this field a new committee with broad powers would have to be established. This was done later with the appointment of the McClellan Committee.

The next step was necessarily an interview with Dave Beck. His lawyer, Albert Woll, told me that it would not be necessary to subpoena him; at the appropriate time Beck would be available. Beck, of course, knew that we had subpoenaed his files; perhaps he knew that we had contacted Shefferman and Lindsay. At any rate, on January 4 I learned that he was leaving the United States.

We subpoenaed airline records in Seattle and found that he was to arrive in New York on January 5. I felt that, once out of the country, Beck might refuse to return in view of the evidence we had against him. I telephoned Woll and told him that we were going to get an investigator to hand Beck a subpoena when he got off the aircraft in New York unless Woll could assure me that he would see me voluntarily.

Woll, who seemed genuinely shocked to hear about the trip, rang me back within a short time and proposed that we meet Beck in New York the following evening.

And in Beck's suite at the Waldorf-Astoria the next day Woll introduced us. Also present was Simon Wampold, a lawyer who was Beck's financial adviser. What struck me most about Beck

were his eyes: almost lost in his large oval face, they seemed like tiny pinpoints of light, constantly moving back and forth. For an hour we discussed racketeering in the trade-union movement. Beck spoke out forcefully against it, saying that he was anxious to clean the gangsters out of his union. As the harangue proceeded, his face grew florid and his voice began to climb higher until he was almost shouting. He seemed to feel that he could yell us into believing in the righteousness of his cause.



Robert Kennedy

Then I asked him specifically about Nathan Shefferman. He was almost patronizing as he announced that he could not possibly answer any such questions. He said he had nothing to hide, but since his tax adviser was not present he would not discuss personal matters.

I asked whether any work done on his home had been paid for by union funds. His voice started to climb; again it was a "personal matter." I suggested that since he had nothing to hide there should be no problem about answering; after all, he already had two lawyers with him.

Then I presented a letter that I had brought from Senator McClellan inviting him to attend our hearings and answer the charges that we would bring against him. He took it from my hand, walked to a corner of the room and read it under a table lamp. Finally he looked up.

"You'll hear from me," he said.

And he would hear from us.

Exit Dave Beck

We had subpoenaed the Teamster records, but many had been destroyed, and Beck's financial manipulations had to be painstakingly reconstructed from independent records. Finally, through the accounting genius of Carmine Bellino, we found that Beck had taken some 370,000 dollars (Rs. 17·5 lakhs) from the Western Conference of Teamsters.

Among other things, he had given Shefferman 85,000 dollars of Teamster money to pay for personal purchases. On his Seattle estate he had built a swimming pool, improved his own house, built a house for his son and had other repair work done.

This cost approximately 150,000 dollars—and he had used union funds to pay contractor John Lindsay for the work.

When the tax authorities had started checking up on him in 1953, Beck had sought to return his takings. But in his panic he had compounded his sins. He borrowed 200,000 dollars in a loan involving two major transport companies.

Then, in order to repay the companies, Dave Beck, union president, in April 1955 bought citizen Dave Beck's Seattle home for 163,000 dollars. Whereupon the Teamsters Union turned round and gave Dave Beck the use of the house rent-free. Beck appeared before our Committee in March 1957. When he first took the witness stand, and before he started to testify, I confess I felt sorry for him. It is difficult to explain, but I realized that a major public figure was about to be utterly destroyed before our eyes, and that the overwhelming evidence we had uncovered would make him an object of disgust and ridicule.

But within five minutes of the start of the hearing this feeling left me. On every pertinent question, Beck gave protracted, wordy answers and finally got round to the Fifth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which provides that nobody shall be compelled to be a witness against himself. Long, rambling, philosophical questions by some members of the Committee provided Beck with opportunities for even longer, more rambling and generally pointless answers. By the time the morning session was over we had not got down to any of the hard facts. In the afternoon there was more of the same, and Beck seemed to be coming out of the hearing reasonably well. We had almost reached the end of the session before the chairman asked the Committee to "give counsel some time."

For the next half hour I asked Beck detailed questions about the manipulations, the misuse, the misappropriation of union funds. On each question he declined to answer —and as the evidence continued to mount, the true image of Dave Beck began to emerge.

By the end of our hearing in March, Beck had been shown to be cruel, arrogant and avaricious. Specifically, Nathan Shefferman had admitted receiving 85,000 dollars of Teamster money from the international president to buy items for Beck's family. These included such things as underwear from an expensive store, a radio, golf balls and clubs, sheets and pillow-cases, football tickets, 21 pairs of nylons, five dozen nappies, outboard motors, shirts, chairs, rugs, a sauce boat, a biscuit box, a 20-foot refrigerator, two aluminium boats, a gun and a bow tie.

Shefferman and Beck had also conspired to make a handsome profit from the land deal in which Beck bought the Washington site of the Teamster headquarters.



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Shefferman, a representative of management groups, further testified that over a period of years he had given Beck 24,000 dollars because he was "grateful" to him. Asked directly whether he had taken some 320,000 dollars of union funds, Beck declined to answer on the grounds of self-incrimination.

Although his position had been shaken and the decent elements of organized labour repudiated him, Beck nevertheless remained in control of the Teamsters Union. The rallying cries became, "Wait until he gets his day in court," and "What's wrong with taking the Fifth Amendment? It's part of the Constitution."



James Hoffa

But when we proved a short time later that Beck was taking money from the widow of his best friend by fraudulently manipulating a trust fund started for her by union members, even the Teamster hierarchy could not stomach it.

When he appeared before our Committee for the last time on May 16, 1957, Beck was already out on his feet. All that was needed was someone to push him over and make him lie down. The man to do that was available.

His name was James Hoffa.

Bribery!

I WAS first introduced to Jimmy Hoffa by a man named Eddie Cheyfitz, one of Dave Beck's advisers. Cheyfitz sought diligently to convince me that Hoffa had reformed after a reckless youth and that he could be a strong force for good in the Teamsters Union. He urged me to meet Hoffa so that I could see what the man was really like.

Early in February 1957 I agreed to have dinner with Hoffa at Cheyfitz's home on the 19th. Before that date came, however, I had a startling visitor.

On the afternoon of February 13, a soft-spoken, mild-mannered man of about 40 walked into our office and handed his card to my secretary: "John Cye Cheasty, Attorney, New York."

Cheasty had telephoned me the night before and said: "I have information that will make your hair stand on end."

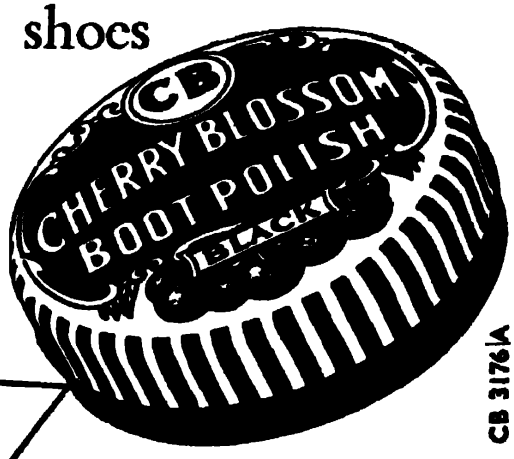
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people I talked to who did not claim to have information that would make my hair stand on end, and I tried to see all of them, for I had learnt that worth-while information may come from the most unexpected sources. I invited Cheasty to Washington.

He now told me that Hoffa had given him 1,000 dollars in cash to get a job as an investigator with our Committee. Hoffa wanted him as a spy to furnish secret information from our files. Cheasty had taken the 1,000 dollars and then come to me.

While Cheasty explained how Hoffa had approached him through a common friend, and told me the background of their arrangements, I was continually aware of the fact that here was a man to whom principle meant more than money. It would have been easy for him to accept the 1,000 dollars and simply tell Hoffa he couldn't get the job. Since we needed experienced men, it would have been easy, perhaps, to get taken on with us, then feed information to Hoffa for a promised 2,000 dollars a month. Materially, Cheasty had nothing to gain by coming to me, and everything to lose. And yet he was willing to take the risks involved.

Upon the recommendation of the U.S. Department of Justice, we decided that Cheasty should carry out Hoffa's plan. Up to this point, what Hoffa had done was not a provable violation of the law; there was only Cheasty's word against his. We needed concrete evidence. Cheasty agreed to co-operate.

On February 14, after being sworn in as an assistant counsel for the McClellan Committee, Cheasty told Hoffa he had the job. From that point on, he was under the direction of the FBI, which guided his movements as he maintained constant contact.

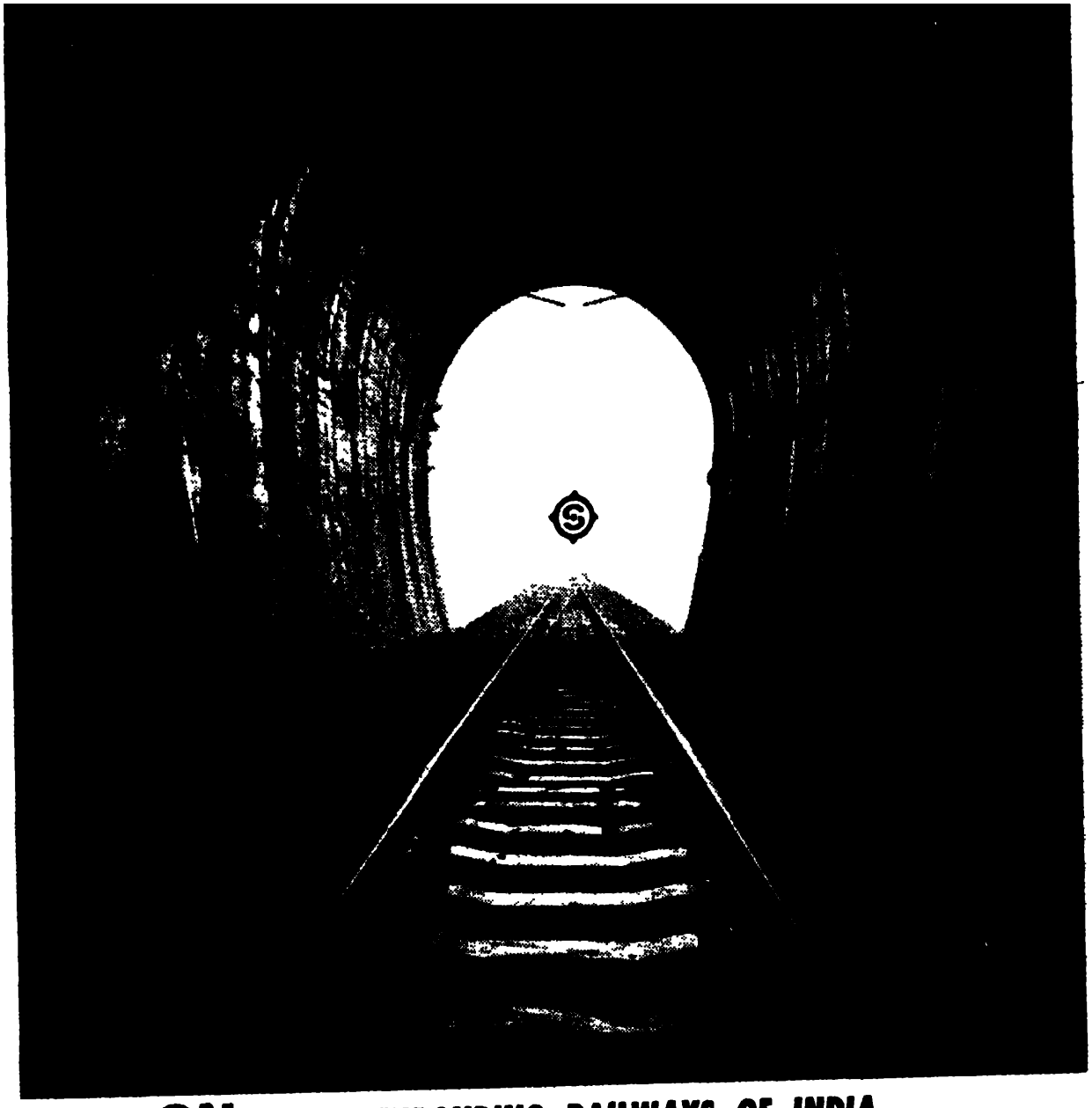
Hoffa wanted information. So I furnished Cheasty with carefully selected material which he passed on. Hoffa gave him 2,000 dollars more, and Cheasty handed it over to FBI agents.

I was tempted to break my dinner engagement with Hoffa for February 19 when these developments arose, but I felt that if I did it might arouse suspicion of Cheasty. So I decided to go.

On the day of the dinner, I supplied Cheasty with the names of four witnesses we planned to subpoena for our first hearing. Cheasty then telephoned Hoffa, who arranged to meet him that afternoon.

The FBI, equipped with fast-moving cameras, kept both men under close surveillance. At their street-corner meeting, Cheasty handed Hoffa the names I had given him. Then, as it was related to me later, Eddie Cheyfitz picked up Hoffa in a car and they drove off to meet me for dinner. Cheasty made his contact immediately with the FBI, then phoned me to say that he had delivered the information to Hoffa. Because I had been waiting for his


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call I was a few minutes late arriving at Cheyfitz's house.

Both Cheyfitz and Hoffa met me at the door—Hoffa with a strong, firm handshake. The three of us were alone for dinner. As we chatted, I discovered that Hoffa could be personable, polite and friendly. But that evening, though amicable enough, he maintained one steady theme in his conversation.

"I do to others what they do to me, only worse," he said.

We discussed employers he had encountered during his career. When they crossed him he destroyed them, he said. We talked about his difficulties with law-enforcement agencies. He pointed out that mostly they had been unsuccessful in prosecuting him.

When the talk turned to the future work of the Committee, Cheyfitz and Hoffa let me know that they knew the name of a Teamster official who would be subpoenaed. It was one of the names I had given Cheasty that afternoon.

As I was leaving Cheyfitz's house that evening, Hoffa said jocularly: "Tell your wife I'm not as bad as everyone thinks I am."

I laughed. But in view of all I already knew, I felt that he was worse than anybody said he was. In the next two and a half years, nothing happened to change my opinion.

Justice Miscarries

THE FBI phoned me late on the evening of March 13 to tell me that Hoffa had just been arrested with the Committee documents I had given Cheasty in his possession.

I was convinced that the FBI had given the government an airtight case—there were even films of Hoffa receiving the documents and paying off Cheasty—and that Jimmy Hoffa was finished.

A few days later, several newspaper reporters were in my office discussing the hearings. One asked, "What will you do if Jimmy Hoffa is acquitted?"

"I'll jump off the roof," I said, smiling.

Later, when Jimmy Hoffa *was* acquitted, his lawyer offered to send me a parachute.

The government was badly prepared in this case. The prosecution never expected Hoffa to give evidence. When he took the stand and swore that he had paid Cheasty to represent him as a lawyer, not as a Committee spy, they were completely unprepared to conduct an adequate cross-examination. Only the day before he testified, representatives from the prosecutor's office came to me to request background material on Hoffa. Of course there was no time for the prosecutor to assimilate such a mountain of information at such short notice. As a result, while Hoffa testified with vigour and force, the unimpressive cross-examination lasted only 20 minutes.

I was in the Senate caucus chamber questioning a witness before our

Committee when I became conscious of a stir throughout the room. A note was handed up to me: *Hoffa has been acquitted*. I read it with utter disbelief.

Yet it was not the first time he had been acquitted. And it would not be the last.

Hoffa had seen Congressional committees come and go before ours. In 1953 and again in 1954 investigating committees from the House of Representatives had been on the threshold of uncovering major corruption involving Hoffa and some of his chief lieutenants in the Teamsters. Both times he had applied pressure and the investigations had been halted.

Representative Wint Smith of Kansas had become chairman of the 1953 committee after it had begun its hearings. Hoffa immediately employed as one of his lawyers the ex-governor of Kansas, Payne Ratner. Shortly thereafter the hearings stopped. Reports indicated that political pressure had been applied to kill the investigation.

Newspapermen were astounded. Could Jimmy Hoffa's influence reach even into the halls of Congress? They asked chairman Wint Smith why his committee had closed up shop.

"The pressure comes from way up there and I just can't talk about it any more specifically than that," was Smith's answer.

Hoffa deals with committees and judges as he deals with everything and anybody else. He believes that money, influence, political pressure or a combination of all three can fix any problem that faces him.

As he once said to a Washington newspaperman: "Every man has his price. What's yours?"

In our August 1957 hearings, when the Committee began to spread on the record Hoffa's close ties with racketeers, the nation got its first look at the man who would succeed Dave Beck as president of the most powerful union in the country—and at the convicted killers, robbers, extortionists, perjurers, blackmailers, safe-crackers, dope pedlars, white slavers and sodomites who were his chosen associates. Hoffa himself had been in and out of court on charges including malicious destruction of property, shooting, conspiracy and obtaining money under false pretences; he had been convicted and fined for violating the anti-trust law, and given two years' probation for conspiracy.

Why Hoffa Won't Clean Up

THE INNER sanctum of the Teamster hierarchy has no counterpart in the United States today. Late in 1957 and again in 1958, after Hoffa became Teamster president, we listened to testimony from the dregs of society, from the most notorious gangsters and racketeers. No group better fits the prototype of the old Al Capone syndicate than Jimmy Hoffa and his lieutenants in and out of the union.

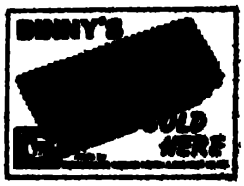


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They have the look of Capone's men, the smooth faces and cruel eyes of his gangsters; they wear the rich clothes, the diamond rings, the sickly-sweet perfume. And they have comparable criminal records.

Consider John Ignazio Dioguardi, alias Johnny Dio, the man Hoffa made his chief instrument in his efforts to win control of the New York Teamsters. This extortionist, racketeer and ex-convict, who was suspected when labour columnist Victor Riesel was blinded by acid, personally brought into the union movement some 40 hoodlums with 178 arrests and 77 convictions.

Consider also Hoffa's relationship with Bert Brennan, probably his oldest and closest crony. Hoffa and Brennan fought their way up together in the Teamsters Union, using gall, collusive deals, and a crew of notorious characters. I once interviewed Brennan in a seventh-floor office. At one point we were alone for a few moments, and I walked over to the open window. "If I fell out of here now, they'd say you pushed me," I remarked.

"I'd like to," was his reply.

Hoffa's and Brennan's lives have been intimately entwined in deals in and out of the trade-union movement. Brennan knows more about the international president of the Teamsters than any of the other men around him. He once warned Hoffa, it was testified before the Committee, that if "he [Brennan] were called or indicted or tried, he would spill his guts on Hoffa . . ."

This explains why Hoffa doesn't clean up his union: to get rid of Brennan and his ilk would mean self-destruction.

And Hoffa's close association with gangsters has apparently brought with it certain other problems as well, judging from an incident related by Robert Scott, a union leader who has broken with Hoffa. Scott told one of our investigators about a trip he and Hoffa made together to Chicago. Hoffa retired to his hotel room early. On returning from a walk, Scott stopped by Hoffa's room to see if his boss was asleep. He tried the door, found it unlocked, and stepped into the room.

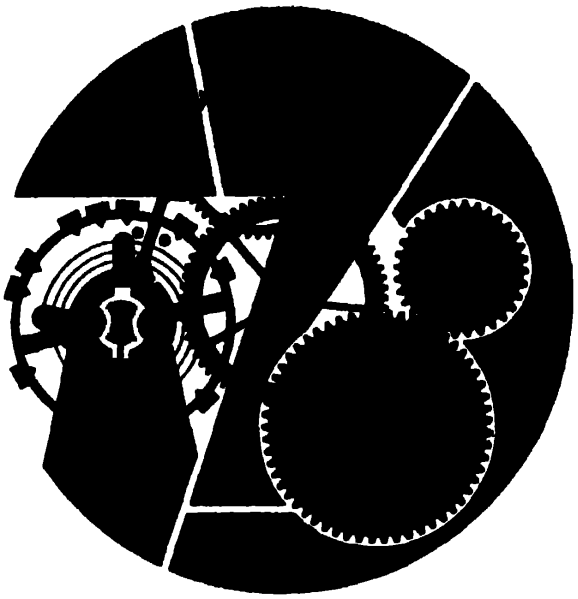
"I didn't get inside the door before Jimmy had rolled out of bed and come up standing with a gun in his hand," said Scott.

Jimmy Hoffa knows how his pals operate.

Where the Money Comes From

WHEN WE began our investigation of Hoffa's finances, we found that, although he denied ever taking bribes from employers, he always had on hand enormous amounts of cash—far more than his income as a Teamster official could account for. His own simple explanation was that he "accumulated it." Carmine Bellino found it frustrating to attempt to trace where it came from and where it went, since Hoffa deals only in cash. He maintains no

An Easy Key to Watch Buying



Selecting a Good Watch for Your Money

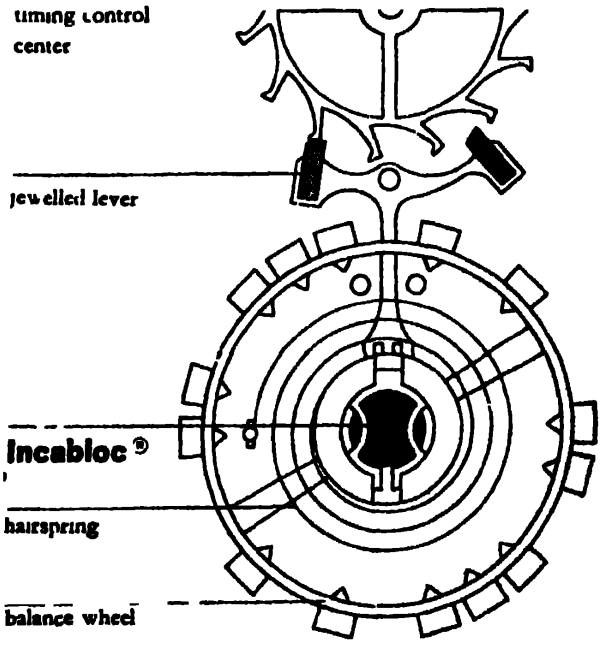
Selecting a good watch for your money is not difficult if you know what you are looking for. Without the experience of a watchmaker it is hard to judge various special features in today's watches. Style and design are important but in no way do they relate to the quality of the movement. A long-lasting timing-control centre (jewelled-lever escapement) is the important difference in a good watch ... and the key to this difference is the Incabloc shock absorber.

Although most parts and features are common to all watches, there is one —INCABLOC—which is found only in watches manufactured with jewelled-lever timing-control centres Incabloc is the protective system that maintains the accuracy and quality of these watches and reduces repair costs to a minimum. Its characteristic, easily recognized lyre-shaped spring can be seen at the centre of the moving balance wheel.

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bank account, his records are apparently non existent; and his memory in this respect is terrible

One Hoffa explanation of how he has regularly come by some 5,000 or 10,000 dollars annually for the past ten years is that it is not bribe money from employers, but race track winnings "My business associate [Bert Brennan] places some bets," Hoffa told the Committee, "and we are fortunate to win some money" They had phenomenal luck From 1948 to the end of 1957 they divided a total of more than 150,000 dollars in winnings

We tried again and again to find out more about Hoffa's wagers, but all we got was "Mr Brennan keeps the records" When the Committee called Brennan, he "respectfully declined to answer."

We asked Herbert Grosberg, the Teamster accountant who works out Hoffa's income tax each year, how his client could remember, over a period of a year and without the benefit of any records, exactly how much money he had won gambling. Grosberg's testimony indicated that Hoffa had a fantastic memory.

And yet this was the same Hoffa who at Committee hearings again and again asked us to refresh his mind on points of evidence—and when we did, said "To the best of my recollection I cannot remember" It was very odd



Pursuing Hoffa's financial affairs, we found that a close relationship existed between him and employers. He was more than willing to do big favours for them—such as settling strikes against the wishes of his men. And employers were anxious to do big favours for him—such as setting him up in business so that he could reap big profits.

The classic example was the money making deal called "Test Fleet." In 1948 one of the large Michigan transport companies, Commercial Carriers, decided that its truck drivers would no longer be allowed to own their own equipment. In protest, the drivers went on strike. The walk out was considered successful —until Jimmy Hoffa came on the scene. He told the drivers to go back to work on the company's terms. Under this pressure, the strike was broken.

Shortly afterwards, a new transport company, Test Fleet, was formed in Tennessee. It was to own its own equipment but would work for Commercial Carriers. Ownership of the company was put in the names of two women Josephine Poszywak and Alice Johnson—the maiden names of Mrs Jimmy Hoffa and Mrs. Bert Brennan. On a 4,000-dollar original investment the two wives made, in ten years, a profit after taxes of 155,000 dollars.

Hoffa told our Committee that



there was no connexion between his position on the strike and the fact that the company bought Test Fleet for him, and insisted that there was nothing whatever wrong about his ownership in a transport company.

The Teamsters who never got their jobs back after the 1948 strike do not see it his way.

Hoffa has had a wide variety of other business interests, including stock in all kinds of firms, ownership of four transport companies, an investment company, a wholesale-grocery company, oil-well and mining ventures, a brewery, a race track, a professional boxer and a Florida land scheme. (Hoffa induced Teamster members to invest thousands of dollars in this Florida deal before it went bankrupt. Had it succeeded Hoffa would have made a fortune. As it was, he lost nothing; he had risked only union members' funds.)

And he had still more questionable ways of making money. For instance, on the payroll of a union branch we came again upon the names of Josephine Poszywak and Alice Johnson. Each of them received 100 dollars a week over a considerable period (a total of about 6,000 dollars) in a malodorous little arrangement designed to restore peace among the warring factions of the juke-box industry, including leading figures in the Detroit underworld. Neither of the women had remotest connexion with the branch.

I asked Hoffa about 20,000 dollars in cash that he had invested in another venture. Where did this money come from?

"From individuals," Mr. Hoffa said.

And what individuals?

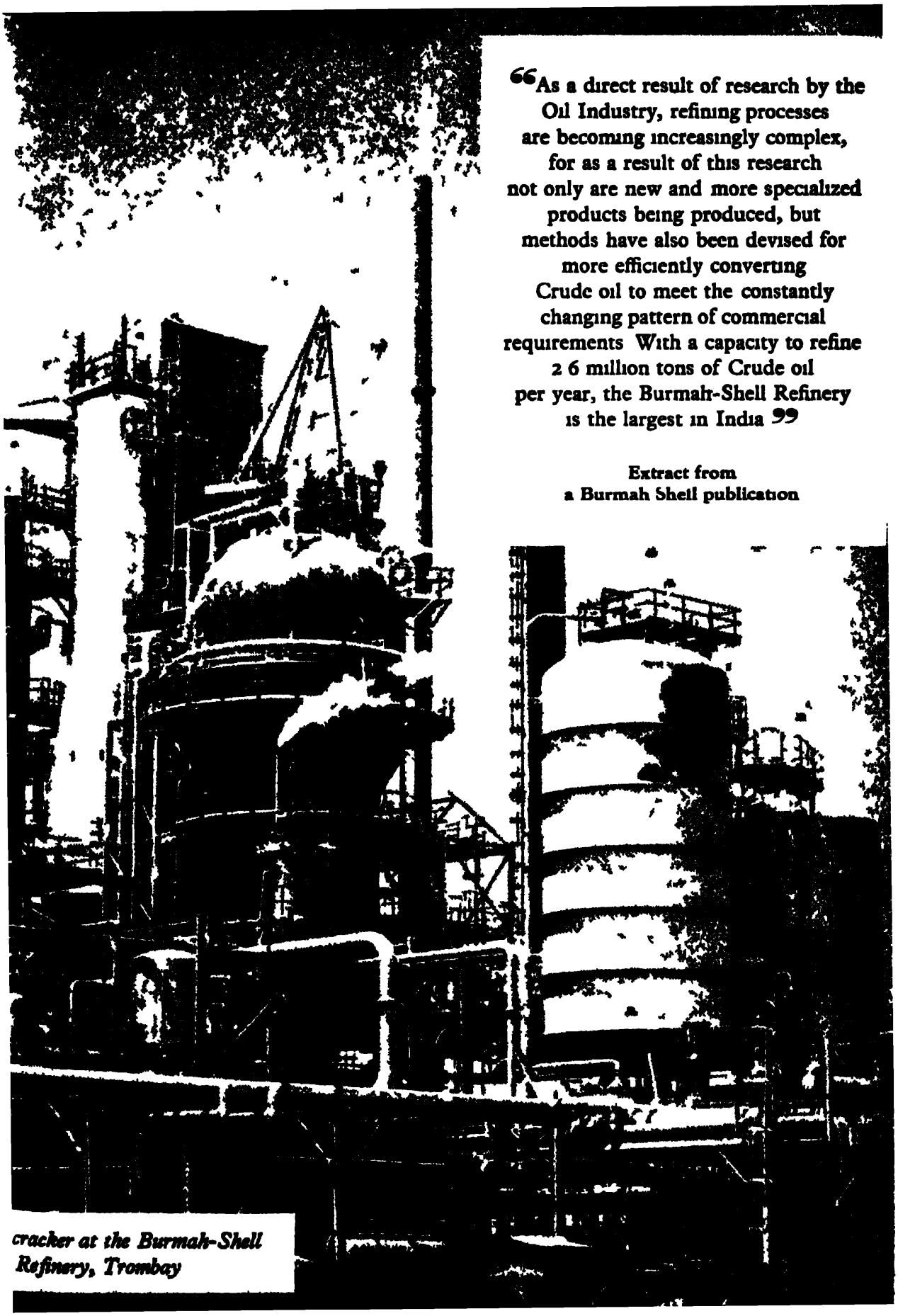
"Offhand," he said unblushingly, "that particular amount of money I borrowed I don't know at this particular moment, but the record of my loans, which I requested, I have, and out of all the moneys I loaned over this period of time I went into these ventures."

Treachery and Terrorism

THROUGHOUT 1957 and 1958, as our Committee spread the sordid story of Hoffa's corruption on the record, I began to hear more and more frequently: "If Hoffa is as bad as the evidence indicates, why don't the rank-and-file union men toss him out?"

I knew the reason. They couldn't. For months the staff had been hearing stories of men who had tried, but had been unsuccessful because of the money, thugs and lawyers that Hoffa owns. We felt that this was a point the Committee should establish unmistakably, in the hope that public exposure of what the Hoffa type of "democracy" means might help the men who were fighting it.

The travesty that Hoffa makes of democratic procedure in the Teamsters Union is perfectly exemplified by his own election as international president at the Miami convention



"As a direct result of research by the Oil Industry, refining processes are becoming increasingly complex, for as a result of this research not only are new and more specialized products being produced, but methods have also been devised for more efficiently converting Crude oil to meet the constantly changing pattern of commercial requirements With a capacity to refine 2 6 million tons of Crude oil per year, the Burmah-Shell Refinery is the largest in India"

Extract from a Burmah Shell publication

cracker at the Burmah-Shell Refinery, Trombay

in October 1957. The convention was rigged from start to finish.

From an examination of the Teamsters' own records, our investigators were able to prove that under the terms of the union's constitution, more than half the delegates had been selected illegally. About the legality of others there was serious doubt. We could establish that only *4·8 per cent* of the delegates who elected Hoffa had any clear legal right to vote at the convention.

Let's take a look at democracy in the Teamsters Union as Jimmy Hoffa permits it to be practised, and see what has happened when men have revolted against his rule.

In 1953 in Joplin, Missouri, Clyde Buxton and a number of his fellow local Teamsters sent a petition to Jimmy Hoffa, protesting against the way their president, Floyd Webb, was administering the union. Hoffa immediately sent his friend Webb the petition. Within a few days an assailant beat Clyde Buxton into unconsciousness with a hammer. Webb admitted to rank-and-file members that he himself had ordered the attack. But he had been disappointed in the outcome: "What I wanted was some funerals," he said, "and there are going to be some if you guys don't keep your nose out of it."

When Amos Reniker, an opposition leader, filed suit asking that Webb be removed as union president, a bomb blast rocked his house. Damage was not serious, but in the night Reniker's telephone rang and a voice warned: "The next time we will blow you to hell."

Amos Reniker was not intimidated. In September 1958 he appeared before our Committee and told exactly how democracy in Joplin had suffered from the actions of Hoffa and Webb.

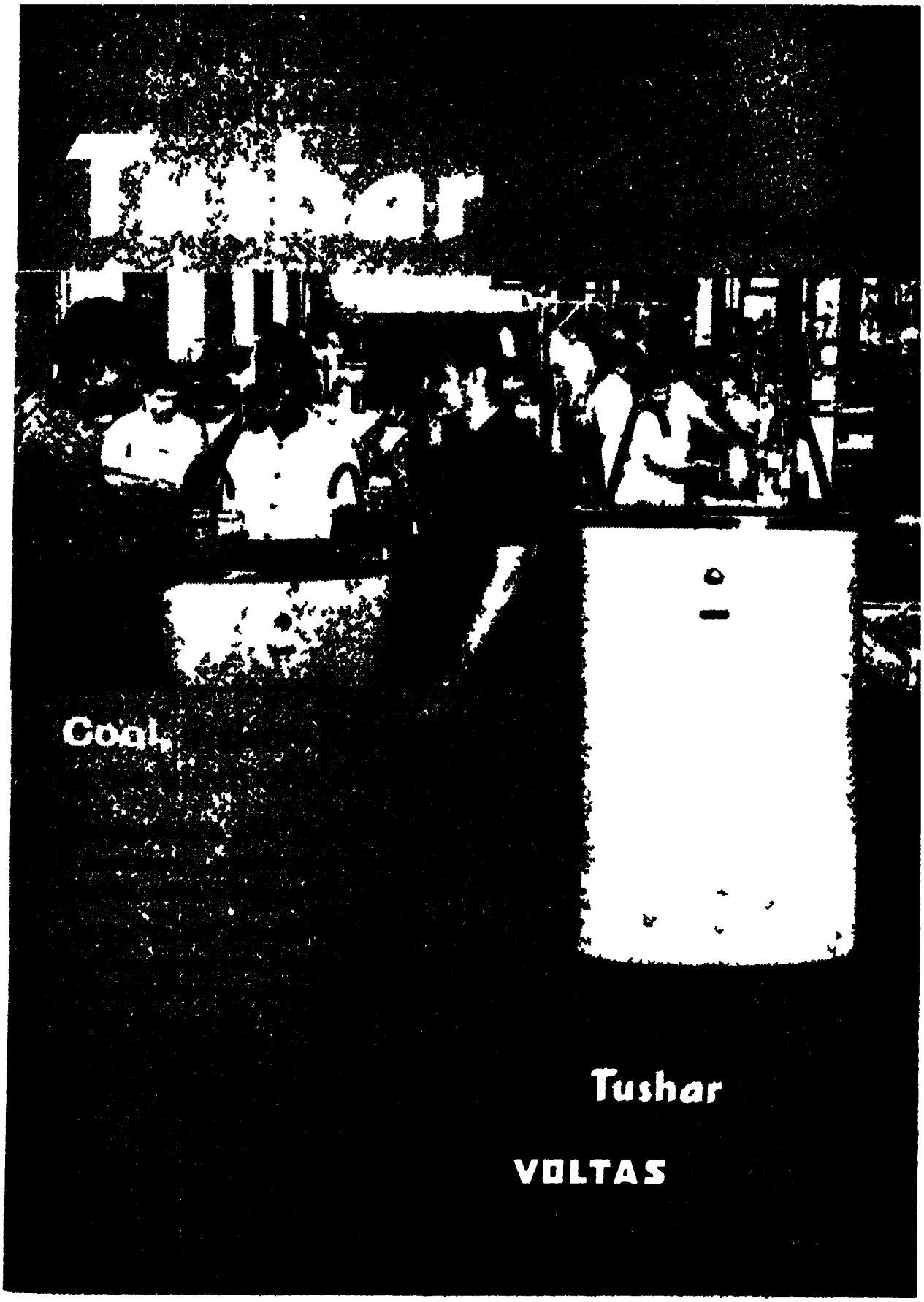
But for sheer refinement of terrorism, the story of Floyd Hook has few parallels in Teamster annals.

In 1953 Hook and his fellow members in Pontiac, Michigan, gave certain information to a lawyer. It concerned two officers of the local branch who were taking payoffs from employers for not enforcing contracts. The two men were indicted, but Dave Beck placed the union branch under trusteeship and named Hoffa as trustee. Immediately Hoffa put the two indicted men back in to run the branch for him!

When Floyd Hook sought to have the trusteeship lifted, his family began to be subjected to vicious persecution.

A car followed Hook wherever he went. On nights when he was out on the road, a Cadillac remained parked opposite his house. Threatening telephone calls were made at all hours to his family.

Think for a moment what it would be like to be woken up every hour of every night from midnight to 6 a.m. by malicious telephone calls. The first night, or the first three or four nights, perhaps, would


Tushar
Cool
Tushar
VOLTAS

not be intolerable. But think then of the second week and the third, the second month, the third and the fourth—and still the telephone rings and still the voices threaten: "Your husband just had an accident; they are going to bring him home on a white slab."

"Tell your children to be careful on the way to school today. It would be unfortunate if a truck ran them down." These were the calls that tormented Floyd Hook's family.

Mrs. Hook had a nervous breakdown and went to live with relatives in Indiana. Hook stayed to fight, but Hoffa hadn't finished with him. In January 1954, on a trumped-up charge, Hook was sacked from his company. When he finally followed his wife to Indiana, the telephone calls found him even there.

Jimmy Hoffa's own lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, once said to a newspaperman that of all the clients he had defended, Hoffa was the only one who did not have at least one redeeming feature. In view of the Teamster president's record on the score of browbeating his own rank and file alone, Williams's judgement would be hard to refute.

The Rank and File Betrayed

HOFFA's apologists excuse all else —his venality, his shady business deals, his gangster connexions, his roughshod abuse of democratic procedures within the union—on one ground: "Maybe he's a crook and a roughneck," they say, "but he gets good contracts for his men."

Hoffa himself likes to flourish this claim. "Let the record speak for itself," he says.

Even if this were true, it would be no excuse for corruption. But how true is it?

Early in 1959 we sent investigators all over America to analyse the books of big companies which had Hoffa contracts. We talked to employers, Teamster officials, truck drivers and labour negotiators.

We discovered that Hoffa makes side deals advantageous to management throughout the Central Conference of Teamsters; he makes collusive contracts with management in his home city of Detroit and, even worse, he has tried to bring down the higher standards of Teamster contracts in other parts of the country, where he cannot control the terms.

In 1955 Transamerican Freight Lines of Detroit, one of the nation's largest inter-state transport companies, signed the regular Central States Conference union contract with the Teamsters. But Hoffa made a side deal with Transamerican: he allowed the company to give the drivers a cent-and-a-half a mile pay increase in lieu of such fringe benefits as pensions, sick pay and holiday pay. The drivers were told to keep complete records, and if these showed that the fringe benefits would have amounted to more money than the cent-and-a-half a mile, they were to file a grievance

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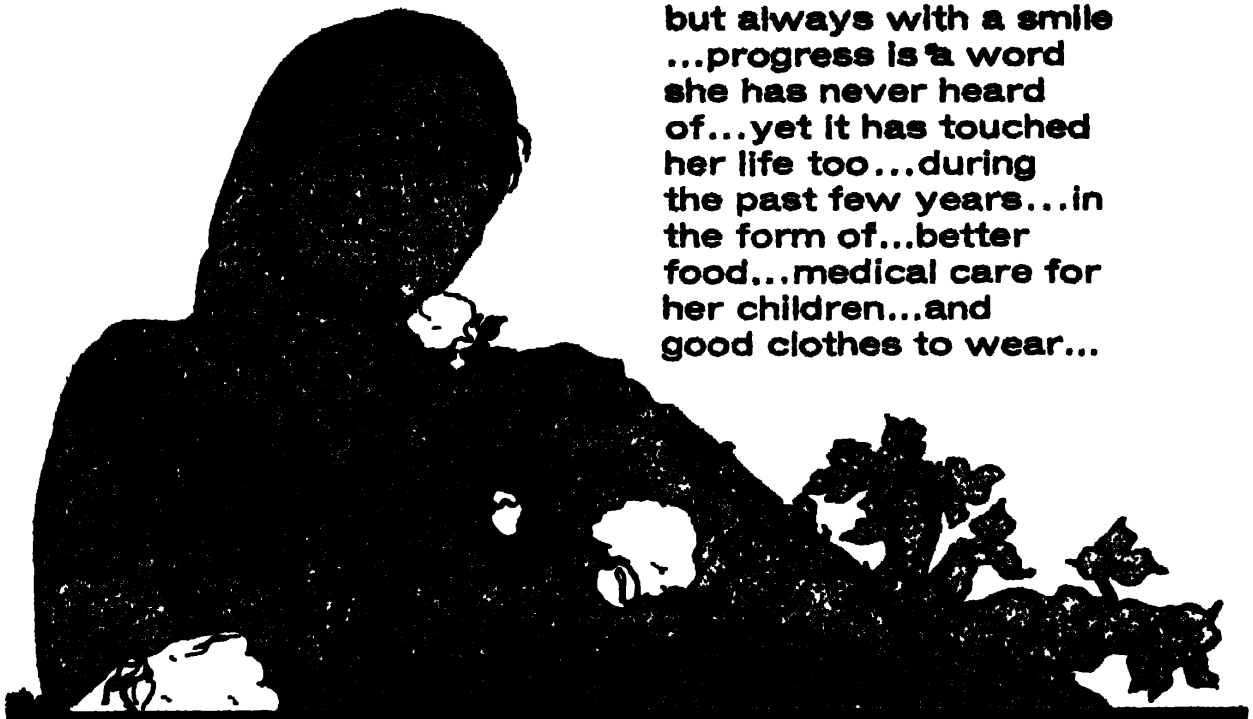
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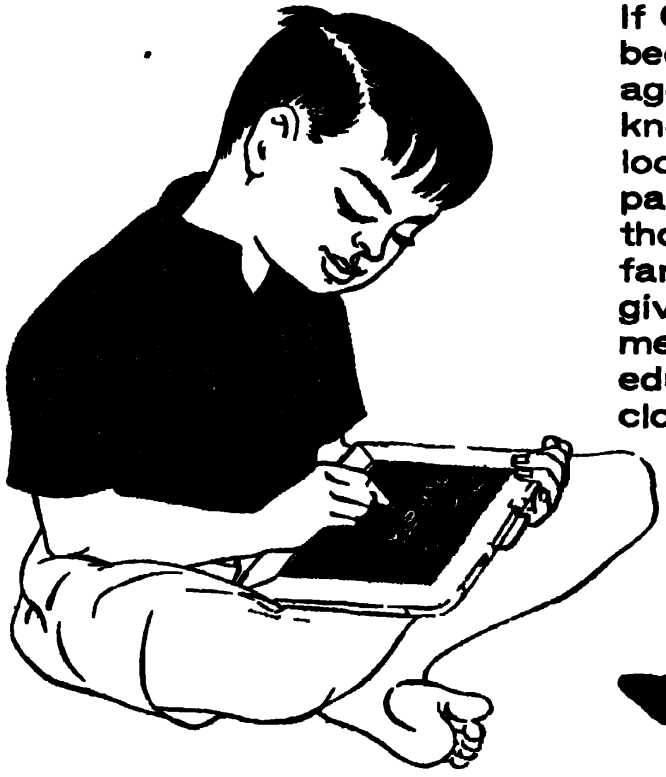
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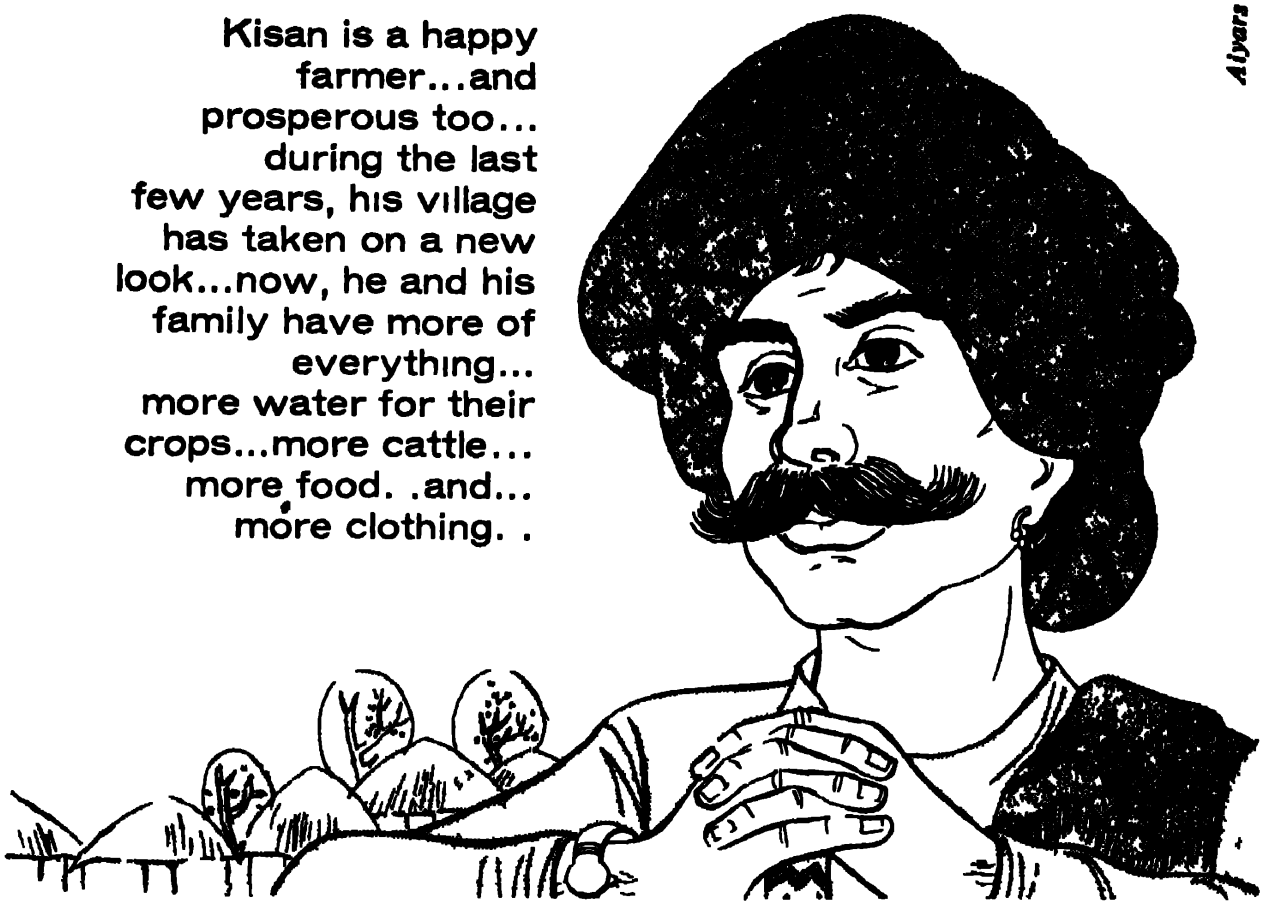
Portraits of the people...



If Chhotu had
been born fifteen years
ago he may not have
known what a slate
looked like...his proud
parents know now that
though they live in a
far off village they can
give him...good food...
medical care...good
education...and good
clothes to wear.



Kisan is a happy farmer...and prosperous too... during the last few years, his village has taken on a new look...now, he and his family have more of everything... more water for their crops...more cattle... more food. .and... more clothing. .

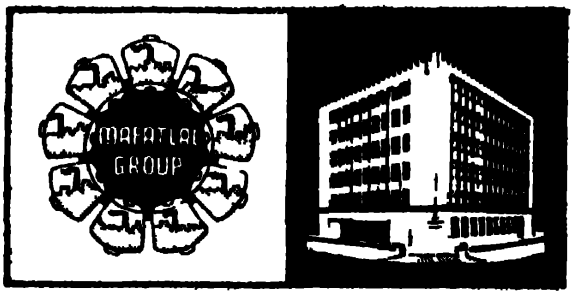


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and would be paid what they had lost. It was at once apparent to many of the drivers that they were going to lose money and would have to become book-keepers to collect what was due to them. They objected.

The deal went into effect without approval of the membership—but the protests were so numerous that Hoffa called a special meeting of representatives of all Transamerican drivers. Let's give the arrangement a try, he said, promising to meet the drivers' representatives again in 90 days to see how his deal was working out.

Ninety days passed—but there was no meeting. Four months passed, five months, six—a year. Members found they were losing money and started filing grievances. Still no second meeting. When Hoffa was asked about it, he said, "I'll call it when I'm good and ready to."

There never was a second meeting.

Again, in 1956 Hoffa agreed to let Riss & Co. pay its drivers the cent-and-a-half, just as Transamerican was doing. This agreement was never submitted to the membership, never even put in writing. It was simply a deal between two friends—for Hoffa and some of his Detroit lieutenants have accepted the "hospitality" of Richard Riss, president of the company, at Riss's lodge in Ontario, Canada.

But there was to be more. In 1958 Riss's drivers were told that the company wanted them to own their own trucks, rather than drive company equipment. The idea was, of course, that they should buy them from Riss. Riss had bought his trucks from General Motors some four years earlier for approximately 13,000 dollars each. By 1958 the trucks had been depreciated on the company books to 1,600 dollars.

Yet Riss charged his drivers 14,800 dollars each for these same trucks.

When the drivers protested to their local unions, Hoffa and Riss found a way to silence them. All the Riss drivers, no matter what city had been their base of operations, were transferred into Hoffa's own Detroit Teamsters' branch. Thereafter, the branches in their own cities could no longer handle their grievances. They had to go to Detroit to see Hoffa. This was, of course, impracticable, if not impossible. But there was nothing the drivers could do. A number of them, in order not to lose their jobs, entered into the purchase agreement with Riss. More than half, unable to meet their payments, lost all the money they had invested, as well as their jobs and seniority. The trucks reverted to Riss, who sold them again at inflated prices.

The callousness of the deal as it was revealed to our Committee was so infuriating that this was one of the few times I lost my temper at a hearing.

Finally, let the stark record of

Memoirs of an Elephant—3



Unlike rice fields, oil wells cannot be made to repeat their yields. These human beings here in Assam knew that.

When the AOC completed the first oil well they soon started looking out for more wells. Since then the search for new fields has never stopped. These human beings are very persistent. Despite failures in places like Balijan, Namchick, Chattachurra, Baragolai and many others the search continued. It was not until 1953 that their patience was rewarded—they struck oil at Nahorkatiya (that's where my cousin lives—about 25 miles from Digboi). In the past seven years, 63 wells have been drilled by AOC in this area.

Fortune smiled on the AOC—another strike was made at Moran. About time too! With all the time and money spent on "The Big Search" I was beginning to feel very sorry for them.

Recently I asked one of the AOC chaps why he was looking so cheerful. He told me: "Look at Digboi . . . look at Nahorkatiya . . . and at Moran. These are the symbols of our efforts . . . the symbols of our experience . . . of our technical development".

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Committee testimony speak for itself in the case of one more contract written within Hoffa's jurisdiction. Listen to the replies of Harry Mattson, president of the Chi-East Co. of Chicago, in answer to questions I put to him on the stand:

"Mr. Mattson, do you pay your employees union scale?"

"This year I am not, no."

"Do you pay them any lay-over?" [for time spent waiting].

"No."

"Do you pay them any breakdown?" [for time lost because of breakdowns].

"No."

"Do you pay them any meal allowance?"

"No."

"Do you pay them any lodging?"

"No."

"Do you pay them any holiday?"

"No, only when they ask."

"Has the union complained about the fact that you pay no lay-over, no union scale, no breakdown, no meal allowance, no holiday, when it is specified in the contract?"

"No."

Two drivers told the Committee that they had complained to the company and to the union about the non-enforcement of the contract—and were sacked. The union did nothing to help them.

The Evidence in Sum

"LET THE record speak for itself," Jimmy Hoffa says. How can one begin to summarize what this man's record, as the McClellan Committee hearing divulged it, implies for the men under his rule and the country as a whole?

George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO (the equivalent of Britain's Trades Union Congress), has called Jimmy Hoffa organized labour's number-one enemy. I am the first to admit that the evidence we uncovered reveals only a portion of the evil wrought by Hoffa or his associates. But what we did find shows clearly that the Teamster membership has been betrayed; democratic processes have been stifled; money, including pension and welfare funds, has been misused to the extent of at least nine and a half million dollars (Rs. 4·5 crores); Hoffa and the men around him have grown fat off enterprises they promoted with union backing. Perhaps worst of all, this potentially great institution has been turned over to the likes of Johnny Dio and Bert Brennan and others who have spent their lives shifting in and out of trouble with the law.

In 1957 Hoffa promised to clean up the union if he became president. In 1958 he said he had not had time to do a complete job. In 1959 he said the Teamsters were clean. Now Hoffa has abandoned any pretence that he will clean up.

Apart from the United States government itself, the Teamsters Union is the most powerful institution in America. In many major metropolitan areas the Teamsters

You are a wise man and a wiser father. You are making sure that the new shirt will fit your son next year too when he will have grown bigger. You have an eye on his future.

Along with his physical growth, however, the boy will grow mentally. And you have to plan for his larger future. He will of course have to have the best in education — with possibly a few years of higher training abroad. All that will need a capital sum

Be as wise as you are now and make sure you will have the necessary funds at the proper time Life insurance is the easiest and surest way to do so. Put by a little in an Education Policy now and guarantee the best education for your son and the finest of future careers.

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control all transport, all the trucks that carry food and clothing and provide the vital necessities of life. They govern deliveries of milk, meat and fruit, railway and air freight, and cargo moving to and from the docks. Quite literally, the life of every person in the United States is in the hands of Hoffa and his Teamsters. But the Teamsters under Hoffa is often run not as a union but as a conspiracy of evil.

The Other Tainted Unions

WITH A few exceptions, those who run the great U.S. unions are honest, dedicated men. But the labour movement is a huge, living machine, subject to human error, and we found corruption in more than half a dozen other major unions which we investigated. The president of the Operating Engineers, for instance, a man named William Maloney, left a trail of beatings, bloodshed and killings in his climb to the top. In the days when he was trying to get control of the union machinery in Chicago he was opposed by a man named Dennis Ziegler. Ziegler was shot to death on the pavement on his way home from work. Maloney made friends with racketeers and simultaneously courted management contractors with whom he negotiated.

Such activities paid off. From 1950 to 1956, for example, Maloney reported an income from salary and expenses of 388,000 dollars. Our investigation showed that he actually received 742,000 dollars.

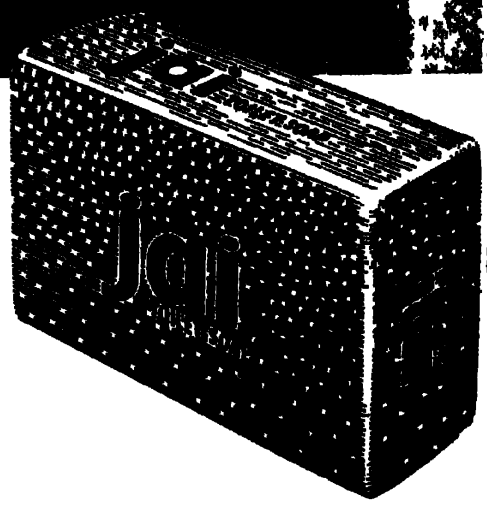
Maloney never did appear before our Committee. As a result of the hearings, however, he and some other officials resigned (Maloney on a 50,000-dollar-a-year pension).

Management Equally at Fault

BECAUSE of limited jurisdiction our Committee could not go into improper activities of business *per se*, but only where there was some direct connexion with labour. Even thus restricted, we came across more than 50 companies and corporations that had acted improperly, and in many cases illegally. But, unlike some unions which have been making efforts to clean house, not one management group or association has made a single move to rid itself of members who have engaged in collusive deals. And these deals were not occasioned by fear or abuse. We found some employers who had been maltreated by labour leaders, but in the cases to which I refer, the deals were made purely for monetary gain.

And even more disturbing, we found that we could expect very little assistance from management groups. No investigation was touched off by any voluntary help we received from management. More often than not, the business people with whom we came in contact—and this includes representatives of the largest corporations—were unco-operative. Some did not





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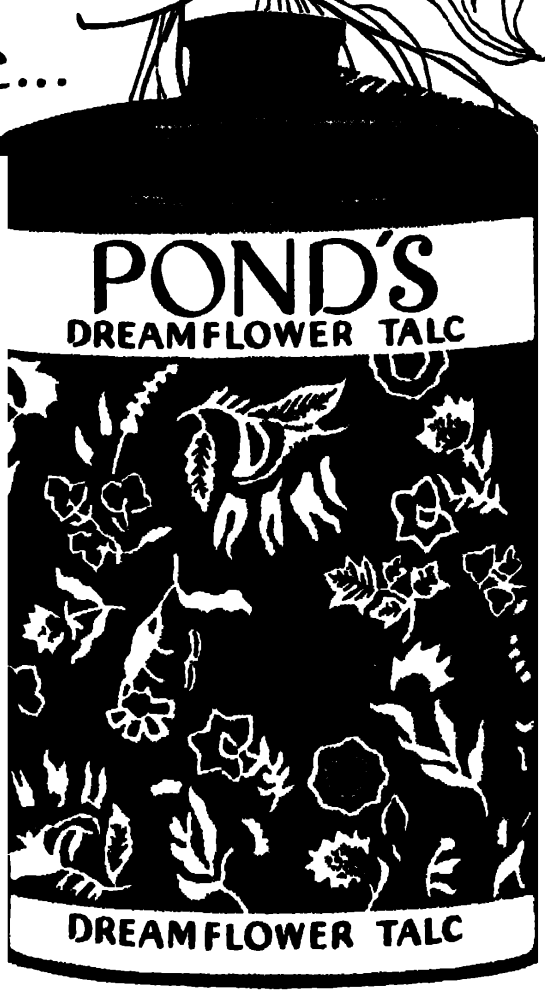


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want to involve themselves; others apparently did not have the courage to speak out—because "there is too much opportunity for misunderstanding."

What Is the Answer?

WHAT steps can be taken to deal with these vital problems?

A great number of the people whom our Committee proved were involved in corrupt practices are still active. Now that the Committee has gone out of existence, it would appear that they have almost nothing to fear. For, unfortunately, the methods of the law-enforcement agencies have not kept pace with the improved techniques of today's criminals. The modern Al Capone is still being fought with the weapons of 25 years ago, and they simply are not effective. The result is that within ten years the whole economy may be drastically affected.

Perhaps the most urgent need is for a U.S. National Crime Commission. This agency would serve as a clearing-house to which each of the 70-odd federal agencies and the more than 10,000 local law enforcement agencies throughout the country would constantly supply information on leading gangsters. The commission would correlate all this information. It would not be a super-police force, but a nation-wide information service for local police. With such an organization, a one-telephone sheriff could prevent a hoodlum from coming into his community and taking over a local union or business.

Furthermore, where it might be helpful, the commission could hold hearings to expose criminal activity, so that other federal agencies could take action, or Congress could pass appropriate legislation. For in the long run it is not sufficient to get rid of a Dave Beck without passing a law to deal with the problem that has been uncovered.

Meanwhile, though he remains president of the Teamsters, Hoffa's days are numbered. A court-appointed board of monitor-supervisors now has the power to press for his removal. I believe it will. But even if this does not succeed, a man with Hoffa's power and position, corrupt as he is, cannot survive in a democratic society if democracy itself is to survive.

In the end I believe the country, not Hoffa, will triumph.

Happy Ending

A MAN went on holiday for his health but, unfortunately, died while he was away. His body was sent home and, as the widow was viewing the remains at the undertaker's, a friend remarked, "Doesn't he look wonderful!"

"Yes," replied the widow. "I think those two weeks' holiday did him a world of good."

—Contributed by Philip Humphrey

Art Buchwald Speaks His Mind

from the book
"Don't Forget to Write"
BY ART BUCHWALD

Art Buchwald, the irrepressible and irreverent columnist, has an assignment that is a journalist's dream. Based in Paris, he combs the town for news, gossip and adventure. Writing with wit, and with his tongue firmly in his cheek, he spins stories that brighten the pages of about 100 newspapers. The tales that follow are taken from the latest collection of his columns

THE NEW fashion collections are on again in Paris, and the town is loaded with fashion reporters, manufacturers, department-store buyers and style thieves, all of whom are interested in seeing what the French *couturiers* have up their sleeves for this summer.

By chance I happened to stagger in on a secret meeting of one of the biggest fashion houses, and witness the birth of this season's collection.

At the meeting were the production manager, the head *vendeuse*, the publicity director and the accountant, all sitting round a table.

"Don't Forget to Write," © 1959 by Art Buchwald, is published by Victor Gollancz, London

There was an empty chair at the head of the table, presumably reserved for The Man, or, as he is known in France, *Le Maître*.

Suddenly the door opened and a 16-year-old boy, chewing on a piece of liquorice, was led into the room by his mother. Everyone in the room stood up and bowed. The mother placed the boy in the chair, straightened his tie and stood by his arm, staring coldly at the group.

The production manager spoke first: "Well, *Maître*, have you made your decision?"

The *Maître* smiled, but didn't say anything.

The head *vendeuse* said, "Are you going to put the hips on the bosom this year?"

The *Maître* shook his head.

"Perhaps," said the publicity director, "you will put the waist round the knees?"

The *Maître* shook his head again.

The production manager said, "I know. You're going to put the bosom on the back and the back on the shoulders. You will call it The Backward Look."

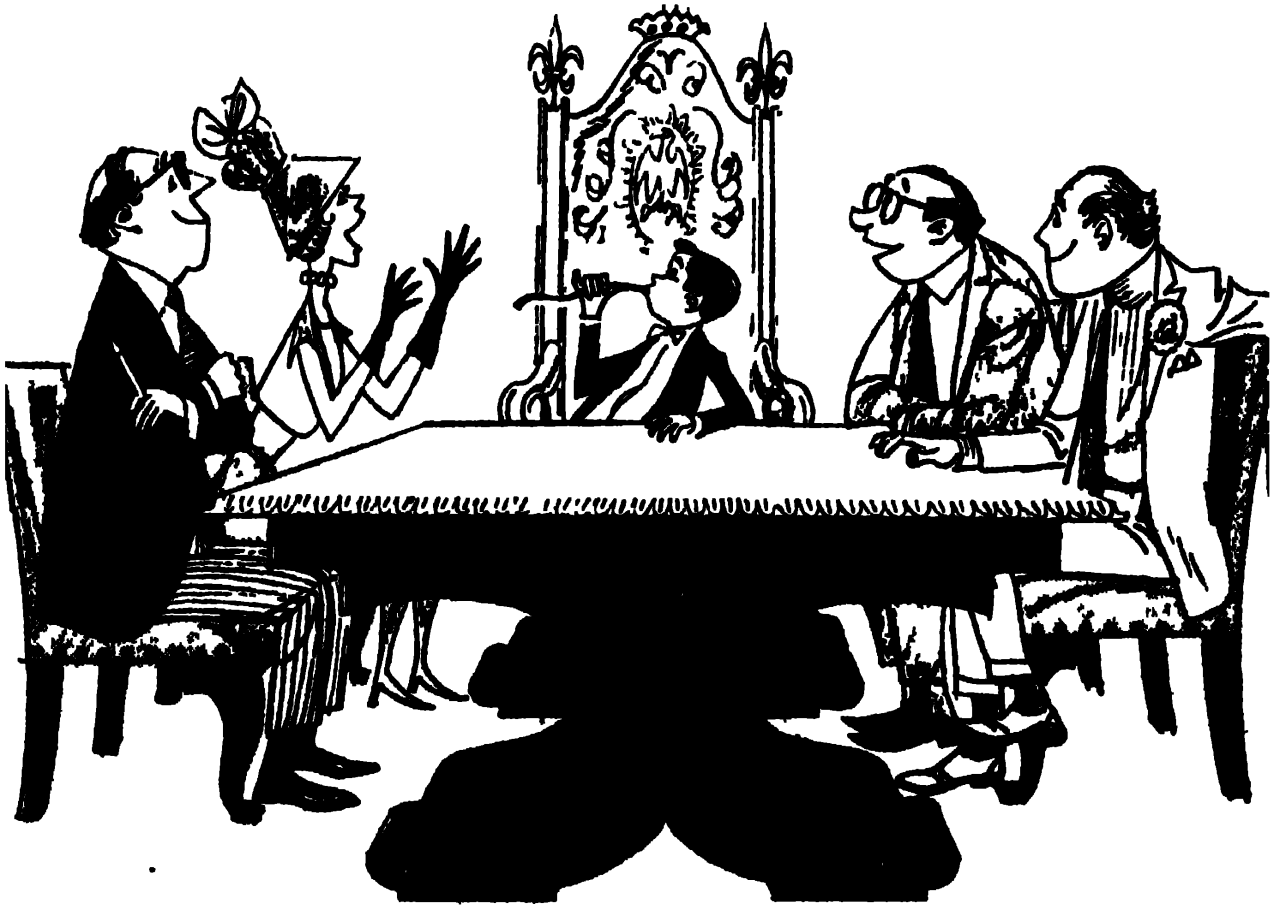
"No, no, no," the *Maître* said.

"Perhaps," the accountant said, "you are going to lower the bosom and raise the skirt."

Silence.

"You're not going to lower the skirt and raise the bosom?" the publicity director asked incredulously.

"You're all in a rut," the *Maître* said. "We want new ideas; but all



the time it's the same thing, the same suggestions, the same ideas. I am going to do something revolutionary, something we will be criticized for, something which will shake the very foundations of the industry."

"Oh, tell us, *Maître,*" quavered the head *vendeuse.*

The *Maître* took the liquorice stick out of his mouth and pointed it at the group. "I am going to put the waist where the waist belongs."

There was a shocked silence and then the publicity director cried, "*Maître,* you've done it again!"

"And I'm going to put the bosom on the bosom."

"Mother of pearl!" whistled the production manager.

"And the hips will be on the hips," the *Maître* said, slamming his tiny fist on the table.

"What will you do about skirts?" asked the accountant.

The *Maître* stared at them and announced dramatically: "Skirts will be normal length."

"No one's ever thought of it before," the head *vendeuse* said. "Oh, *Maître,* you are a genius!"

Suddenly the production manager stood up. "*Maître,* I hate to pour cold water on this meeting, but if you start making dresses that look like dresses the husbands are going to like it."

"He's right," admitted the treasurer. "If the husbands like the clothes, we'll be ruined. No women will buy them."

The *Maître* scowled. "It's only for one season. Next season we'll do something different. Making normal clothes is a fad. The shock effect will sell the clothes. We'll call the line The Natural Look."

The head *vendeuse* wept unashamedly. "Oh, creator, what could we do without you?"

Everyone stood up, and the *Maître* took his mother's hand and left the room.

Visit to a Divorce Counsellor

LAST WEEK I celebrated my seventh wedding anniversary. I'm not bragging—as a matter of fact it was a very disturbing thing. When I looked around, I discovered that many of my friends who were married at about the same time are either separated or divorced. There were so few who were still happily married that I decided there was something wrong with us.

"We're sick," I said to my wife. "What's happened to us?"

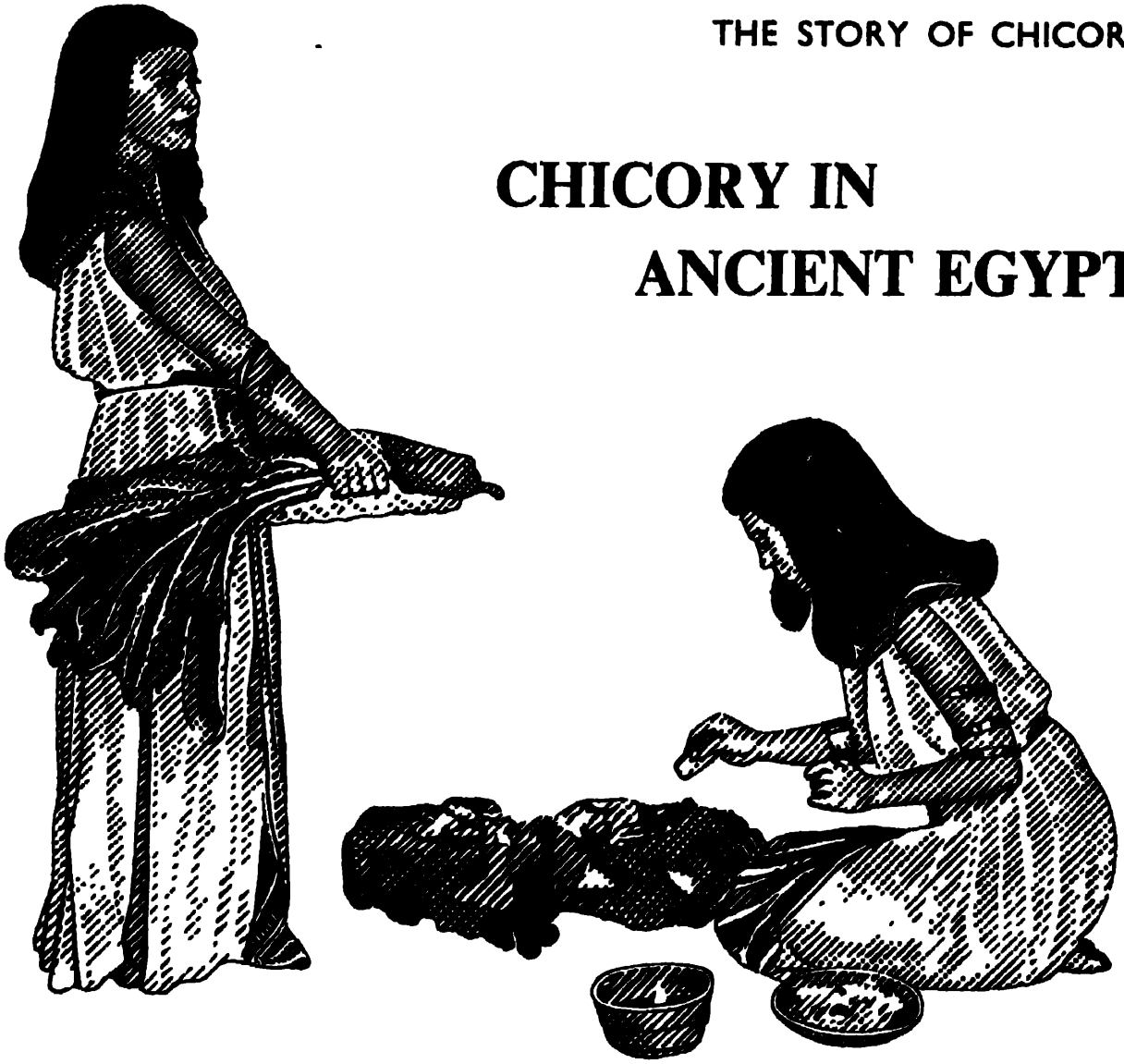
She agreed. "We're abnormal. Everyone is talking. Most of the girls I went to school with have been married at least twice."

"For the last seven years we've been drifting together," I said. "I think we need some outside help."

"I was going to say the same thing," she said. "I'm willing to seek it out if you are."

It was good to clear the air, and we immediately made an appointment with a divorce counsellor. A divorce counsellor operates like a

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marriage counsellor, except instead of trying to get people together, he tries to break them apart. Most people go to a divorce counsellor only as a last resort, when it looks as if the marriage is going to last for ever.

We arrived at his office together. This was our first mistake. The receptionist asked us to enter separately. The reception room was simply furnished with chairs and a low table with magazines featuring stories such as "Wedding Bells Drove Me Mad," "My Secretary Made a Better Wife Than My Wife Made a Secretary," and "How I Invested My Alimony and Made a Million."

The counsellor came out and nodded to us to come in.

We sat down and the first thing he said was: "I'd appreciate it if you didn't hold hands in this office."

We put our hands on our laps.

"Now tell me your story and don't leave out any details. A thing that may seem unimportant to you could shed a great deal of light on the case for me."

We told him everything—how we had met, about our home, how, although we had occasional fights, we always made it up.

He kept tapping his pencil against his ear. "Do you have any arguments about money?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I give it to her and she spends it."

He frowned.

"Now, when you have a fight, does she ever threaten to go home to her mother?"

My wife replied, "My mother lives in the country. It's too far to go home and, besides, the children are at school, and I'd hate them to miss a term."

"Do you ever send your wife flowers?"

"All the time," I replied.

"Does he notice when you go to the hairdresser or when you buy a new dress or hat?"

My wife said, "Oh yes. I can't buy anything new without his commenting on it."

"What does he say?"

"He wants to know how much it cost."

"And when you tell him does he get angry?" the counsellor asked hopefully.

"No, he just shrugs his shoulders and walks into another room."

The counsellor broke his pencil in half.

"Do you have things in common to talk about?"

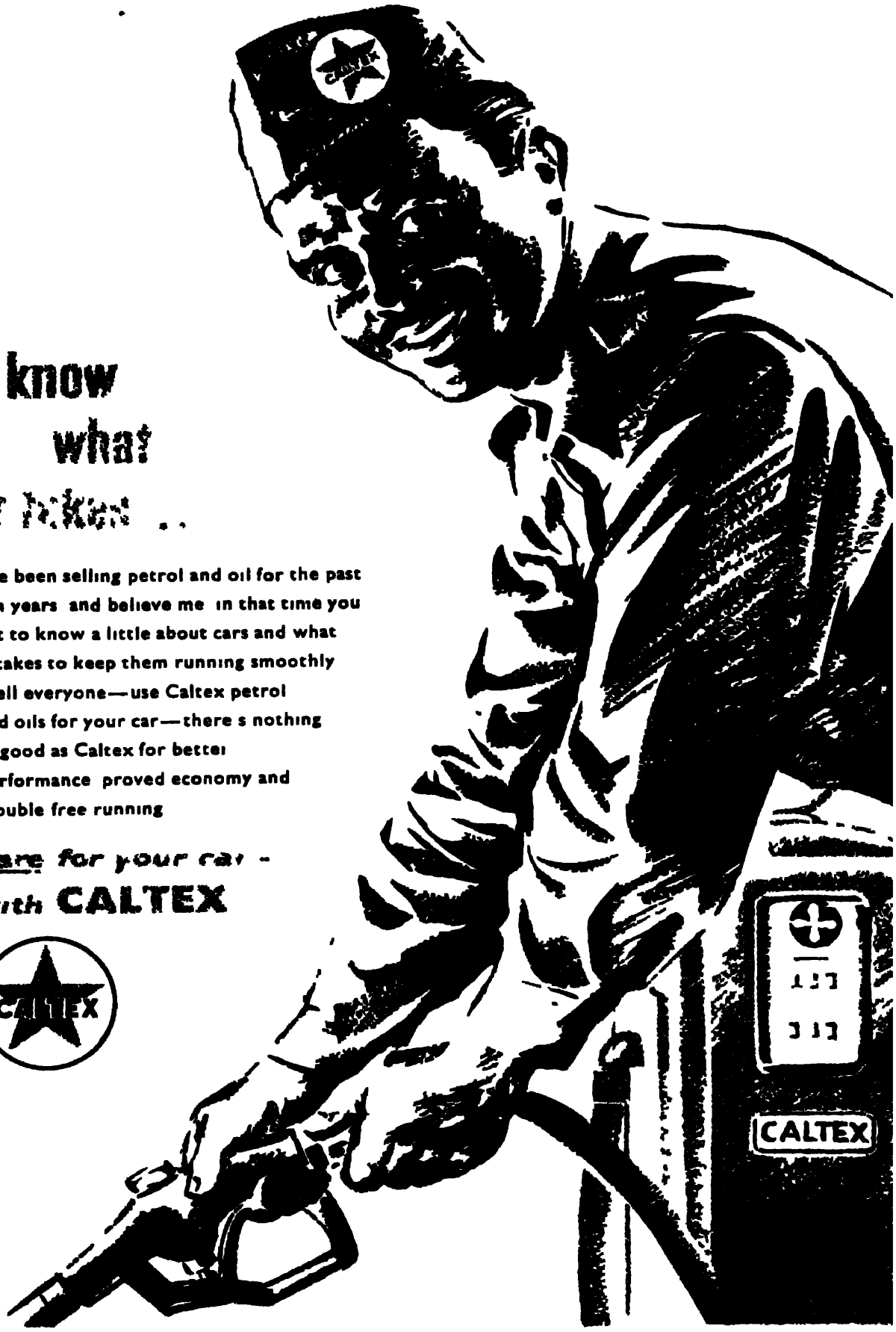
"Oh yes," I said. "Lots of things."

"Such as?"

"All our friends' marriages breaking up."

"What about your girl friends?" he said to my wife. "Do they ever ring you up and tell you they saw your husband having lunch with a beautiful girl?"

"Oh yes," my wife said. "But that's his job. If he didn't talk to beautiful women at lunch I couldn't buy any new clothes."



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The counsellor threw the broken pencil across the room.

"This is the most hopeless case I've ever tackled. Everything you've told me makes no sense at all. You have too much in common. My advice to both of you is as follows: go home and try to get on each other's nerves.

"You must learn to be a jealous wife," he said to my wife. "And you have to show a little more immaturity," he said to me. "Keep track of each other's faults. Blow up little things until they seem like big problems. Move into smaller quarters; infringe on each other's thoughts. Remember this—love and happiness aren't everything."

I thanked him profusely as he escorted us to the door. But when I opened the door for my wife he blew up.

"For heaven's sake," he screamed. "You're not even out of my office and you're already opening doors for her. How are you *ever* going to break up if you keep doing stupid things like that?"

Just Give the Operator the Call

A RECENT advertisement in an American magazine caught my eye. The headline said: HEADING FOR EUROPE? PLAN AHEAD BY PHONE. The copy, below a picture of a very contented man, read: "A good way to smooth out your business trip abroad is to telephone ahead. You can *talk* to the people you want to see, find out when they're available, decide where and when to meet . . . It's easy. Just give the operator your call."

The reason the advertisement caught my eye was that I had received a phone call from California on the previous evening and I marvelled at the way it was all made to sound so simple. It was midnight, Paris time, when the call came through. An English-speaking operator with a heavy French accent said, "Monsieur Buchwald, you have a call from America. Can you take it?"

I assured the operator that I could.

"Then we will call you back," and she hung up.

Half an hour later the phone rang again. "Monsieur Buchwald, we have a call from America for you. Are you ready to take it?"

I said I was.

"Thank you. We will call back."

Fifteen minutes later the phone rang again. "Monsieur Buchwald, America is calling you."

"I know," I said.

"Please do not hang up."

I promised her I wouldn't.

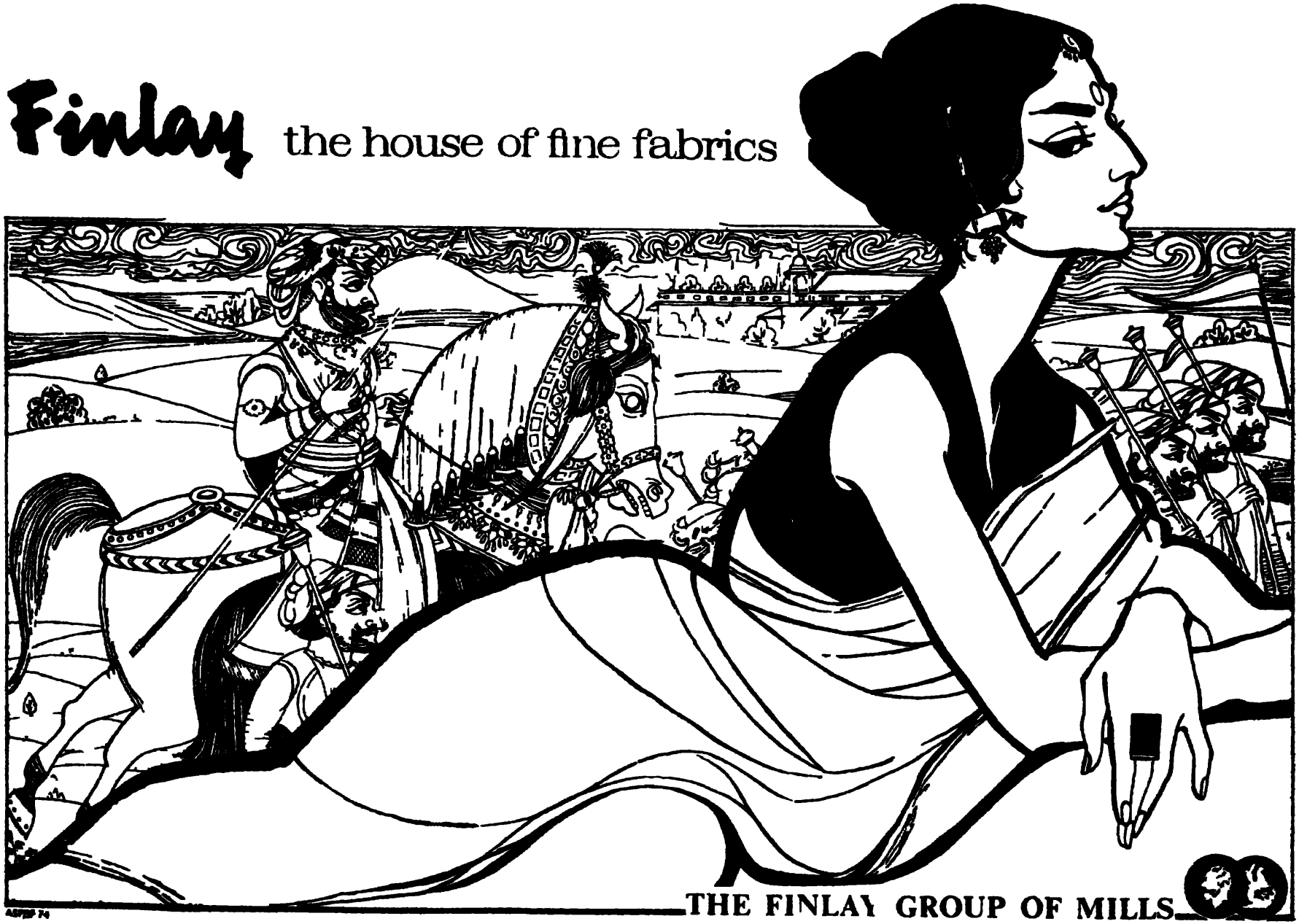
Then I heard the French operator say, "Hello, New York? We have Monsieur Buchwald on the phone."

A voice with a heavy New York accent said, "All right, Paris! I will connect you with Beverly Hills."

There was a pause and then I heard the New York operator say, "Hello, Beverly Hills?"

The Beverly Hills operator said, "Yes, New York."

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195

The New York operator said, "I have Mr. Buchwald on the phone."

"Just a minute, New York," the Beverly Hills operator said.

There was a pause, and then I heard her talk to someone on the other end of the line. "We have Mr. Buchwald on the line from Paris."

The person at the end of the line said, "Just a minute. We're trying to find the party who made the call."

The Beverly Hills operator said, "Hello, New York. We're trying to find the party." The New York operator said, "Hello, Paris, Beverly Hills is trying to find your party." The Paris operator said to me, *"Ne quittez pas."*

I promised I wouldn't *quitter*. Then I heard a man's voice. "Hello, Art?"

"Just a minute," the Beverly Hills operator said. "Hello, New York, we have the party on the phone."

"Thank you, Beverly Hills," the New York operator said. "Hello, Paris. Is Mr. Buchwald there?"

The Paris operator said, "Monsieur Buchwald, are you there?"

I said I was.

The Paris operator said, "Monsieur Buchwald is there."

"Thank you, Paris," the New York operator said. "Hello, Beverly Hills. You can go ahead."

"Hello, Art," a man said. "This is Dave."

"Dave who?"



they're angels when its.

"Dave....."

"I can't hear you."

"Can you hear me now?"

"Yes, I can hear you now."

"Okay. This is Dave....."

"I'm sorry, I can't get the last name."

"Operator, operator," I heard him say. "What's the matter with this connexion?"

"Just a minute," I heard the Beverly Hills operator say. "Hello, New York, can you hear me?"

"Yes, Beverly Hills. Hello, Paris, can you hear us?"

"Yes, New York, we hear you."

Then New York said, "They hear you now."

The Beverly Hills operator said, "Go ahead now. Paris can hear you."

"Art . . . Dave . . . want . . . Bardot . . . Can you do it?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't hear you. Why don't you send me a letter?"

"Send you a what?"

The Paris operator said, "A letter."

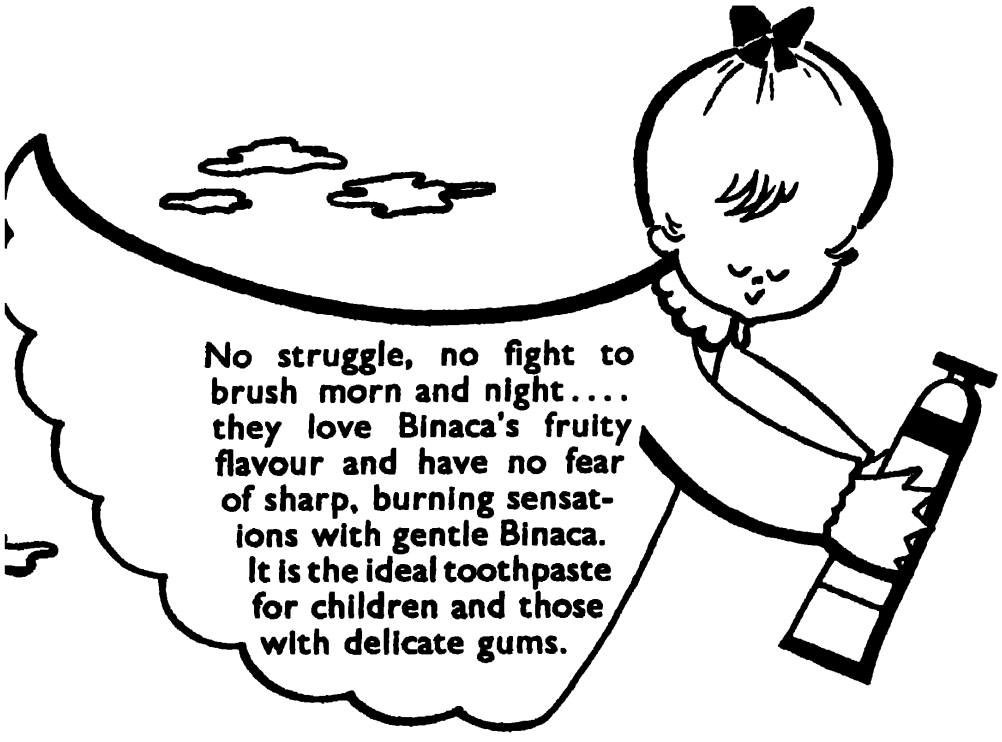
The New York operator said, "A letter."

The Beverly Hills operator said, "A letter."

Dave said, "A letter?"

"That's right," I said. "SEND ME A LETTER."

"O.K.," said Dave. "I'll send you a letter."



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"Thanks, Dave," I said. "It was nice to talk to you."

The Beverly Hills operator said, "Have you finished talking?"

The New York operator said, "Hello, Paris. Have you finished talking?"

The Paris operator said, "Have you finished talking?"

"Finished?" I said. "How do I know? I don't even know who I was talking to."

A Frenchman and His Car

THERE is probably nothing as dear to a Frenchman as his car. He may take his wife for granted, but his car is something he lavishes love and affection on.

If you so much as bump his bumper, the Frenchman will jump out of his car raging mad and scream for half an hour about the crime you have committed against his prized possession. But if you knock over his wife in a department store, he will shrug his shoulders and may even apologize for his wife's getting in your way.

Although a Frenchman is considered an expert when it comes to making love, all Frenchmen are amateurs when it comes to driving a car. There is only one rule they obey —that is that the car coming from the right has the right of way. After that it's every man for himself. If the French driver has short shrift for other cars, he has no shrift for pedestrians.

It is very hard for foreigners who are unfamiliar with French drivers to catch on to driving in Paris.

A few simple things to keep in mind might help them.

1. If someone extends his hand, it means the window is open.

2. If someone stops at a red light, it means his foot has slipped off the accelerator.

3. If the left rear flashing light is on, it means the car will either turn left, right or come at you in reverse.

4. If the right rear flashing light is on, it means the car will either stop or has a short circuit.

5. Sounding the horn means the car has just struck a pedestrian and would like someone to be a witness.

6. A policeman with one hand up means he has just witnessed a gory accident and doesn't have the nerve to look at it. He is shielding his eyes with the other hand.

It Puckers Your Mouth

"THERE ARE not in this world any lords of higher lineage than the great wines of Médoc, which form the first nobility of the vintages of France. They rival one another in their incomparable elegance and in their rich, ruby-red colour."

That is what they'll tell you if you go to Bordeaux for the harvesting of the grapes. As a guest of Alexis Lichine, proprietor of the Château Prieuré-Lichine and Lascombes, I spent a few days in Médoc, watching one of the great vintages being brought in. The sight is one to make the heart beat faster.

Lichine told me that, in the course of the tour, I would be asked to taste some wines and he didn't want me to disgrace him. I practised by tasting some wine from one of the vats in his own cellar. It tasted good and I swallowed it.

"No, no, no," he said. "Don't swallow it. Swish it round in your mouth."

"Clockwise or anticlockwise?"

"Clockwise. Anticlockwise is for Burgundy. And then spit it on the floor."

I practised a few times.

"Now say something," he said.

"It certainly puckers your mouth."

"No, that's not what you're supposed to say," Lichine cried. "You're supposed to say something beautiful, like: 'How full and generous! It will fulfil its promise.'"

"Okay, but it still puckers your mouth."

Our first stop was Château Margaux, one of the four greatest wine châteaux in France. We visited the *chai*, the cellar where the wine is put in vats and barrels. The master of the *chai* asked me if I wanted to taste some. I nodded, and he gave me a glass.

I swished it round and spat it out. Lichine looked pleased at his pupil. "It has a texture all its own," I said. "It tastes like cotton-wool."

Lichine kicked me in the leg. "What he means," he said to the master, "is that it tastes like velvet."

After we had been shown round the château, Lichine took me to the Château Latour, another of the four greatest vineyards in France. I tasted the Latour wine and said, "A great wine. It has such a rich, soft flavour."

Lichine smiled.

"Could I have some water?" I asked of the owner, Count Hubert de Beaumont.

Lichine's face dropped.

"Water?" The Count looked puzzled. "Do you want to wash your hands?"

Before I could say that I wanted to drink the water, Lichine dragged me away.

"Never, never, *never* ask for water in Bordeaux," he admonished me.

"But I tell you my mouth is all puckered up. My cheeks are stuck to my teeth."

Lichine would have none of it. The last château we visited belonged to Baron Philippe de Rothschild, owner of the Mouton-Rothschild vineyards. Rothschild, a gracious host, showed us round his *caves* and invited us to have a glass of champagne with him in his house, one of the most beautiful in France.

We went upstairs, and a servant handed us each a bubbling glass. Lichine toasted his host, and we each sipped some. Then, as Lichine looked on in horror, I swished it round in my mouth.

He screamed, "No!"

But it was too late. I had already spat on the carpet. THE END



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NATIONAL V660

DO CHILDREN enjoy your company?

MORE THAN ANYTHING your popularity with young people depends on how much you have in common with them. Children enjoy the company of grown-ups who are able to answer their ceaseless questions and to join in their activities.

Some people have the happy knack of "getting on" with children. Here is a short quiz designed to show whether or not children are likely to find *you* good company·

Could You Explain:-		**Can You Make:-**	
How Radar Works?	☐	A Simple Radio Set?	☐
How a Jet Plane Works?	☐	A Map of the Stars?	☐
How TV Works?	☐	Invisible Ink?	☐
How a Diving Bell Works?	☐	A Boomerang?	☐
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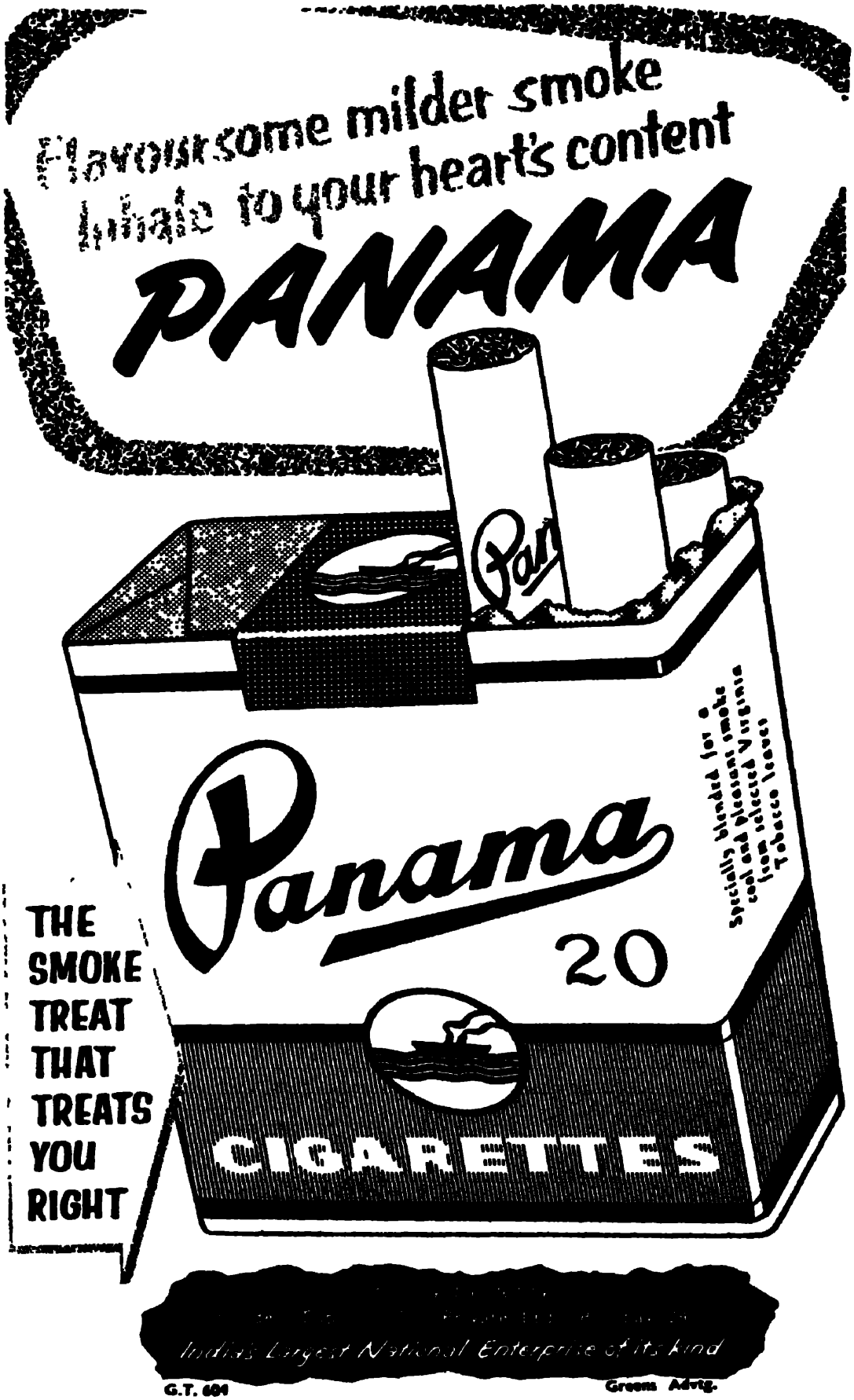
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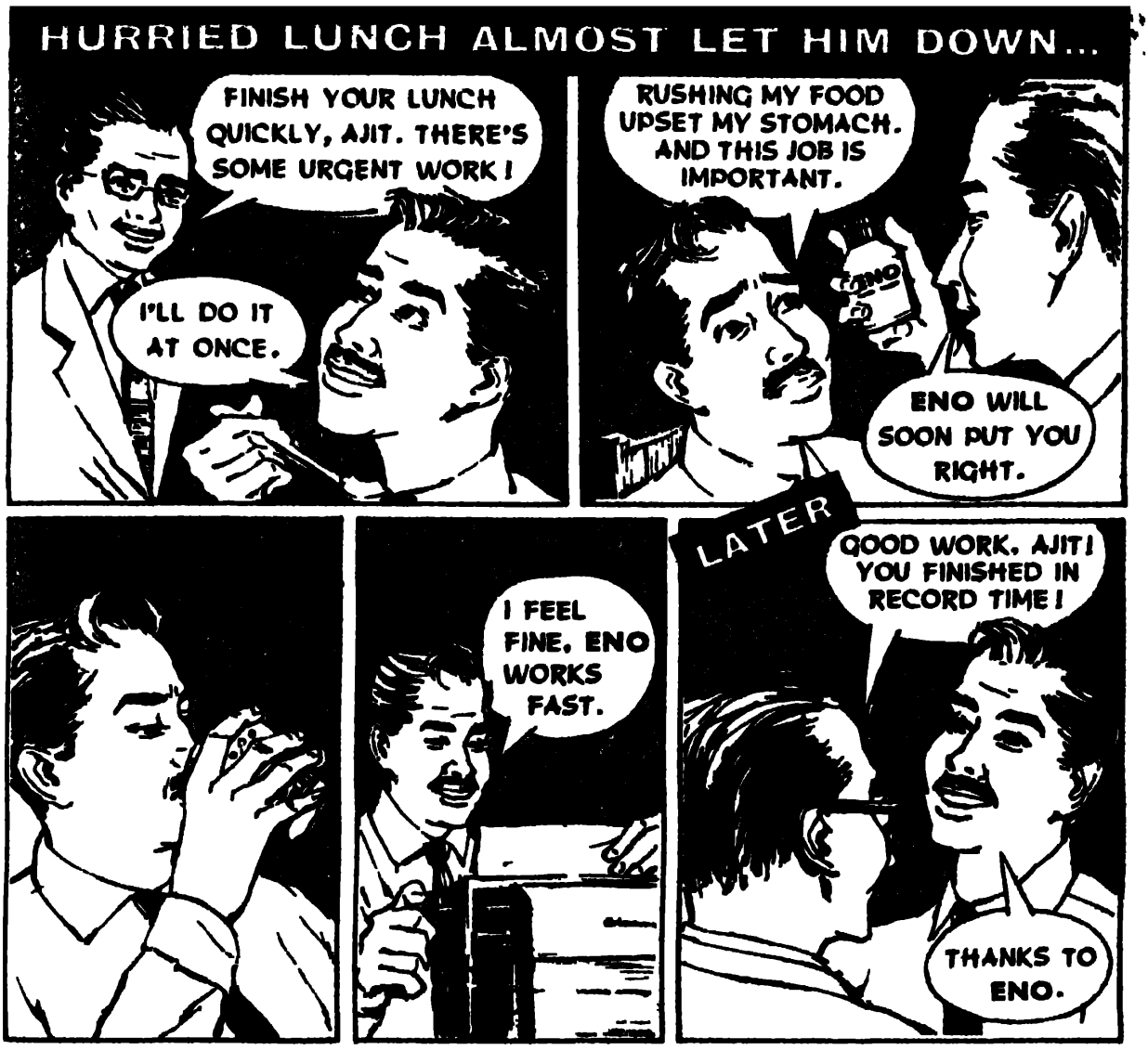
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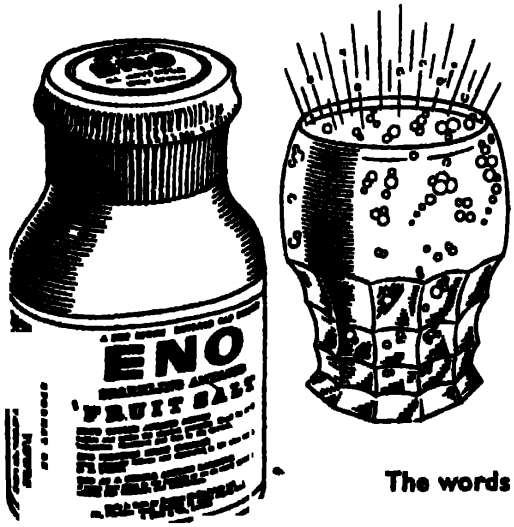
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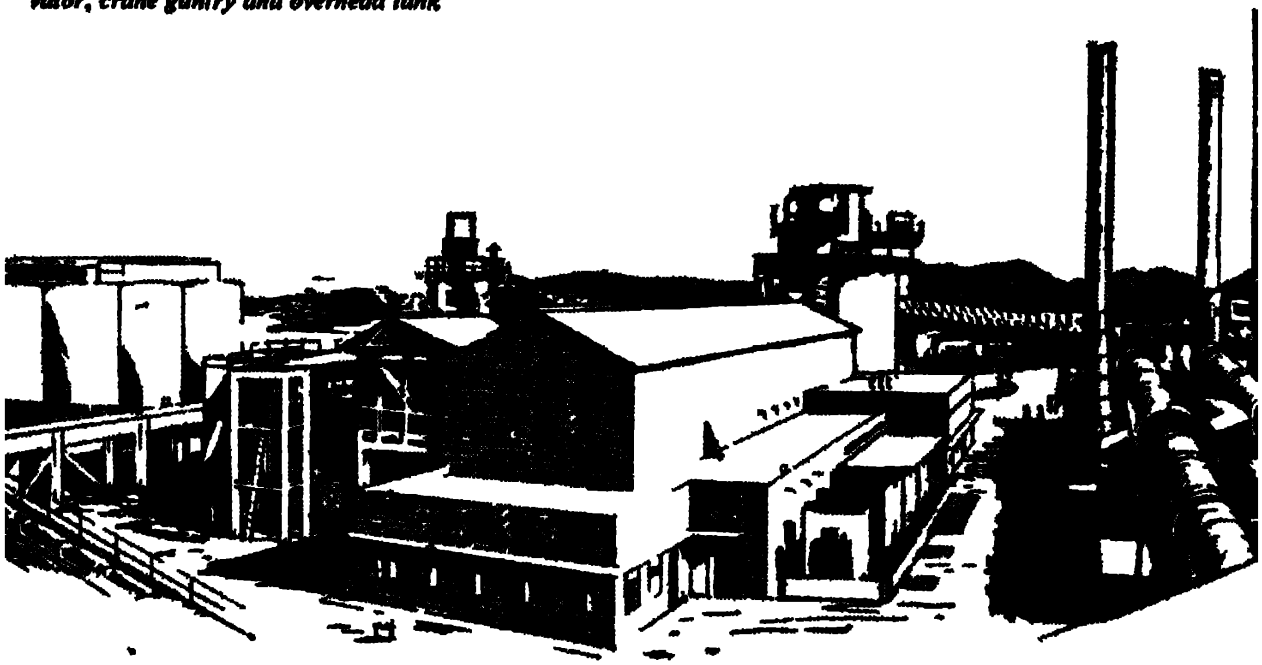
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SP. 67A

17

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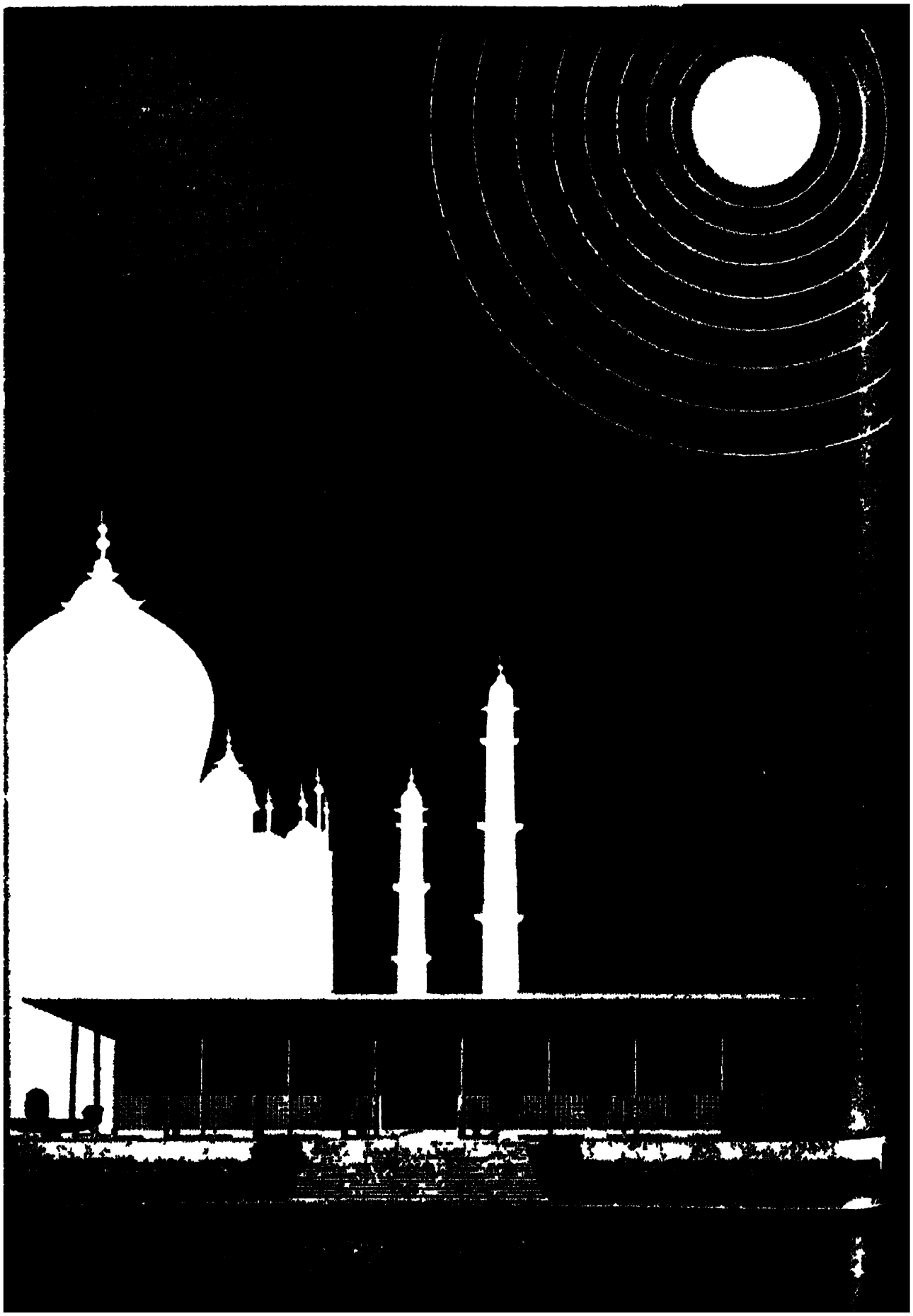
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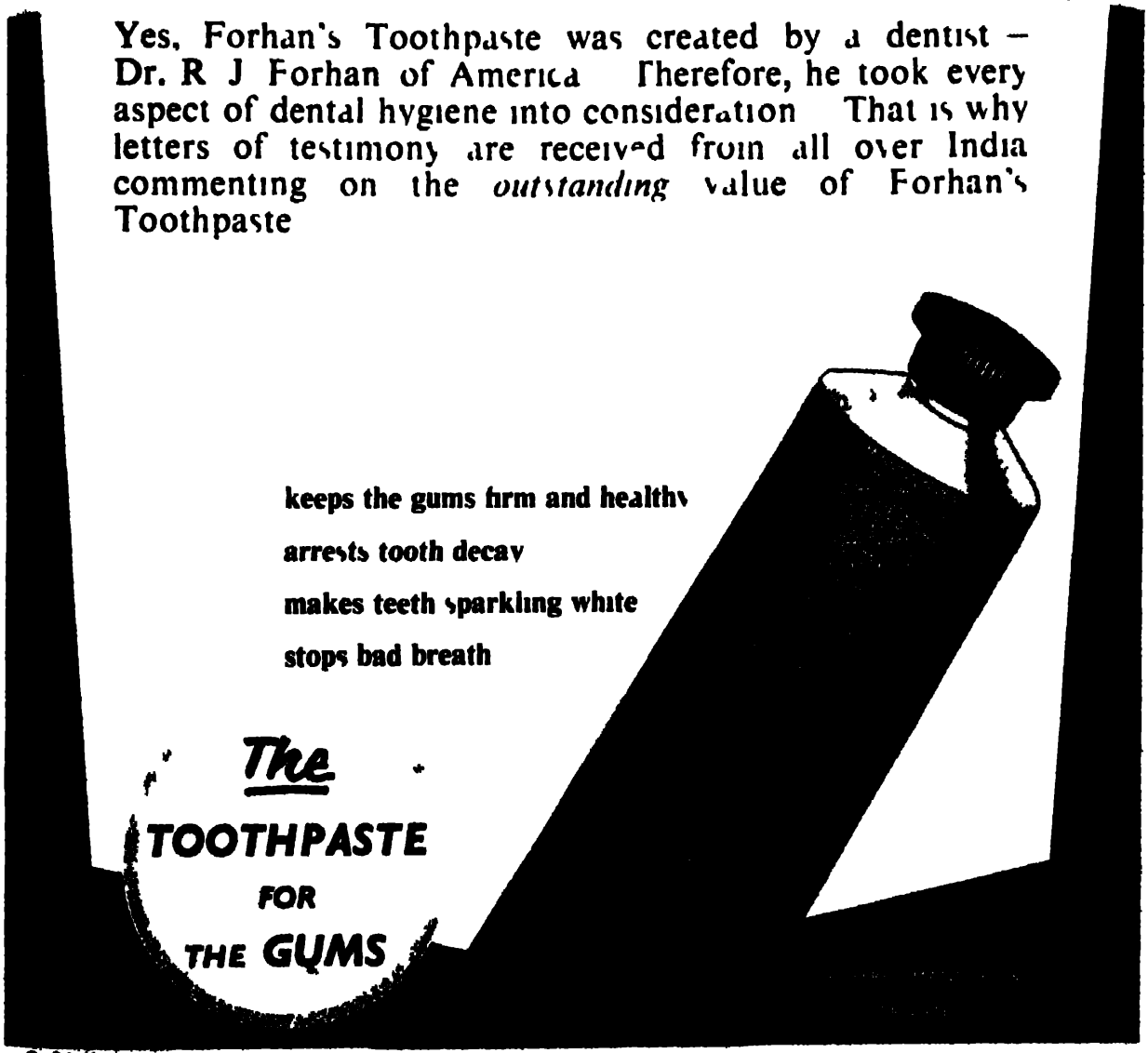
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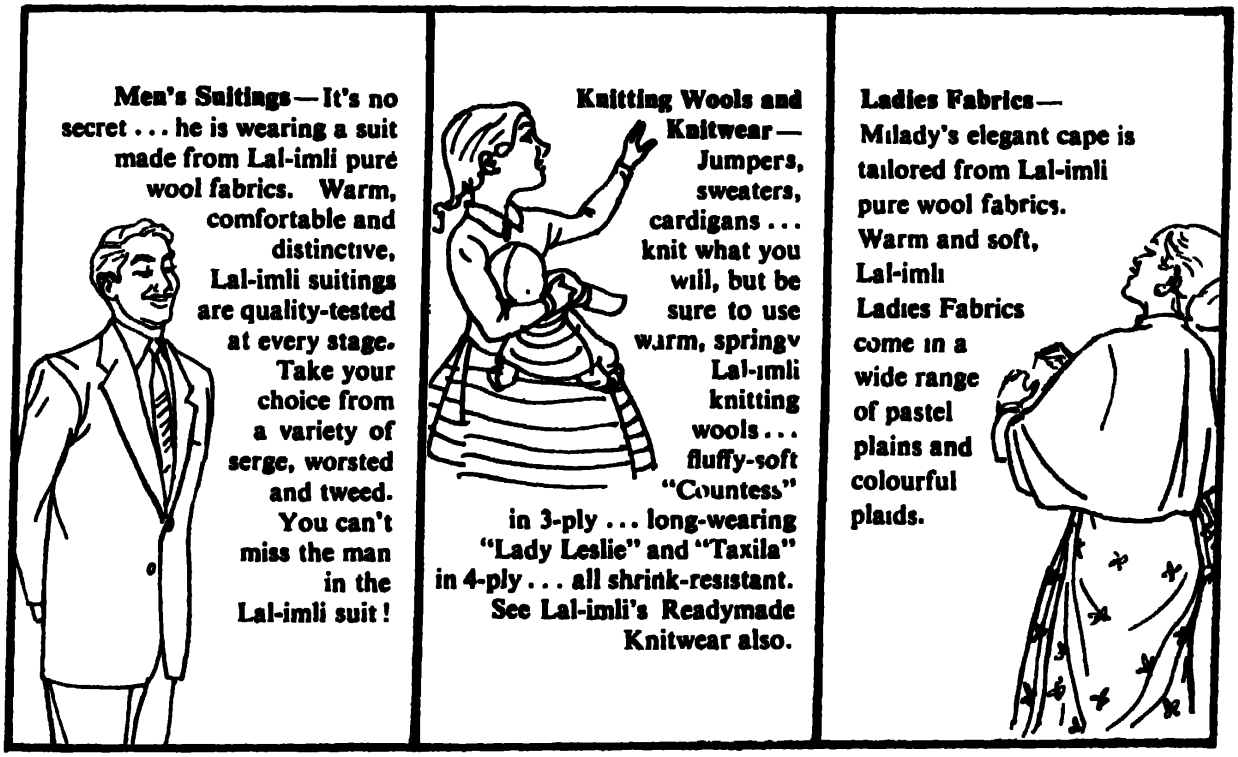


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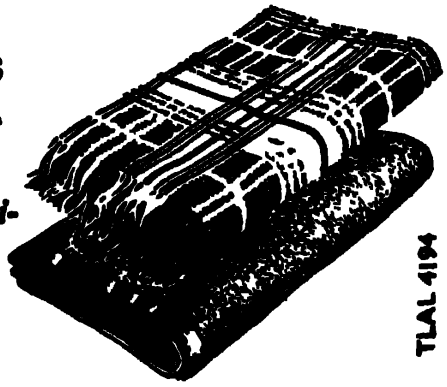


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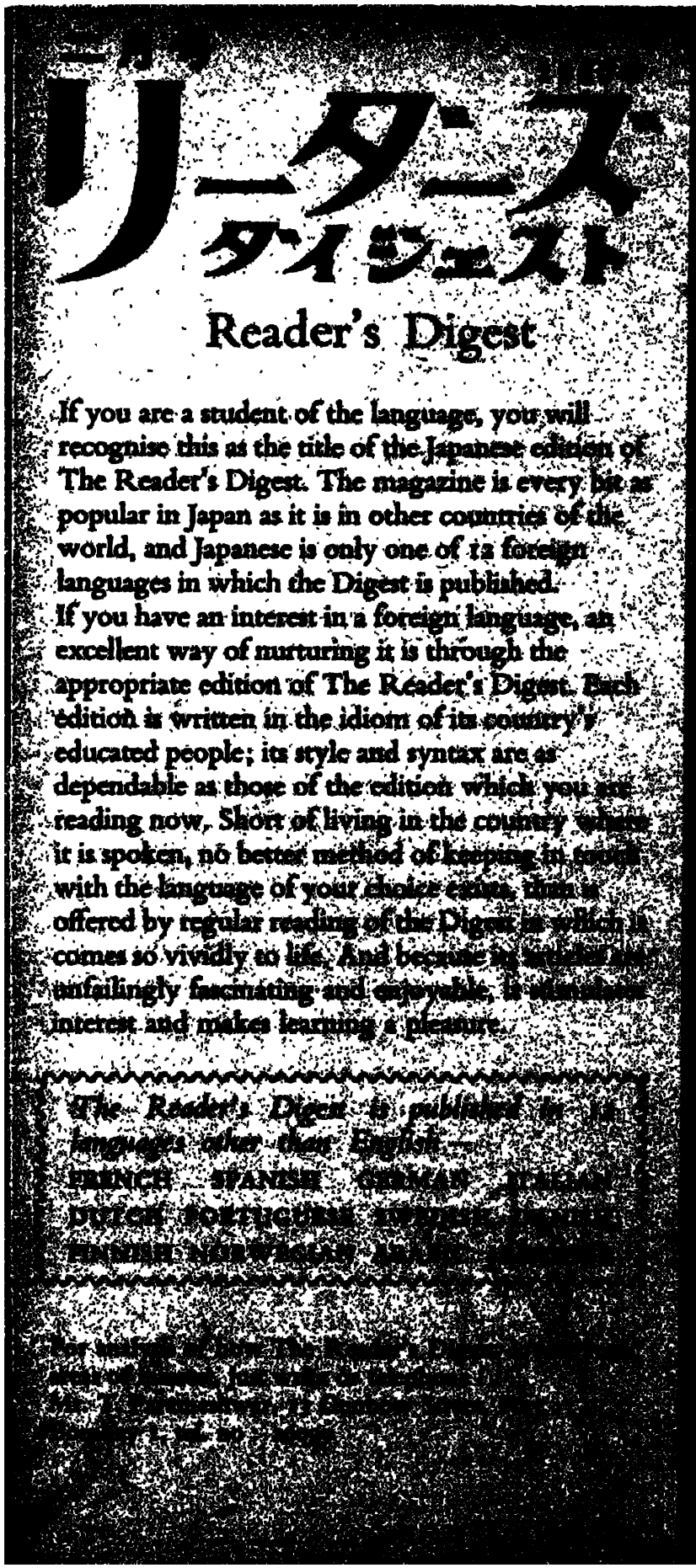
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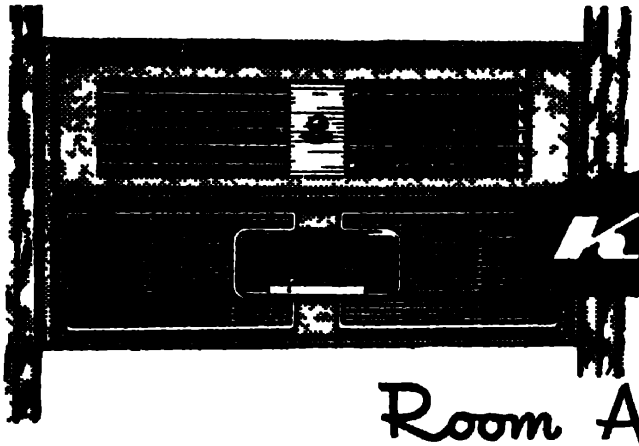


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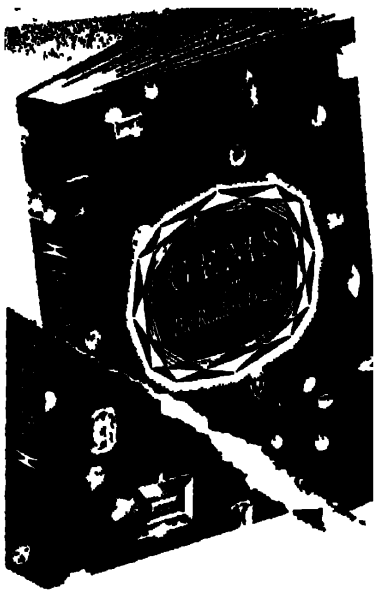
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VOLUME 77 · The Reader's Digest · NOVEMBER 1960

Helping Hand for the World's Workers

In many backward countries, the day's work is being made easier, safer and more efficient through the practical idealism of the International Labour Organization

By Don Murray

In Haiti a proud farmer stands back to admire the simple windmill a visiting technician has taught him to build by hand, using vines and trees. Now his barren plot of mountain land will bloom . . . A Turkish coal miner enters a dark hole in the earth with new confidence; the safety procedures that his foreman learned while touring coal mines in Britain make it more likely that he will see light again . . . In a hospital bed in a strange port an injured Norwegian seaman learns that he will be paid workmen's compensation so that he can continue to support his family.

On every continent, millions of lives are being improved in such dramatic ways as these. They are the work of the International Labour Organization and its director-general, a practical idealist named David Morse.

In many of the countries where his programme of self-help has meant new standards of living and working, Morse is a celebrity. In

Condensed from The Lion

1957 ILO's 79 member nations voted to change their rules so that he could go on succeeding himself in five-year terms.

ILO was created shortly after the First World War. The victorious nations feared that labour unrest would undermine the peace of Europe, and they thought an international labour forum where workers, employers and government delegates could let off steam would be a useful safety-valve. ILO has been that—and much more.

The sole surviving agency born of the Versailles Treaty, ILO advocated an eight-hour day as early as 1919. It has since served as an international rallying point in the fight for such basic guarantees as child labour laws, maternity leave for women workers, compensation for job injuries, retirement pay and industrial safety regulations. Because of ILO pressure, 42 nations today guarantee that foreign workers injured in their countries will receive the same benefits as local citizens.

When David Morse took over at ILO in 1948, he urged the organization to take an active part in preparing primitive nations for the industrial age. In the past ten years, more than 1,000 ILO technical-assistance experts, representing over 50 nationalities, have undertaken more than 1,000 assignments in nearly 70 countries. In addition, thousands of workers have been exchanged between ILO nations for special on-the-job training.

It wasn't easy for David Morse to carve this comprehensive ILO programme out of a total budget of £4 million (about Rs. 5·3 crores)—a tiny sum for a world-wide agency—and then to win acceptance from his 79 national bosses. Part of the reason for his success is that, politically, he is at once a charmer and a tough boss. He knows how to bargain and persuade; he will use a favour to swing one vote, a threat to hold another vote in line. He doesn't wait for his Utopia; he works for it. "The ILO works in the world as it finds it," he explains realistically.

Morse, a 52-year-old American lawyer, has always been characterized by an unconventional combination of talents. At university he was a key man in the debating team, and a star footballer. In the classroom he studied the ideal society, while working in the real society as a labourer in the baking room of an asbestos factory.

As a young lawyer, Morse became a specialist in the new field of labour law. He was made impartial arbitrator for the New York City milk industry and the New Jersey dry-cleaning industry. Later, with Allied forces in Africa, Italy and Germany, he drafted occupation regulations which stamped out the fascist system of worker control.

Morse was head of the U.S. delegation to ILO when the post of director-general was offered him. He resigned his partnership in a law firm and moved to Geneva.

He has a fervent belief in the principle of self help. When he discovered, for example, that the Andaman Indians needed schools, he didn't raise money to have schools built, he sent an expert to show the Indians how they could build their own schools ILO provides the know how; the recipient country must put up most of the cash

In East Pakistan, economic life was threatened because no one knew how to maintain the small diesel engined river craft which are an important part of the transport system Now a retired Royal Navy commander is in Dakar setting up a marine diesel training centre which will turn out qualified mechanics



David Morse

Six years ago the Burmese Government asked Morse's staff to write a social-security law ILO went a step further; it trained the law's first administrators Today 80,000 Burmese workers and their families receive maternity, injury, unemployment and death benefits. This social revolution was made possible with an ILO investment of only £10,000 (about Rs 13 lakhs).

Morse also has faith that one man can make a difference to an industry and a nation He points to the mission of Hy Fish, who was sent by ILO to Israel to increase productivity in the orange groves Fish studied the methods being used, then instructed 250 foremen in modern techniques of orange picking He introduced tall step ladders which would straddle the low trees and permit the workers to pick their way up one side of the tree, then down the other He showed them how to pile the packing boxes three high, so that they could empty their bags quickly without bending over. He taught them how to use two hands in a scooping motion, so that they could pick five or six oranges at a time without bruising the fruit.

These were small changes, but meaningful ones. The next year, 7,000 orange pickers did the work of 9,000. Since then, productivity has increased more than 100 per cent, and wages of Israeli orange pickers have gone up 20 to 40 per cent.

Much of Morse's work is on-the-spot problem-solving. He insists that ILO experts work within the capabilities of each country; they do not try to impose mass-production techniques where they are not justified. In a Pakistan textile mill, for example, ILO experts merely suggested that the flow of material to the spinning machines should be slightly rearranged. This paid off with an immediate 40 per cent increase in productivity and a 25 per cent cut in costs. To introduce methods of making tempered steel in Haiti, Morse did not despatch a group of steel executives; he sent a blacksmith from a small town in France. Before this blacksmith arrived, Haitians used to import all their *machetes*. Today they make many of their own.

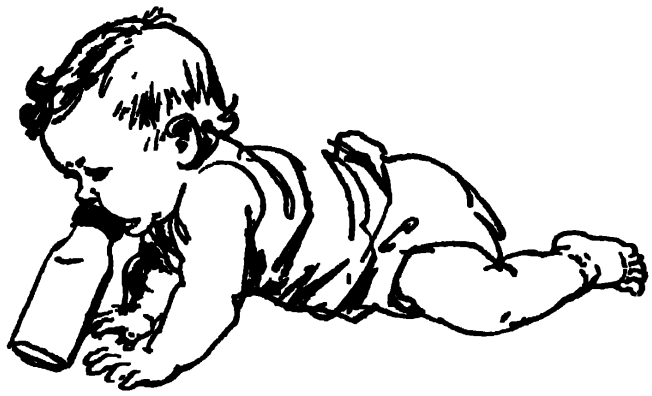
One of Morse's favourite programmes has been to send on-the-line production workers to countries where they can learn modern techniques by practising them. More than 60 such traineeships and fellowships were awarded by ILO last year: Iranians went to Britain's diesel locomotive building shops; Greek workers went to machine shops in Holland and glassworks in Germany; Afghans went to an oil-drilling firm in Burma; Israelis to shipyards in Sweden.

Four days after a methane-gas explosion in a coal mine at Zonguldak, Turkey, caused the deaths of eight miners and wounded 50 more, ILO sent five of the survivors to France to study safety methods practised in similar mines.

Two and a half months later they were back in the Zonguldak mine, fully qualified to enforce safety regulations based on an ILO model code and put in force by a visiting ILO expert.

One of the most intensive programmes has been carried out by Yugoslavia, which is struggling to become a modern industrial nation. More than 1,500 Yugoslav workers have been trained abroad under ILO direction. In Britain they studied the manufacture of household electrical appliances, plastics processing and shipyard welding. Twenty-five-year-old J. Ivancic from Svetozarevo wrote of his experiences in a Belgian factory: "It is the first time in my life that I have crossed the border of my country. We formed friendships with workmen of ten different countries who were working at our side under a similar training programme. I will remain eternally grateful for the ILO's efforts in bringing people of different nations closer together."

Morse believes that such experiences prove that men can share skills to improve each nation's lot. "Never before has there been a greater need for initiative and for new experiments in human co-operation," he says. "We cannot legislate that the individual be free. But we *can* work to create conditions of society in which the understanding and love of freedom may be nurtured."



Your Year of Miracles





It is the first one—and it makes all the others look easy

By J. D. Ratcliff

He has a scowl on his face, his fists are clenched, his arms are cocked. He looks ready for battle, and he is—the battle for life. It is a harder struggle than he will ever again have to face, for he is a newborn human being, thrust into a challenging world with most of his faculties still unfledged.

To make his way, he must depend almost entirely on two skills: he can cry to announce distress, and his cheek and lip muscles are developed well enough for sucking milk.

Born virtually deaf and virtually blind, he must learn to hear and see. (In the delivery room a baby's eyes may blink expressionlessly at bright lights. But he cannot bring objects into focus. Months must elapse before his eyes begin to function perfectly.)

At once, the newborn faces a critical need for oxygen, which was supplied in the womb from the mother's blood stream. To help meet this need he has an extra supply of oxygen-carrying red blood cells—six million per cubic millimetre as against an adult's four to five million. For the first few days his lungs are partially collapsed and not completely functioning. To move the meagre supply of oxygen rapidly round the body, a baby's heart beats at twice the normal adult rate.

He has a few tricks to help in his fight for survival. When the carbon-dioxide content of his blood rises too high, he yawns to get an extra dose of oxygen; and he can cough to get up fluid that might otherwise slip into his lungs and drown him. He also has some peculiar attributes. Breasts of both boys and girls contain milk—its production has been stimulated by the lactogenic hormone from the mother. The middle ear is filled with fluid. This provides a protective deafness against the sudden and unfamiliar noises of the outside world. As fluid drains away over the course of several days, the baby will be gradually introduced to the world of sound.

In his first miraculous year the baby will learn to pull himself erect and perhaps take a few wobbly steps, acquire the rudiments of language, and change from a savage concerned only with his own wants into a friendly, amiable, social creature. If we continued to learn at such a breath-taking pace we would be a race of super Einsteins.

At the moment of arrival he isn't much to look at—at least by adult standards of beauty. His grossly oversized head represents a quarter of total body length—with a greater circumference than shoulders, abdomen or hips. The chin recedes; the abdomen protrudes. Legs and arms are tiny and stunted in appearance. There is good reason for all this.

The head must be large—to contain the lifetime complement of brain cells already on hand at birth—but arms and legs won't be needed for months. The belly is oversized mainly because of a large liver. Surplus iron, fat and glycogen—which won't be adequately supplied by diet for some weeks to come—are stored here. The chin recedes to provide easier access to the breast.

An infant's muscles are mostly ineffectual. Yet one set is surprisingly strong: those in the back of the neck—possibly a reminder of the fact that at one point of development man's forebears travelled on all fours. Even at birth a baby placed on his stomach can lift his head from the pillow. He also has a good grip. Given a rod to cling to, he can support himself.

At first, most senses are poorly developed. He stands the roughest handling without protest. But taste and smell are apparently his from the outset. A drop of lemon juice will make him pucker his lips; at

the smell of milk he will start sucking motions.

The newborn cries for about two hours a day. This is usually dry crying, since tear ducts don't develop for three months. Crying exercises his lungs and announces distress.

Growth is a miraculously orderly process, each stage preparing for the one to come. In the first few weeks of life a number of extraordinary events get under way. Nerve tails start growing out into the body from brain and spinal cord, to bring muscles under voluntary control.

They grow slowly down the body; legs are the last members to get work orders from the brain. But by the end of the first month they have reached the cheeks, and a baby learns his first, and most winning, voluntary act—how to smile!

Now tiny, hairlike muscles draw the lens of the eye into focus so that both near and far objects can be seen clearly. But it is still a pretty fuzzy world that a baby sees—all black and white, since colour discrimination has yet to develop. The muscles which move the eyes are also developing and beginning to work with the ears. By the end of the first month a baby will turn his eyes towards an unusual sound.

As sensory perception becomes more refined, a child is assailed by stimuli that were previously no problem. Loud noises, the sudden glare of bright lights and rough handling become frightening challenges.

At about six weeks he begins to experiment with sound, to coo. A tireless investigator, he is taking the first steps towards co ordinating the muscles of speech: those of lips, tongue, palate, larynx. By three months, crying has become almost a language in itself. The *type* of crying tells his mother whether he is hungry, angry or in distress.

Up to now, a baby's eyes have probably been a source of worry to parents. Able to focus only one at a time, he lets the other wander aimlessly in any direction. But by the third month the co-ordinating muscles are working as a team.

By the fourth month he is beginning to find the world a pretty fascinating place. A tireless little scholar, he is observing everything. Food is no longer his sole preoccupation. Soft music, rocking and talk are wonderful—at times even more interesting than a bottle or a breast. His experiments with sound are almost continuous during waking hours. He babbles endlessly and is clearly delighted with the results. He is also pleased with muscular development. Like a dedicated gymnast, he exercises constantly.

He has been growing at an astonishing rate. He has doubled his birth weight by the end of the fourth month and is now up to 14 pounds or more. If he continued to grow at this incredible rate, he would weigh half a ton by the age of 50,

and would be 50 feet tall! Bones, at first consisting mainly of soft and rubbery cartilage, are beginning to calcify, harden—getting ready to support the body. The small, flat nose is acquiring more pleasing proportions, and the receding chin is growing outward. The lower jaw is the fastest-growing facial bone; the baby is getting ready for solid food and will need the jaw for chewing.

He is beginning to be able to make arm muscles follow his commands. He can now reach for a bottle, and is turning his attention to leg muscles. By the fifth or sixth month, legs and arms are working together well enough to permit a kind of wobbly crawl. He is now a traveller! Weary of his view of the ceiling, he likes to be propped up to see the world around him.

By six months he has learnt to co-ordinate vision and body movements. He locates a rattle and picks it up. We accept this casually, but it is an extraordinary achievement, calling for exact co-ordination among dozens of sets of muscles.

At about this time a big event announces that the baby is nearly ready for a change to chewy foods. His first tooth, usually a lower central incisor, breaks through the gum.

By seven months he can sit alone without tiring, and by his eighth month he has learnt to recognize a number of words. By dint of fantastic effort he can imitate the most important of them—"mamma."

By nine or ten months he has learnt to crawl quite well. And now he can pull himself up in his playpen. Holding on grimly, he is able to *stand*. He is now an upright citizen!

To a great degree, the three months remaining before a baby's first birthday are spent in refining the basic knowledge already gained. By now he is a big fellow—eight to nine inches longer, birth weight trebled.

Where life was once a grim affair chiefly concerned with survival, there is now time for fun. He is discovering the joy of games like pat-a-cake and peekaboo. Legs, no longer useless playthings, are meant to stand on and, more important, to walk on.

Motor activity is remarkably refined, and he has learnt to throw things. Next, he tries a still more ambitious experiment—that of getting hand, arm and face muscles working in unison to feed himself. True, he gets a lot of food in his ears. But the fact that he is able to hit the target—his mouth—at all is an accomplishment.

By the end of the year he has traversed much difficult and dangerous ground. Any problems faced in the adult world pale in comparison to those he has faced and solved. From a howling little savage he has developed into a friendly, civilized member of the human family. It has been a great and exciting year. There will never be another like it.

East Germany's Communist bosses are using all the old Nazi techniques—including terror. They are building a drab but dangerously dynamic society, and they are dividing Germany spiritually as well as physically

By Robert Littell

The Germany Behind Barbed Wire

There is probably no man-made feature of our globe more cruel and more absurd than the 863-mile-long barricade, woven of barbed wire, guns, dogs and fear, which divides Germany. West of the barricade lies the Federal Republic of Germany—liberal, law abiding, tolerant, prosperous, perhaps a



shade complacent. Its population is 55 million. East of the barbed wire stretches the Soviet Occupied Zone, the self-styled "German Democratic Republic" (*Deutsche Demokratische Republik*, or D.D.R.), a lean, hard, humourless, iron-jawed, Communist-ruled satellite of the Soviet *bloc*, 17 million in population.

The barricade was built by the Communists. From the shores of the Baltic to the border of Czechoslovakia it winds through the land like some capricious serpent, amputating railways and highways, slicing through villages and houses, cutting off factories from the people who once worked in them, parting neighbour from neighbour, parents from children, the child from his school, the farmer from his land.

The barbed wire, sometimes double and tautly stretched between concrete posts, sometimes single and sagging between wooden poles, ceases only where the boundary is a stream, or where the country is so wide and treeless that searchlights may suffice.

At Asbach, with legalistic pedantry, the wire ran into a house, through it, and out the other side. This house is now abandoned, like many others along the border. Some of them, dilapidated on their eastern side, present whole windows and neatly-painted fronts to the capitalist west. Near Fladungen, just west of the border, the villagers cut down a huge fir tree, intending to use the top as a Christmas tree in the village square. But the great tree fell with its top in the Eastern Zone, whose border police, protesting at this violation of the frontier, took away the top to help celebrate a "socialist Christmas."

The people who live on the Communist side may have had the same ancestors as those just west of the barrier; they may have mown the same hayfields or worked at the same bench; they may say the same words to make dogs come, horses go or children behave; but if they try to cross over "illegally," they risk being shot at, caught by the D.D.R. border police and jailed.

In Heinersdorf stands a railway station without any rails. On the west side of the barbed wire, trees as thick as a man's wrist are growing between the sleepers. Of the 43 railway lines that once ran from west to east, only seven are in operation. Of the hundreds of east-west highways and local roads, just five are now open—for strictly scrutinized traffic.

Every mile or so, from a commanding spot, rises one of the border's 500 watch-towers, with stilted legs spread stiff and wide. A new type of watch-tower is slowly replacing the concentration camp model. The four spindly legs and the exposed ladder up to the look-out are now encased in wooden skirts, so that it is no longer possible to tell whether a man is on guard up there or not. From the cabin at the top the Communist guard's binoculars

sweep what both East and West Germans call "Pieck Allee," after the D.D.R.'s president, Wilhelm Pieck. This is a ten-yard strip constantly raked so that it will reveal the footprints of border trepassers. At its eastern edge runs a narrow path, well-trodden by the D.D.R.'s border patrols—two men each, usually with a dog. The patrol force totals 50,000 and is three times as large as West Germany's.

How did this monstrous cleavage of Germany come to pass? In 1944 a mixed commission—British, American, French and Russian—agreed that, once Germany had been conquered and occupied, the demarcation line between the three Western Allies and the Russians was to follow the ancient administrative borders of the German provinces.

In 1952, in order to protect its people against "agents and saboteurs from the West"—actually to protect itself against its own people's increasing desire to escape—the D.D.R. placed a strip east of the zonal border under stringent regulations. Some 8,000 people considered "unreliable" were "resettled" in the interior. Those allowed to live within the three-mile strip are required to register with the police. All their social gatherings must end at ten o'clock. Within the more sensitive 500-yard belt all meetings are forbidden, and all restaurants, boarding-houses, cinemas and convalescent homes have been closed.

As under every other dictatorship, these regulations are enforced not only by the police but by malice, espionage and pervasive dread. The barbed-wire curtain may be vulnerable at many points, but this does not matter as long as the electric current of fear flows through it.

For example: some years ago a young German left Grossensee (East) to marry a girl in its Siamese-twin town Kleinensee (West). When his mother died recently, his application to cross the line to attend the funeral was refused. On the day of the service he and his wife, dressed in black and carrying mourning wreaths, walked up to the barbed wire which barred the way to Grossensee, and stood weeping while the service was held in the church not 100 yards away. Only when the young couple had gone did the mourners in Grossensee dare to take the wreaths from the fence and place them on the grave.

At Mostholz, in the district of Kronach, a friendly country lane bordered with wild flowers wanders between two straggling lines of pleasant farm-houses. But between the road and the houses to the east is a fence of tipsy posts and sagging wire. Though they have been neighbours for years, the people living east of the road no longer dare to talk to the people on the west of it.

Despite the fears, about three million East Germans have fled to freedom from the D.D.R.—the largest,

most continuous voluntary emigration of modern times. In a desperate attempt to stem this loss of brains, muscle and youth (almost half the refugees are under 25), the German Communists have torn up that part of the D.D.R.'s constitution which guaranteed to every citizen the right to emigrate, and *Republikflucht* (desertion from the Republic) is punished with stiff prison sentences.

Physical separation of the two Germanys is only one aspect of a deliberate political, social, economic and moral separation which is becoming sharper and deeper every day. As the pace of building socialism quickens, pressures in the D.D.R. multiply and turn people's ears, eyes and minds eastwards towards the Soviet *bloc*. What the Soviet Zone Germans may receive from the outside world, for example, is carefully screened. Western newspapers are completely taboo. Soviet Germans may legally listen to Western radio broadcasts only in the intimacy of the family. (A man who allowed a group of young people to listen to Western broadcasts in his house got two and a half years in prison.) Of the 115 films shown in the D.D.R. last year, 30 were made in its own Party-controlled studios, 33 came from Russia, 12 from Czechoslovakia, only three from West Germany, not one from the United States.

Even jazz orchestras have a quota: not more than 40 per cent of the tunes they play may be Western.

All incoming mail is elaborately censored by the S.S.D. (State Security Service), and the names of the addressees are checked against a list of people under surveillance. Gift parcels from the West are thoroughly examined; no printed matter may be included or used as wrapping. On the prohibited list are: all drugs (unless prescribed by a Soviet Zone doctor), films, maps, tape recordings, gramophone records, greetings cards, food in tins (the tins might conceal weapons). The Soviet Zone censors usually unwrap bars of chocolate, and stab butter with a probe. Books, which must be sent separately, must be non-political.

A few years ago, "in order to discover the criminal intentions of those inimical to the state," the chief of the People's Police set up a system of "confidential persons" who should be "progressive-minded" and also have "a large circle of friends." These semi-professional snoopers, a top-secret order suggested, might be "housewives, servants, doctors' assistants, waiters, hairdressers, postmen, chimney sweeps," and would help the local police chief to "attend to even the smallest hint of suspicious conduct." And one must be particularly careful with children in the D.D.R.—even one's own—for teachers sometimes ask pupils what their parents think.

To the German Communists, religion is merely an instrument used by the "reactionary *bourgeoisie* to conceal and attain their barbarous

class objectives." Student teachers have been expelled from school when Bibles were found in their personal kit. Instead of having a church wedding, young couples are asked to take a "socialistic marriage vow" in halls decorated with red banners and a portrait of Lenin. Yet in spite of the constant pressure, and a good many jail sentences, both the Catholic and Protestant clergy in the D.D.R. have stuck to their posts.*

Social and economic "squeezing" is gradually replacing the older, cruder methods of arrest and imprisonment. In theory, no young man *has* to enlist in the "voluntary" People's Army. In theory, no carpenter or small businessman or farmer *has* to become socialized or join a collective. But in practice things are quite different. Numbers of parents have had the same experience as Frau B. J. The school admissions committee told her that, in spite of the "very good performance" and otherwise "blameless behaviour" of her son, he could not be admitted to secondary school because he had not shown "willingness to co-operate whenever allegiance to our Workers' and Peasants' State has to be expressed."

The minority of farmers who have refused to pour their ancestral acres, their barns, animals and machinery into the anonymity of a collective have found it almost impossible to get seed, petrol, parts for their tractors, or labour. Last spring the authorities launched a final assault on them and, using the most brutal methods, soon announced that all arable land in the D.D.R. had been collectivized.

Small manufacturers, shopkeepers and craftsmen—the barber, butcher, tailor, plumber, mason, shoemaker—have shared the fate of the farmers. If they refuse to join a government socialized co-operative they find that they cannot obtain materials, or that they suddenly owe large sums for back taxes.

LET NOT these annoyances, pressures and crimes blind us, however, to the fact that the D.D.R. is a going concern, and that, materially at any rate, its population is a good deal better off than it was two or three years ago.

Real wages have increased, people are now saving money instead of hoarding food. Rationing has ceased, rents are kept low, medical costs are next to nothing, the prices of essential goods are down generally, and the quality of shoes and clothing is up.

In output of basic commodities—steel, machines, chemicals, power—the D.D.R.'s progress has been startling. It is now the second largest producer in the Soviet *bloc*, and the fifth in Europe. In ten years, without, of course, a penny of Western aid—and in spite of an almost total lack of coal and iron ore, in spite of the loss of skilled labour to

* See "Red Germany: Where the Cross Defies Persecution," The Reader's Digest, March 1958.

the West, in spite of the wholesale removal of equipment by the Russians just after the war—the D.D.R. has boosted its production 100 per cent. The rate of increase in its productivity is bigger than that of West Germany.

Most thinking observers believe that the proportion of Soviet Germans who are resigned to the regime, or actually in favour of it, is higher than it was a year or two ago. In the last couple of years there has been a notable backwash of refugees from West to East Germany - about 50,000 last year, a third of the number who chose *Republikflucht*.

The reasons for this migration in reverse are mixed: loneliness (the furnished room in a strange city, the difficulty of finding a satisfactory job, of making new friends) plus the feeling of insecurity that some people have when deprived of the crutches which a dictatorship puts under the arms of its subjects.

And disillusion with the West. I have talked to a number of young refugees from the D.D.R. who are loudly critical of West Germany, even disgusted with what they consider a blatant commercialism, a materialistic sense of personal values. Even though they hate what they fled from, they had lived there too long to feel at ease in a capitalistic society. When asked what kind of society they would like to live in, several of them answered, "It might perhaps be something like Yugoslavia . . ."

TOPPING THE split between the two Germanys is the fact that the Soviet Zone is beginning to turn out children who are different in outlook, and in actual knowledge, from the children of West Germany. The children of the D.D.R. are daily and relentlessly taught that the U.S.S.R. is Big Brother, the Source of All Light and Wisdom, and the Hope of the Oppressed of the World. If people are subjected to a continual rain of propaganda, some of them are bound to get wet. The eager young faces to be seen in D.D.R. parades and youth festivals show once again that human beings can always be found who respond joyfully to the grim circuses of totalitarianism.

The model for so much that other Germans find revolting in the D.D.R. is not far to seek. The regiments of uniformed children singing of death and battle, the unanimous surf of commanded applause, the salutes with clenched fists upraised, the jack-booted goose stepping, and the small vociferous men on many-bannered platforms demanding Discipline and Obedience, and calling for Vigilance and Hatred . . .

"We've seen it all before," say the older Germans of the West with melancholy and despair. "It's just like Hitler all over again—only better organized."

SPECIAL REQUEST FEATURE

Professor C. A. Coulson, F.R.S., Rouse Ball Professor of Mathematics at Oxford University, has recommended that this article be republished. It first appeared in the January 1948 issue of The Reader's Digest

Seven Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God

By A Cressy Morrison

Former president of the New York Academy of Sciences

We are still in the dawn of the scientific age and every increase of light reveals more brightly the handiwork of an intelligent Creator. In the 90 years since Darwin we have made stupendous discoveries; with a spirit of scientific humility and of faith grounded in knowledge we are approaching even nearer to an awareness of God.

For myself, I count seven reasons for my faith:

First: *By unwavering mathematical law we can prove that our universe was designed and executed by a great engineering Intelligence.*

Suppose you put ten coins, marked from one to ten, into your pocket and give them a good shuffle. Now try to take them out in sequence from one to ten, putting back the coin each time and shaking them all again. Mathematically we know that your chance of first drawing number one is one in ten; of drawing one and two in succession, one in 100; of drawing one, two and three in succession, one in a thousand, and so on; your chance of

drawing them all, from number one to number ten in succession, would reach the unbelievable figure of one chance in ten thousand million.

By the same reasoning, so many exacting conditions are necessary for life on earth that they could not possibly exist in proper relationship by chance. The earth rotates on its axis at one thousand miles an hour; if it turned at one hundred miles an hour, our days and nights would be ten times as long as now, and the hot sun would then burn up our vegetation during each long day while in the long night any surviving sprout would freeze.

Again, the sun, source of our life, has a surface temperature of 12,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and our earth is just far enough away so that this "eternal fire" warms us just enough and not too much! If the sun gave off only one-half its present radiation, we would freeze, and if it gave half as much more, we would roast.

The slant of the earth, tilted at an angle of 23 degrees, gives us our seasons; if it had not been so tilted, vapours from the ocean would move north and south, piling up for us continents of ice. If our moon was, say, only 50 thousand miles away instead of its actual distance, our tides would be so enormous that twice a day all continents would be submerged; even the mountains would soon be eroded away. If the crust of the earth had been only ten feet thicker, there would be no oxygen, without which animal life must die. Had the ocean been a few feet deeper, carbon dioxide and oxygen would have been absorbed and no vegetable life could exist. Or if our atmosphere had been thinner, some of the meteors, now burned in space by the million every day, would be striking all parts of the earth, starting fires everywhere.

Because of these, and a host of other examples, there is not one chance in millions that life on our planet is an accident.

Second: *The resourcefulness of life to accomplish its purpose is a manifestation of all-pervading Intelligence.*

What life itself is, no man has fathomed. It has neither weight nor dimensions, but it does have force; a growing root will crack a rock. Life has conquered water, land and air, mastering the elements, compelling them to dissolve and reform their combinations.

Life, the sculptor, shapes all living things; an artist, it designs every leaf of every tree, and colours every flower. Life is a musician and has taught each bird to sing its love songs, the insects to call each other in the music of their multitudinous sounds. Life is a sublime chemist, giving taste to fruits and spices, and perfume to the rose, changing water and carbonic acid into sugar and wood and, in so doing, releasing oxygen that animals may have the breath of life.

Behold an almost invisible drop of protoplasm, transparent and

jelly-like, capable of motion, drawing energy from the sun. This single cell, this transparent mist-like droplet, holds within itself the germ of life, and has the power to distribute this life to every living thing, great and small. The powers of this droplet are greater than our vegetation and animals and people, for all life came from it. Nature did not create life; fire-blistered rocks and a saltless sea could not meet the necessary requirements.

Who, then, has put it here?

Third: *Animal wisdom speaks irresistibly of a good Creator who infused instinct into otherwise helpless little creatures.*

The young salmon spends years at sea, then comes back to his own river, and travels up the very side of the river into which flows the tributary where he was born. What brings him back so precisely? If you transfer him to another tributary he will know at once that he is off his course and he will fight his way down and back to the main stream and then turn up against the current to finish his destiny more accurately.

Even more difficult to solve is the mystery of eels. These amazing creatures migrate at maturity from all ponds and rivers everywhere—those from Europe across thousands of miles of ocean—all bound for the same abysmal deeps near Bermuda. There they breed and die. The little ones, with no apparent means of knowing anything except that they are in a wilderness of water, nevertheless find their way back not only to the very shore from which their parents came but thence to the rivers, lakes or little ponds—so that each body of water is always populated with eels. No American eel has ever been caught in Europe, no European eel in American waters. Nature has even delayed the maturity of the European eel by a year or more to make up for its longer journey. Where does the directing impulse originate?

A wasp will overpower a grasshopper, dig a hole in the earth, sting the grasshopper in exactly the right place so that he does not die but becomes unconscious and lives on as a form of preserved meat. Then the wasp will lay her eggs handily so that her children when they hatch can nibble without killing the insect on which they feed; to them dead meat would be fatal. The mother then flies away and dies; she never sees her young. Surely the wasp must have done all this right the first time and every time, or else

Professor Coulson writes:

THIS MOVING personal testimony must strike a chord in the heart of anyone who pauses to consider the marvels that science reveals to us. In so vast a subject there are things that some would want to add to Cressy Morrison's credo; there are scientists who differ with his beliefs. Yet the awe and wonder that the Universe inspires are fundamental to a belief in God.

there would be no wasps. Such mysterious techniques cannot be explained by adaptation; they were bestowed.

Fourth: *Man has something more than animal instinct—the power of reason.*

No other animal has ever left a record of its ability to count ten, or even to understand the meaning of ten. Where instinct is like a single note of a flute, beautiful but limited, the human brain contains all the notes of all the instruments in the orchestra. No need to belabour this fourth point; thanks to human reason we can contemplate the possibility that we are what we are only because we have received a spark of Universal Intelligence.

Fifth: *Provision for all living is revealed in phenomena which we know today but which Darwin did not know—such as the wonders of genes.*

So unspeakably tiny are these genes that, if all of them responsible for all living people in the world could be put in one place, there would be less than a thimbleful. Yet these ultra-microscopic genes and their companions, the chromosomes, inhabit every living cell and are the absolute keys to all human, animal and vegetable characteristics. A thimble is a small place in which to put all the individual characteristics of two thousand million human beings. However, the facts are beyond question. Well, then—how do genes lock up all the normal heredity of a multitude of ancestors and preserve the psychology of each in such an infinitely small space?

Here evolution really begins—at the cell, the entity which holds and carries the genes. How a few million atoms, locked up as an ultra-microscopic gene, can absolutely rule all life on earth is an example of profound cunning and provision that could emanate only from a Creative Intelligence; no other hypothesis will serve.

Sixth: *By the economy of nature, we are forced to realize that only infinite wisdom could have foreseen and prepared with such astute husbandry.*

Many years ago a species of cactus was planted in Australia as a protective fence. Having no insect enemies in Australia the cactus soon began a prodigious growth; the alarming abundance persisted until the plants covered an area as long and wide as England, crowding inhabitants out of the towns and villages, and destroying their farms. Seeking a defence, the entomologists scoured the world; finally they turned up an insect which lived exclusively on cactus, and would eat nothing else. It would breed freely too; and it had no enemies in Australia. So animal soon conquered vegetable and today the cactus pest has retreated, and with it all but a small protective residue of the insects, enough to hold the cactus in check for ever.

Such checks and balances have

been universally provided. Why have not fast-breeding insects dominated the earth? Because they have no lungs such as man possesses; they breathe through tubes. But when insects grow large, their tubes do not grow in ratio to the increasing size of the body. Hence there has never been an insect of great size; this limitation on growth has held them all in check.

If this physical check had not been provided, man could not exist. Imagine meeting a hornet as big as a lion!

Seventh: *The fact that man can conceive the idea of God is in itself a unique proof.*

The conception of God rises from a divine faculty of man, unshared with the rest of our world—the faculty we call imagination. By its power, man and man alone can find the evidence of things unseen. The vista that power opens up is unbounded; indeed, as man's perfected imagination becomes a spiritual reality, he may discern in all the evidences of design and purpose the great truth that heaven is wherever and whatever; that God is everywhere and in everything, but nowhere so close as in our hearts.

It is scientifically as well as imaginatively true; in the words of the Psalmist: The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

The Name's the Same

THE MOST popular names in Britain today are the traditional sturdy ones, with John and Jane heading the list. David, James and Charles follow John, while Mary, Ann, Elizabeth and Sarah follow Jane. So reports J. W. Leaver who, in an annual letter to *The Times,* reveals his 12-month tabulation of the names appearing in the paper's birth announcements. And now the headmaster of a school in Shropshire, also in a letter to *The Times,* has given this fact a fascinating historical perspective. From the local parish register, he had lists compiled of the most popular girls' names in 1583 and again in 1783. In 1583 the list ran: Jane, Elizabeth, Margaret, Ann and Mary; in 1783: Mary, Ann and Elizabeth, with Sarah and Margaret tied for fourth place. Of the five most popular names in both 1583 and 1783, four were still in the 1959 list, and three of them in the same relative position.

Fashion can sometimes be a good deal less fickle than we think.



The Beavers Who Wouldn't Give Up

They won all the battles
except the last one—
and they may yet win the war

By James Poling

They don't quite know how to cope with all the dam trouble they've got in Hampden, Maine. According to one official, "We've got a real gnawing problem on our hands."

The gnawing began in late May 1959. About three miles outside the town a colony of beavers built a dam near the mouth of a culvert that carries a stream under Canaan Road. Some 50 feet of roadway and several hundred feet of land on each side of the culvert were flooded. A road crew was sent out to level the dam. The beavers rebuilt it. The crew tore it apart again. In fact they tore it apart for ten mornings in a row—and for ten successive nights the beavers rebuilt it.

On the 11th day, the foreman of the crew said to-hell-with-it and tossed the problem back to the town manager. He, in turn, tossed it to the local game warden, Basil Closson. The warden crept out one night and draped a petrol-soaked canvas bag over the dam. (Any beaver expert will tell you that the creatures just can't abide petrol fumes.) In

the morning the bag was found artistically woven into the dam.

Warden Closson set out three steel traps that night. By morning two of them had been confiscated by the beavers and used to buttress the dam. The other was empty. The warden, cursing the state law against hunting beaver with firearms, retrieved his traps and set them out again . . . and again . . . and again . . . And every night the beavers stole them.

Town manager Leslie Stanley telephoned his police chief. Those beavers were violating the state law against blocking up a natural watercourse. "Why aren't you out there upholding the law?" he asked. "Evict 'em. Dispossess 'em. Do something!"

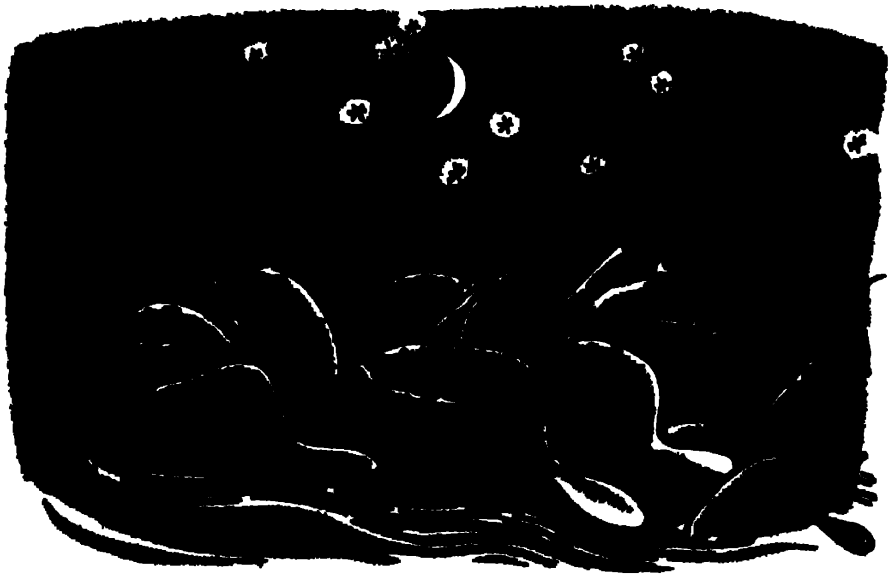
Three mornings later, police chief Richard Johnson proudly announced the end of the dam. At 2 a.m., he said, he and a licensed dynamiter had blown it to smithereens.

They drove out to the culvert—and found a new dam already half-built! They also found the road so choked with the mud and debris thrown up by the dynamite that it took four firemen, the fire department's 500-gallon pump, and three constables an hour and a half to hose away the mess.

But chief Johnson, his faith in explosives unshaken, launched an all-out campaign. As June drifted into July, the sound of blasting rent the summer air—but the holes torn in the dam never saw the full light of day, for the beavers always managed to have them plugged by the time the fire department appeared on the scene.

In time, the beavers tired of this nonsense and moved their dam *inside* the culvert where it couldn't be blown up without demolishing the road, too. Everyone called it a stalemate—a deceitful description of a beaver victory if there ever was one.

Stanley and his general staff held a council of war and agreed that fresh strategy was called for. Then they came up with an inspired idea. If we remove every branch of the dam by hand, they reasoned, we'll force the beavers to go in search of



new building material to replace what we've taken. Then we can place box traps along their runways and capture them—perhaps.

The plan was unanimously approved. Moreover, it worked. On July 30, 1959, town manager Stanley was able to announce that the beaver colony had been trapped and removed to a remote wilderness area. And there was great rejoicing in Hampden—until the middle of October, that is, when a colony of young beavers was spotted swimming in the same waters from which its elders had recently been snatched.

The youngsters grew rapidly. But no more rapidly than the new dam they built—less than 100 feet from the culvert—for their winter home. In truth, when Stanley checked the dam this summer it was bigger and better than ever, measuring 12 feet across and rising more than four feet high.

There's going to be more dam trouble in Hampden this autumn, that's certain. And the town manager is beginning to wonder if perhaps he shouldn't follow the advice contained in one of the many letters he has received:

"Why don't you just abandon the road and let the beavers have it?"

Cartoon Quips

BABY-SITTER to returning parents: "He went to bed at eight o'clock, 8.50, 9.30, 10, 11, 11.15 and midnight." —W. R

ONE secretary to another: "You'll love it here . . . once you accept the fact that there's absolutely no chance for advancement, rises or marriage." —G. A.

ANGRY wife to husband: "No! Every time we discuss something sensibly, I lose!" —Sale

NURSE to expectant father: "Just because you've been kept waiting so long, it doesn't necessarily mean the baby will be a girl." —*Esquire*

WIFE to friend as she looks at dozing husband: "If his ship ever did come in, I doubt if he'd bother to unload it." —B. B.

WORKER discussing a colleague: "He's retiring on his savings—he worked for years when they didn't take health contributions, pension funds, union dues and unemployment insurance out of his salary." —Lichty



It pays to increase your word power

By Wilfred Funk

This group of words is selected from newspaper editorials discussing national and international affairs. Tick the word or phrase you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

(1) **protocol** (prō′ tō kŏl)—A: unprovoked attack. B: aggravation. C: violation of a treaty. D: rules for diplomatic etiquette.

(2) **bicameral**—A: secret. B. judicial. C: having two chambers. D: disputed.

(3) **pending**—A: bending over. B: waiting to be decided. C: ending. D: relying for support.

(4) **autonomy**—A: self-government. B. dependent state. C: dictatorship. D: nation ruled by a clique.

(5) **precursor**—A: attacker. B: pursuer. C: forerunner. D: torturer.

(6) **perfunctory** (per funk′ to rĭ)—A: half-hearted. B: prompt. C: thorough. D: stern.

(7) **repugnant**—A: plain. B: repulsive. C: brutal. D: impudent.

(8) **chauvinism** (show′ vin ism)—A: blind patriotism. B: political trickery. C: buffoonery. D: defeatism.

(9) **stigma**—A: obstinacy. B: bad vision. C: mark of disgrace. D: honour.

(10) **chide**—A: to make fun of. B: rebuke. C: cheat. D: flatter.

(11) **anarchistic** (an ar kĭs′ tik)—A: out-of-date. B: clumsy. C: despotic. D. lawless.

(12) **internecine** (in ter nē′ sine) —A: uncompromising. B: deadly. C: peaceful. D: faithful.

(13) **signatory**—A: signer of a document. B: outstanding statesman. C: agreement. D: conference.

(14) **secede**—A: to shrink back. B: withdraw formally. C: shut away. D. assent to an opinion or policy.

(15) **onus** (ō′ nus) A: sadness. B: happiness. C: criticism. D: responsibility.

(16) **terrain** —A: soup bowl. B path. C: tract of land. D: wall.

(17) **mercurial** (mer kūr′ ĭal)—A: clownish. B: heavy. C: mechanical. D: quick changing.

(18) **junta**—A: sailing vessel. B: governing committee. C: a philosophy. D. nobleman.

(19) **autocracy** (aw tŏk′ ra sĭ)—A: self-governing community. B: mob rule. C: absolute rule by an individual. D: government by ecclesiastics.

(20) **riddle**—A: to entangle. B: question. C: explain. D: fill with holes.

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

(1) **protocol**—D: Rules for diplomatic etiquette and ceremony; as, seated according to *protocol*. Greek *prōtokollon*.

(2) **bicameral**—C: Having two chambers or assemblies: as, a *bicameral* legislature. From Latin *bi-*, "two," and *camera*, "chamber."

(3) **pending**—B: Waiting to be decided; imminent; as, *pending* legislation. Latin *pendere*, "to hang."

(4) **autonomy**—A: The power, right and condition of self-government; independence. Greek *autonomos*, from *autos*, "self," and *nomos*, "law."

(5) **precursor**—C: Forerunner; that which precedes an event; as, a *precursor* of revolution. Latin *praecurrere*, "to run before."

(6) **perfunctory**—A: Half-hearted and indifferent; done merely as a duty; as, a *perfunctory* ceremony. Latin *perfunctorius*, "negligent."

(7) **repugnant**—B: Repulsive; disagreeable; distasteful; as, an act *repugnant* to humanity. Latin *repugnare*, "to fight back."

(8) **chauvinism**—A: Blind and exaggerated patriotism. From Nicolas *Chauvin*, a veteran French soldier who had an uncritical and unbounded admiration for Napoleon.

(9) **stigma**—C: Mark of disgrace; blot on one's good name; as, the *stigma* of treachery. Latin *stigma*, "prick or mark."

(10) **chide**—B: To rebuke; scold; find fault with; as, to *chide* a person for ineptitude. Old English *cīdan*.

(11) **anarchistic**—D: Lawless; pertaining to the doctrine that all government is evil; as, *anarchistic* theories. Greek *anarkhia*, "lack of a leader."

(12) **internecine**—B: Deadly; bloody; mutually destructive; as, *internecine* warfare. Latin *internecare*, "to slaughter."

(13) **signatory**—A: Signer of a document, such as a treaty. Latin *signatorius*, "pertaining to one who witnesses with his seal."

(14) **secede**—B: Withdraw formally; as, the new state is to *secede* from the Commonwealth. Latin *cedere*, "to go."

(15) **onus**—D: Responsibility; as, the *onus* of firing the first shot. Latin *onus*, "burden."

(16) **terrain**—C: Tract of land; especially a region considered with reference to its military advantages; as, *terrain* adaptable for defence. Latin *terra*, "earth."

(17) **mercurial**—D: Quick-changing; volatile; lively; as, a *mercurial* disposition. Latin *Mercurialis*, "of Mercury," the herald and messenger of the Roman gods.

(18) **junta**—B: Governing committee; as, a military *junta* has seized power. Latin *juncta*, "join."

(19) **autocracy**—C: Absolute rule by an individual. Greek *autokrateia*, from *autos*, "self," and *kratos*, "strength."

(20) **riddle**—D: To fill with holes; perforate; as, to *riddle* an argument. Old English *hriddel*, "sieve."

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct.....excellent
18–16 correct.....good
15–14 correct.....fair

THE EYE THAT SEES HEAT

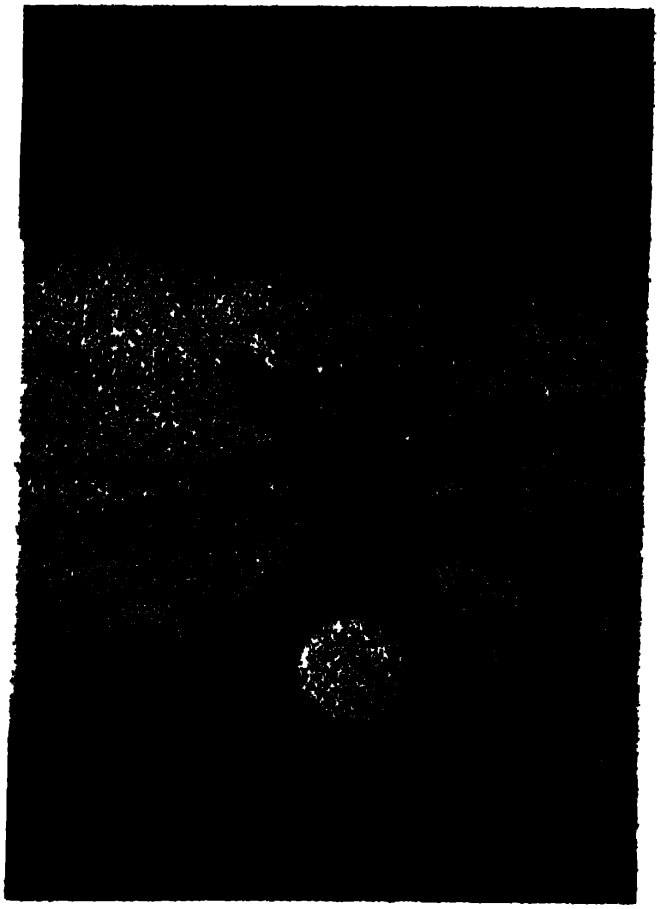
"Infra-red" is rapidly becoming a magic word in science and technology

By Harland Manchester



High above the Australian desert at Woomera, the pilot of a Canberra bomber sighted his target, a Jindivik pilotless aircraft. He pressed a button and the ten-foot-long Firestreak missile beneath his wings shot towards the Jindivik which, two miles away, was twisting and turning in violent evasive action. But the Firestreak closed in relentlessly for the kill, following its prey through the elaborate manoeuvres until both missile and target disappeared in a great explosion.

How did the Firestreak know which way to turn to follow the Jindivik? The answer is that the



A Firestreak air-to air missile—guided by infra-red radiation—flashes towards its target (Photograph taken from the launching aircraft)

missile followed its nose, in which was a "feeler" containing lead sulphide, which is highly sensitive to infra-red radiation—ordinary heat waves.

This feeler will detect a burning cigarette at least 100 yards away, and is said to pick up heat waves from a jet exhaust up to four miles distant. Once fired, the ten-foot rocket, guided by its infra-red eye, tracks its prey relentlessly.

Since virtually everything gives off some heat, you can pick up the tell-tale radiation of any object at long range—if you have a detector sensitive enough.

Thus infra red receivers are supplementing radar. They can scan the skies farther than the eye can see and, unlike radar, they give off no special radiation themselves, so they cannot be detected or jammed.

In dozens of industrial and university laboratories in Britain and America the possibilities of seeing by heat are being investigated. Much of this work is secret, but the list of known uses of the technique is so impressive that "infra-red" is rapidly becoming a magic word.

One night two years ago many New Yorkers were puzzled when a "mystery jet" made several runs over the city.

Peering through the belly of the U.S. Navy fighter was the eye of a new camera which ignores light and takes "heat pictures."

In the resultant photographs the city's big power plants stand out like searchlights, and the brightness of avenues and streets indicates the density of heat-emitting traffic. Similar pictures of airports at night show the heat radiating from buildings humming with human activity, and from roads, car parks and runways recently heated by motor exhausts and tyres—all essential information needed in aerial reconnaissance.

Since it can detect temperature differences far below freezing, the heat-seeing camera is being used to spot crevasses ahead of Arctic and Antarctic exploration teams. If a crevasse is bridged with snow, the air beneath is warmer than the adjacent ice, and this shows up on photographs taken from the advance plane.

One of the most striking successes of heat-sensitive crystals has been in detecting "hot boxes" on railway trucks.

The "hot box"—an overheated axle caused by lubrication failure has long been a serious railway problem. Because it is seldom discovered before smoke pours out, it has caused many costly delays and some serious accidents. But an infra-red eye set alongside the railway track can watch all the axle boxes which pass it and record their temperatures with "blips" on a piece of graph paper; if an axle is overheated a bigger blip is made, and the signalman knows that the train should be stopped. These watchful eyes will

pick out a hot box passing at 60 m.p.h.

Heat-detectors have many other industrial uses. A Rugby firm uses them to check the temperature of glass being worked on a lathe. A big printing works turns out magazines faster because it uses an infra red eye to keep the temperature high enough to dry the ink as rapidly as possible without scorching the paper.

Several motor-tyre companies use heat detectors to get information on tyres being tested on simulated road-beds, to compare the effectiveness of different designs and materials. Factories are protected at night against intruders by invisible "fences" of infra-red rays which sound alarms if the rays are broken.

In an American laboratory I looked at a cup of coffee through the view finder of an unusual "heat-image camera." Blind to light, it sees only heat radiations, and it records scenes in vivid colours. The colours have no relation to the actual colours of the object, but show scientists the relative heat of different parts of the scene. The cup and saucer were clearly outlined and the level of the coffee could be seen because the empty top of the cup was dark blue, while the bottom glowed yellow.

This camera—known as an Evaporagraph, "Eva" for short—was invented in Germany in the 1930's, and is being developed for industrial and possibly military uses. Some Evas are employed in aircraft factories to reveal dangerous hot spots in electronic assemblies, and they have been tested in steel mills to detect boiler erosion due to heat.

Experiments indicate that they may have medical uses. A picture of a man with Bright's disease showed by colour which leg was affected; in another test the site of a malignant tumour was determined because of its temperature.

Eva is amazingly sensitive. Aimed out of a window at parked cars in a street, it can spot a recent arrival because the bonnet, the tyres and even the driver's seat show recent use by their tell-tale colours.

These precise heat-measurement devices may have a great future in weather forecasting. The "Weather Eye" of the Vanguard II satellite which went up in February last year was built round a tiny infra-red "thermometer" about one millimetre square.

Looking down on the earth's weather, the "Eye" gathered heat rays reflected from sun-warmed clouds and focused them on this little infra-red detector. The detector converted its measurements into electric signals which were recorded on magnetic tape during each of the satellite's 50 minute passes over the illuminated side of the earth.

The accumulated data was radioed periodically to ground stations for translation by scientists into weather

maps of large areas of the globe.

Meteorologists are enthusiastic about the future of weather prediction with such help. Plans are under way for three or four permanent meteorological satellites which will include infra-red devices for measuring cloud cover at night, temperature and composition of the earth's atmosphere. Such satellites could continuously report weather data from the entire globe, instead of from the five to ten per cent of the world's area on which present forecasts are based.

Infra-red detectors are allies of the space age already. Dr. William Sinton, of the American Lowell Observatory, has discovered strong new evidence of vegetable life on Mars by analysing infra-red radiation from the planet. In France, Professor Andoin Dollfus took infra-red "finger-prints" of Venus from a balloon to find out how much water vapour its atmosphere contained.

The infra-red rays which activate these devices are members of the great family of electromagnetic radiations, such as light rays, X-rays, radio and radar waves, which all have different effects because of their wave-lengths.

Sir William Herschel, the English astronomer, discovered their properties in 1800, when he used a prism to break light into a rainbow pattern, measured the temperatures of the different colours and found that the red light at one end of the spectrum was warmer than the violet at the other end. When he put his thermometer in the dark area beyond the red, the mercury went still higher.

He had invaded the unknown terrain of infra-red—the radiations which cause the sensation of heat.

Like the radio-broadcasting band, infra-red comes in various wavelengths, which have different effects on different chemicals. This has led to the development of a clever instrument: the infra-red spectrophotometer—an electronic detective which will "finger-print" and identify samples of almost any substance.

When the infra-red eye looks at a sample, a stylus draws a graph of its molecule, which the scientist can recognize as aspirin, nylon, ketchup or antifreeze.

The infra-red spectrophotometer is now used in police laboratories. In one case, a railway signal wire had been cut and a train was nearly wrecked. In the barn of a man who had a grievance against the railway the police found an axe bearing a thin red streak which looked like the plastic insulation on the severed wire. "Finger-printed" by the instrument, the two samples were shown to have the same molecular structure.

In other cases, a scrap of plastic found on the scene of an assault tallied with the hat lining of a suspect; ingredients of a stink bomb were traced to their source; and

poison used in a pie by a boarding-house landlady was identified. In chemical and drug companies infra-red is used as a "watchdog" to control the purity of products. Every few minutes a sample of the product is analysed to make sure that no change is taking place in the recipe.

The use of infra-red detecting and analysing devices has increased tenfold in the last decade, and vast sums are being spent on research to develop heat-seeing eyes for an ever-increasing list of new uses.

Boston Bred

THE citizens of Boston, Massachusetts, have acquired the reputation of thinking themselves rather above the crowd. Hence these stories:

THE AIRCRAFT had just landed at Chicago's Midway Airport when the No. 3 engine caught fire. There was danger of an explosion, and my fellow stewardess and I began emergency evacuation procedures. She directed some of our 73 passengers down an emergency slide which was hooked into position at the main cabin door while I opened exits over the left wing, hopped out, helped people through these exits and directed them down the escape rope.

In the midst of the desperate disciplined hurry, I looked inside the cabin to find an elderly couple still seated, quietly observing the frenzied proceedings. As people flew out of windows, down ropes and slides, they calmly asked, "Do you want the Boston passengers off, too?"

—Contributed by Colette Justie

THE MORNING commuter train to Boston was almost empty when I got on board. I took a seat and was folding my newspaper when I realized that an umbrella was being tapped on the floor beside me.

There stood a proper Bostonian, bowler, pince-nez and all. "Pardon me, young man," he whispered discreetly. "You must be new here—you're sitting in *my* seat."

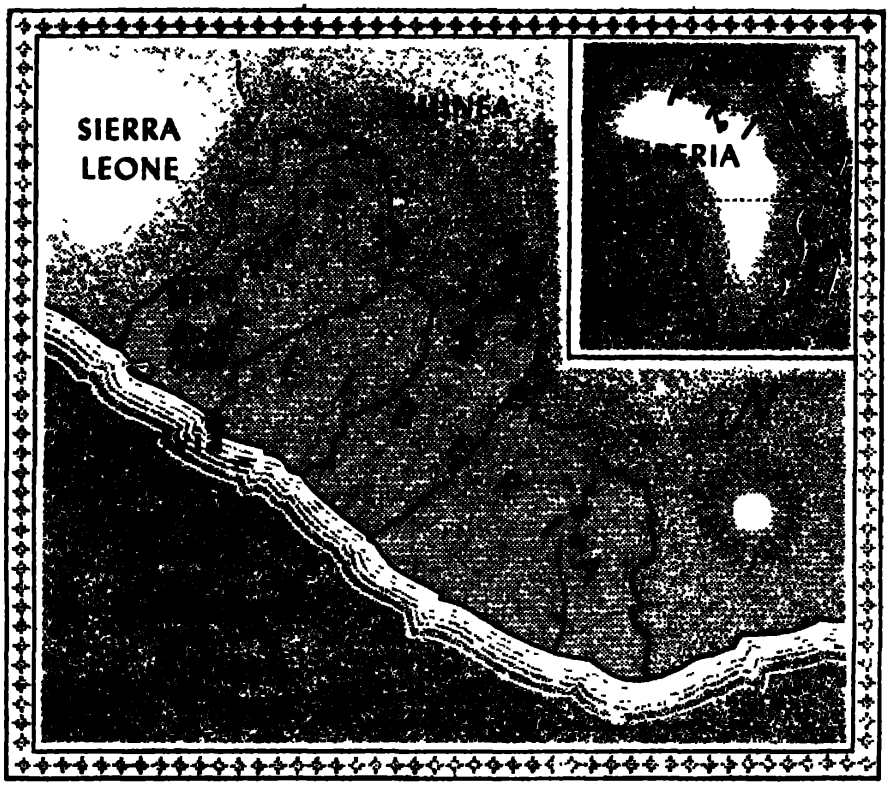
—Contributed by Newell Garden

AN ELDERLY Boston newspaper reporter interviewing playwright John Patrick apologized for cutting the interview short. He had to cover a show at the planetarium, he explained. "They're reproducing the sky exactly as it was the night Christ was born."

"Over Bethlehem?" Patrick asked.

"Of course not," the reporter answered indignantly. "Over *Boston*."

—Leonard Lyons



LIBERIA—
Showpiece of Free Enterprise

By Charles Stevenson

The spectacular gains made by Liberia show what can be done when private industry teams up with an energetic people

THERE HAS never been a horse, an ox or a wagon in Liberia. The plough is virtually unknown there. Only a generation ago 99 out of 100 of the people were unassimilated aboriginal tribesmen. Yet no similarly handicapped area in all history has developed so astoundingly as has Liberia in the last 15 years.

Only yesterday there was not a single road leading anywhere in this little African-west-coast country; travellers had to tramp or be carried in a hammock along foot trails through cobra-infested jungle. Today 5,000 cars and trucks are speeding commerce and enlightenment into the deepest up-country rain

forest. Mammoth plantations and mines are pouring out millions of pounds of income for workers and government. In 1937 exports and imports were worth about £1½ million (Rs. 2 crores); last year they topped £28 million (Rs. 37 crores). Tribesmen are learning to read, joyfully; modern hospitals are replacing the witch doctor.

I went to Liberia not long ago to find out what was behind this underdeveloped country's recent spectacular gains. President William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman gave me the answer. "Private enterprise has done it," he explained. "Liberia is living proof of how private enterprise can help underdeveloped countries towards their otherwise unobtainable goals."

This is what has happened.

Liberia was founded by a private group of Americans in the 1820's as a colony to which slaves who had been freed in the United States could go. For more than 100 years the American Negroes and their descendants clustered along the coast, mostly in the vicinity of Monrovia, the capital. No civilized village existed farther than 25 miles inland—only a vast green hiding place of uncivilized tribes who made the night throb with the beat of drums. The government was bankrupt.

Then in 1926 stubborn old Harvey Firestone, founder of one of the biggest U.S. rubber companies, turned to Liberia because it looked as if the jungle could grow rubber trees. Firestone lent Liberia more than two million dollars. Next, although slavery and indentured labour were not uncommon in Africa, he sent labour recruiters into the jungle, offering a new deal: steady wages, the highest in the country; rice at less than cost; free education, free housing, free medical care.

In response, the tribesmen threw down their spears and trekked out of the jungle by the thousands. Since then they have cleared 251 square miles of leased land. Here they have been taught to plant, grow and care for ten million rubber trees. They have been taught to make bricks, to operate sawmills, to be carpenters and mechanics, and to construct permanent houses in neat, orderly villages. They have built the country's first roads—700 miles of them.

Today 55,000 Africans and their families live and work on these plantations. (There are only 187 white foreign employees, and they are teaching themselves out of jobs as quickly as possible.) As you drive through the area you see shops, offices, golf courses, tennis courts, and trim brick schools and churches—many put together by tribesmen who can remember ritual murder, human sacrifice and cannibalism.

Working under native overseers, these Liberians tap millions of trees for latex. This is taken by native tank-car drivers to the world's largest and most modern rubber-processing factory, where four of the seven

shift supervisors are tribesmen who worked their way up.

The enterprise pays as income tax to the Liberian Government 35 per cent of its taxable earnings. It provides its employees with overtime pay for work beyond a 48-hour week, and with paid holidays and retirement annuities.

Appreciative? Among the tappers and factory workers are such names as Lucky Boy and Fine Time. Seek out these men, ask why they dropped their tribal names for these new ones, and you get a stock answer: "I be like new pickin [baby]. I come Firestone like go live again."



President William Tubman

From the outset Firestone saw that the success of his enterprise depended upon the education and welfare of the Liberian people, and he took steps to broaden their agricultural economy. Thus for 27 years the plantations' botanical scientists have searched the world for improved strains of upland rice, for oil palms, grapefruit, limes, mangoes, avocados and cola nuts. These have been propagated by the thousands and given to the tribesmen to grow.

Twelve years ago the Firestone company obtained a few head of tough, undersized native cattle which by some freak of nature pass on immunity to the tsetse fly that kills off imported cows and horses. Ever since, the company has been upgrading the herd by culling and cross-breeding and is now prepared to start any Liberian in the vitally important cattle business with a free bull and cow.

Firestone has also established individual Liberians in their own rubber business, with 7,500,000 free trees and technical guidance. It buys all their latex output at world market prices. Some 3,600 Liberians now have their own plantations, and since a meagre 40 acres purchased at 13*s.* 6*d.* (Rs. 9) an acre can in time net £1,400 (about Rs. 18,700) a year, a whole new class of farmers is being created.

When the only bank in the country ceased operating, Firestone established one. It also set up an institute dedicated to unlocking the secrets of leprosy, sleeping sickness, filariasis, malaria and other tropical diseases. It built two hospitals, which admit more than 6,000 patients and perform nearly 1,000 major

operations a year—all free to employees and their families.

Even more important is the Firestone contribution to schooling. In the hospitals and clinics I found only 20 foreign employees. Working beside them were 500 Liberians doing everything from taking X-ray photographs to acting as operating-room superintendents. "We taught them all ourselves," explained the medical director, Karl Franz. "There's such a need all over the country that we continually lose them and have to train new ones."

While driving one night, I stopped at a work shed far out on the plantations where a couple of dozen tappers—tribesmen not long out of the jungle—were bent over books. The teacher explained: "Literacy classes like this are going on everywhere. As many as 300 enrol at a time. Half the students may graduate within the year. Then some of them go out and teach others."

In addition, there are 21 regular schools, where more than 2,000 pupils are labouring their way up through school in both day and night classes. The better elementary-school graduates are granted four-year Firestone scholarships to Liberian boarding schools. After that the best can win Firestone scholarships for study in U.S. universities.

Joe Roberts is an example. The son of a Loma tribesman, he grew up in the roadless bush on the far northern Guinea border. He struggled to graduate from a mission elementary school at 18, then hiked down to Firestone to start as a rubber tapper. There he worked his way into a hospital *aide's* job, then into the rubber laboratory and finally into the office. Firestone paid him to attend commercial classes at a school that it maintains, then sent him off on a four-year scholarship to a vocational boarding school. Now 27, and still with Firestone, he is off again, studying business administration at the University of Liberia.

Perhaps the greatest tribute of all to Firestone is its impact on the President of Liberia. The colourful, dignified descendant of early settlers from Georgia, 65 year-old President Tubman works like a patient, old-fashioned parson, always lecturing and urging his charges to higher aspirations. Though Tubman began his fourth term last January, he doesn't rule by dictator tactics, but by the popularity and success of his policies.

At his first inauguration in 1944, in a continent that was growing restive under colonial rule, Tubman called on private enterprisers the world over to come in and help develop his country. All he asked was that "a fair share of the fruits of the investment activities be passed over to the peoples of the country by way of better education, health facilities and a general improvement of their welfare."

This open-door policy came as a direct result of Liberia's experience

with Firestone. "The income and social benefits which Firestone has provided for a sizeable part of our population could not have been obtained any other way," President Tubman said.

No white foreigners are permitted to own land in Liberia; they may only lease it. To provide a climate in which private enterprisers can flourish, however, Tubman has maintained fair taxation, free export of profits, sanctity of agreements, protection against expropriation, and continuing stability.

Tubman's progressive policies have brought foreign investors flocking. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co. has poured millions into rubber plantations—8,600 acres so far. When completed, the Goodrich plantings will be several times as big as they are now; yet already—two years before the first trees are ready to tap—the company supplies jobs and homes for 1,200 Liberian families.

The late Edward Stettinius launched a company which is developing a 25,000-acre cocoa and coffee plantation 180 miles in the interior. Now rubber and a processing factory are also going in, providing jobs for some 2,000 Liberians. Only a dozen foreign technicians are on hand to train and direct.

A German firm grows bananas and rubber on a 2,400-acre plantation which employs nearly 1,000 Liberians and only 18 foreigners. The Dutch are coming in with a similar plantation. Spaniards are financing another, plus a brick works, a tile factory and a soap factory. Concerns which include Swiss, Germans and Americans operate deep-sea fishing trawlers.

There is large-scale mineral development. A company has built roads and a railway 45 miles back into the Bomi Hills and opened up an iron mine which sends 175 wagon-loads of ore to Monrovia every day for export. A combine representing Swedish, American and Canadian interests has men digging test holes on 4,500-foot Mount Nimba, one of the most fabulous iron-ore discoveries in all history. (Experts estimate that it holds more than 200 million tons of ore.)

To open up Mount Nimba, forests of six-foot-thick mahogany trees are being cleared to construct a town. Big freight planes thunder on to a mile-long landing strip, delivering equipment. Crews are pushing a railway 180 miles through swamps and high jungle all the way to the sea.

Three years from now several thousand Liberians will be slicing off Mount Nimba horizontally and loading it into ore ships at the rate of six million tons a year. And the Liberian Government for its share will get half the profits.

Since 1949 the Government's income has increased by 530 per cent. President Tubman has ploughed as much as 30 per cent of these revenues back into public works. There are now 1,500 miles of roads in the

country and at least 30 airstrips. Electricity plants are being installed. Nineteen government radio-telegraph and radio-telephone stations are for the first time enabling people to communicate across the jungle. There are new water systems, sewers and port facilities.

As much as ten per cent of government revenues goes to public health activity. Where previously there were only the rubber company and the missionaries to fight sickness, there are now 26 hospitals, eight leper colonies, a tuberculosis sanatorium and more than 100 clinics.

Meanwhile, 12 per cent of the government's tax income is being pumped back into schools. Each year there are 50 more new school buildings, 5,000 more pupils. Enrolments have quadrupled in the last 11 years.

Because no country can realize its full power to develop until its own people begin investing in it, two years ago President Tubman called on Liberians to invest in the Mano River iron mine being developed by the Government in co-operation with Lansdell Christie, an American who had earlier developed the Bomi Hills workings. The response has been a mad scramble for shares by citizens who want to own a piece of their country's future.

Other developments are now being conceived and managed by Liberians themselves. A. Romeo Horton, 36-year-old graduate of an American school of finance, returned to Liberia and within a month mobilized enough capital to form the country's first "local" bank. (The original Firestone bank was transferred to the First National City Bank of New York.) Already it has become a debt-free institution with deposits worth £140,000 (about Rs. 19 lakhs). Horton has also helped to organize the country's first insurance company.

In Liberia a lesson is being taught that is important the world over. "Economic stability," President Tubman told me, "must be based on economic independence. No country can have this if it encourages the great powers of the world to bargain for its friendship. We will not go, hat in hand, to beg. We are not for sale."

Labour Pains

IN AUSTRALIA dock workers in Darwin demanded "embarrassment pay" for unloading a shipment of toilet fixtures. —T. G.

STRIKING barbers in Pennsylvania employed substitutes to do their picketing so that they could go on their holiday. —P. S.

PICKETS picketing a machinery supply company were picketed by pickets protesting that the original pickets were carrying signs made in a non-union shop. —Downey

A Piece of String

By Guy de Maupassant

ALONG ALL the roads around Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming towards the town, for it was market day. In the public square the horns of the cattle, the tall, long-napped hats of the rich peasants, and the head-dresses of the peasant women rose above the surface of the crowd. And the clamorous voices made a continuous din, above which sometimes rose a burst of laughter from the robust lungs of some countryman, or the bellowing of a cow.



Maître Hauchecorne, of Breaute, was on his way to the public square, when he perceived upon the ground a little piece of string. Thrifty like a true Norman, he thought that everything useful ought to be picked up, and he bent painfully, for he suffered from rheumatism. He began to roll the bit of cord carefully, when he noticed Maître Malandain, the harness maker, standing at his door looking at him. They had had some trouble once over a halter and, both being good haters, there was bad blood between them. Maître Hauchecorne was seized with a sort of shame to be seen thus by his enemy, picking up a bit of string out of the dirt. He concealed his find quickly under his blouse, then in his trouser pocket; then he pretended to be still looking for something, and he went towards the market, his head forward, bent double by his rheumatic pains.

He was soon lost in the noisy and slowly moving crowd, busy with

interminable bargainings. Peasants looked over the cows, went away, and came back perplexed, always in fear of being cheated, not daring to decide, watching the seller's eye, ever trying to find the man's trick and the animal's defect. The women, having placed their great baskets at their feet, had taken out the poultry, which now lay upon the ground tied together by the feet, with terrified eyes and scarlet combs. They heard offers, held to their prices with impassive face, or perhaps, suddenly deciding on some proposed reduction, shouted to the customer who was slowly going away: "All right, Maître Anthime, I'll give it to you for that."

Then little by little the square cleared and, the Angelus tolling noon, those who lived too far away repaired to the village taverns.

At Jourdain's the large dining room was crowded with people, the big courtyard full of vehicles of all kinds, yellow with dirt, mended and patched, raising their shafts to the sky like two arms, or perhaps with their noses in the ground and their backs in the air.

Close up to the diners, the immense fireplace, filled with bright flames, cast a lively heat on the backs of the nearest patrons. Three spits were turning, loaded with chickens, pigeons and legs of mutton; and an appetizing odour of roast beef and of gravy dripping over the nicely browned skin rose from the hearth, increased the jovialness, and made everybody's mouth water. All the aristocracy of the plough ate at Maître Jourdain's. The dishes were passed and emptied, as were the jugs of yellow cider. Everyone talked of his affairs, his purchases and sales.

Suddenly the rattle of a drum sounded in the yard. Everybody, except a few indifferent ones, ran to the door or the windows, their mouths still full and napkins in their hands.

After the town crier had finished his drum call, he read out in a jerky voice: "It is hereby made known that there was lost this morning, on the road to Beuzeville, between nine and ten o'clock, a black leather wallet containing 500 francs and some business papers. The finder is requested to return same with all haste to the mayor's office or to Maître Houlbreque of Manneville. A reward of 20 francs will be paid."

Then the man went away. Once more, at a distance, was heard the dull beating of the drum and the voice, growing fainter.

Then they all began to talk of the event, discussing what chances Maître Houlbreque had of finding his wallet. They were finishing their coffee when the chief of gendarmes appeared at the door, and enquired:

"Is Maître Hauchecorne, of Breaute, here?"

Maître Hauchecorne, who was seated at the other end of the table, replied: "Here I am."

And the officer said: "Maître Hauchecorne, will you have the goodness to accompany me to the mayor's office? The mayor would like to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised and disturbed, swallowed his tiny glass of brandy in one gulp, rose and, even more bent than in the morning, for the first steps after each rest were particularly difficult, set out, repeating: "Here I am, here I am."

Seated in an easy chair, the mayor awaited him. He was also the notary of the place, a stout, serious man, given to pompous phrases. "Maître Hauchecorne," said he, "you were seen this morning to pick up, on the road to Beuzeville, the wallet lost by Maître Houlbreque, of Manneville."

The countryman, astounded, looked at the mayor, already terrified by this suspicion which rested on him, without knowing why.

"Me? Me? Me pick up the wallet?"

"Yes, you."

"Word of honour, I know nothing about it."

"But you were seen."

"I was seen, me? Who says he saw me?"

"Monsieur Malandain, the harness maker."

Then the old man recalled the morning's incident, understood, and reddening with anger, cried out "Ah, he saw me, that scoundrel, he saw me pick up this string, here—look, Mr. Mayor——" and rummaging in his pocket, he drew out the piece of string.

But the mayor, incredulous, shook his head.

"You will not make me believe, Maître Hauchecorne, that Monsieur Malandain, who is a man of



GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S writing career lasted only from 1880 to 1891, but his output during those 11 years was prolific—more than 250 short stories, eight novels and several plays Today his works are regarded as classics in the art of storytelling, many of them—like *A Piece of String*—are set in Normandy He was born there in 1850 and spent his childhood at Étretat, the place to which he returned in later life to live in a house overlooking the sea. His great and lasting affection for the people and places of this part of France was always evident in his writing, so much so that he became known as *le conteur normand*—the Norman storyteller.

standing in this community, mistook this cord for a wallet."

The peasant, furious, lifted his hand, spat to one side to attest his honour, repeating: "It is nevertheless God's own truth, Mr. Mayor. I repeat it, on my soul and my salvation."

The mayor resumed: "After picking up the object, you went on looking a long while in the mud to see if any piece of money had fallen out."

By this time, the old man was choking with rage and fear.

"How anyone can tell—how anyone can tell—such lies to take away an honest man's reputation! How can anyone——"

But his protests were in vain; nobody believed him. He was confronted with Monsieur Malandain, who affirmed his statement to the police. The two men abused each other for an hour. At his own request, Maître Hauchecorne was searched, and nothing was found on him.

Finally the mayor, much perplexed, discharged him with the warning that he would consult the public prosecutor about further proceedings.

The news spread. As he left the mayor's office, the old man was surrounded and questioned with serious or bantering curiosity. He began to tell the story of the string. No one believed him. They laughed at him.

He went along, stopping his friends, beginning endlessly his statement and his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out, to prove that he had nothing. They said: "Go on, you old fox."

Night came. He had to return home. He set out with three neighbours to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the bit of string; and all the way home he talked of nothing else.

Next day he made the rounds in the village of Breaute, in order to tell it to everybody. He only met with incredulity. By night time, he was ill.

The next day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a hired man in the employ of Maître Breton, husbandman at Ymauville, returned the wallet and its contents to Maître Houlbreque of Manneville. This man claimed that he had found the object in the road; but not knowing how to read, had carried it home and given it to his employer.

The news spread through the neighbourhood. Maître Hauchecorne was informed. He immediately started on his rounds and began to recount his story, now completed by the happy climax. He was in triumph.

"What hurt me worst," he said, "was not so much the thing itself, as the lying. There is nothing more awful than to be accused of lying."

He talked of his adventure all day long; he told it on the highway to people who were passing by, in

the wineshop to people who were drinking, and to people coming out of church the following Sunday. He even stopped strangers to tell them about it. He was calm now, and yet something disturbed him without his knowing exactly why. People had the air of joking while they listened. They did not seem convinced. He felt that remarks were being made behind his back.

On Tuesday of the next week he went to the market at Goderville, urged solely by the necessity of discussing the case. Malandain, standing at his door, began to laugh on seeing him pass. Why? He approached a farmer from Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and giving him a thump in the stomach said to his face: "You old fox." Then he turned his back on him.

Maître Hauchecorne was confused; why was he called an old fox?

When he was seated at table in Jourdain's tavern, he commenced to explain the affair. A horse dealer called to him, "Come, come, old sharper, that's an old trick; I know all about your piece of string!"

Hauchecorne stammered: "But the wallet was found."

The other man replied: "Shut up, papa, there is one that finds, and there is one that reports. Isn't that true?"

The peasant stood choking. He understood. They accused him of having had the wallet returned by a confederate. He tried to protest. Everybody began to laugh.

He could not finish his dinner and went away, in the midst of jeers. He went home choking with anger and confusion, the more dejected because he knew that he, with his Norman cunning, was capable of doing what they had accused him of, and even boasting of it as a clever trick. His innocence now seemed to him impossible to prove, because his cunning was so well known. And he was stricken to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

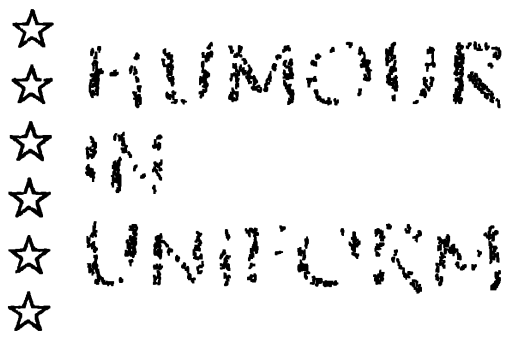
Then he began to recount the adventure again, prolonging the history every day, adding new reasons, more solemn oaths, his whole mind given up to the story of the string. He was believed less as his defence grew more complicated.

"Those are liars' reasons," they said behind his back.

He felt it, and it preyed upon him. He continued to wear himself out with useless efforts. He wasted away before their very eyes.

The wags now made him tell about the string to amuse them, as they make a soldier tell about his battles. His mind, touched to the depth, began to weaken. Late in December he took to his bed.

He died in the first days of January, and in the delirium of his death agony he kept declaring his innocence, repeating over and over, "A piece of string, a piece of string—look—here it is, Mr. Mayor."



ENGLAND was expecting to be invaded at almost any moment, and the members of my Home Guard battalion were issued with live ammunition for night patrols. We had standing orders to stop and check every car passing through our area. One evening a raw farm lad in our unit challenged a car containing a divisional general and chauffered by an A.T.S. girl. Scorning to take notice of a mere Home Guard challenge, the girl drove on with her nose in the air. Promptly a bullet came through the car's rear window and whizzed between the occupants' heads. When the driver still failed to stop, a second bullet nearly took off the general's cap. "For heaven's sake, stop, woman," he yelled, "or we'll be killed!"

The driver obeyed, and the Home Guard came clattering up and thrust his face in the window. "It's a good thing yer stopped when yer did," he said. "I wouldn't have fired in the air the third time, yer know!"

—HUBERT BANNER

RADAR was still a close-kept secret, and stringent security precautions cloaked the naval training centre at Malvern, Worcestershire, where we were being taught its principles during the war. The "powers that be" realized that students needed to take lecture notes, yet they cringed at the thought of these notes falling into the wrong hands.

The navy's solution? Notebooks were issued to us before each lecture—only to be collected by a petty officer immediately following the lecture, torn into small pieces and burned!

—MIKE ROBERTS

A GROUP of Australian recruits were having their five-minute rest on the side of the parade ground when a squad of W.R.A.A.C. marched smartly past. "Now look at those girls," growled the recruits' drill instructor. "See that swing and rhythm in their step? Well, that's how I want you to perform."

"But, Sarge," came a voice from the squad, "those girls are counterbalanced!"

—A. J. LEE

MY BRAND NEW commission in the navy seemed an awesome thing back in the summer of 1941, and I put off telling my mother—since she was in her 70's and I am an only son. But in November I was posted overseas and had to break the news. I made her sit down, then informed her gently that I was now in the navy.

"Navy?" she asked, regarding me oddly.

"I know it's a surprise, but please don't worry . . ."

"Well, son," she said, "I always knew that if a war came along you would think up some way not to have to walk."

—JOSEPH BROWN

THE LONG-AWAITED day came at last when Mother took us to the station to welcome Father home from the war. My brother George, who had been very small when Father went overseas and couldn't remember what he looked like, was watching everything intently.

As the soldiers left the train, they marched past the roped-off crowds. Father was the first to come by. Mother called to him, and he broke ranks to greet us.

We were overjoyed to have Father home again, and everything went smoothly until later in the day when George misbehaved and Dad scolded him. George glared at him, then turned to Mother and demanded indignantly, "Did you *have* to pick the first one you saw?" —IVAN TOLLEY

INSTEAD of the normal "In" and "Out" trays on his desk, one second lieutenant I know has three. The labels read: "In," "Out" and "Back Again." —BOB BROOKS

ONE question on a security clearance form asks places of residence since January 1937. A young airman born in 1941 replied: "From January 1937 to March 1941 — Whereabouts unknown." —EVELYN HULL

AN AMERICAN officer and his wife stationed in Japan had a little Japanese maid, Kimi, who was devoted to their six-month-old son. Repeatedly when they returned home late at night they found Bobby sleeping with Kimi in her bed. Not wanting the baby to become spoilt, they told Kimi firmly that Bobby must stay in his cot.

On their return the next evening, the parents tiptoed into the baby's room. He was sound asleep in his cot —and so was Kimi. —MRS. V. A. MASON

A NEWLY commissioned air force officer and his beautiful young bride had the cottage next to ours one summer. He left early each morning for the near-by airfield, and exactly one hour later she would leave the cottage carrying a large, white bath towel and go for a walk on the beach.

My husband and I wondered about her solitary walks until one morning when she returned convulsed with laughter. She told us that her husband flew over the beach on his way to patrol the coastal waters. When he saw the white towel waving, he would either dip his left wing to say, "I'm on duty all night and won't be home," or dip his right wing to say, "In eight hours I'll be holding you in my arms." This morning he had led a formation out. As he passed overhead, he had slowly dipped his left wing. Before she'd had time to feel disappointed that he would not be home, the rest of the formation flew over, and each pilot smartly lowered his right wing.

—MAIDEL VANHORN

IT SEEMS only yesterday that girls in the women's services were an intriguing novelty. But the number of years that have passed since then was forcefully brought home to me the other day by a snatch of conversation I overheard between two new recruits waiting outside a supply room.

They were discussing the new sleeve insignia, and one said, "These new stripes are certainly different from the kind my mother wore when she was a sergeant." —CAPTAIN JOSEPH LYNCH

Will this "heretical" German invention revolutionize car power plants? A well-known motoring writer discusses the possibilities

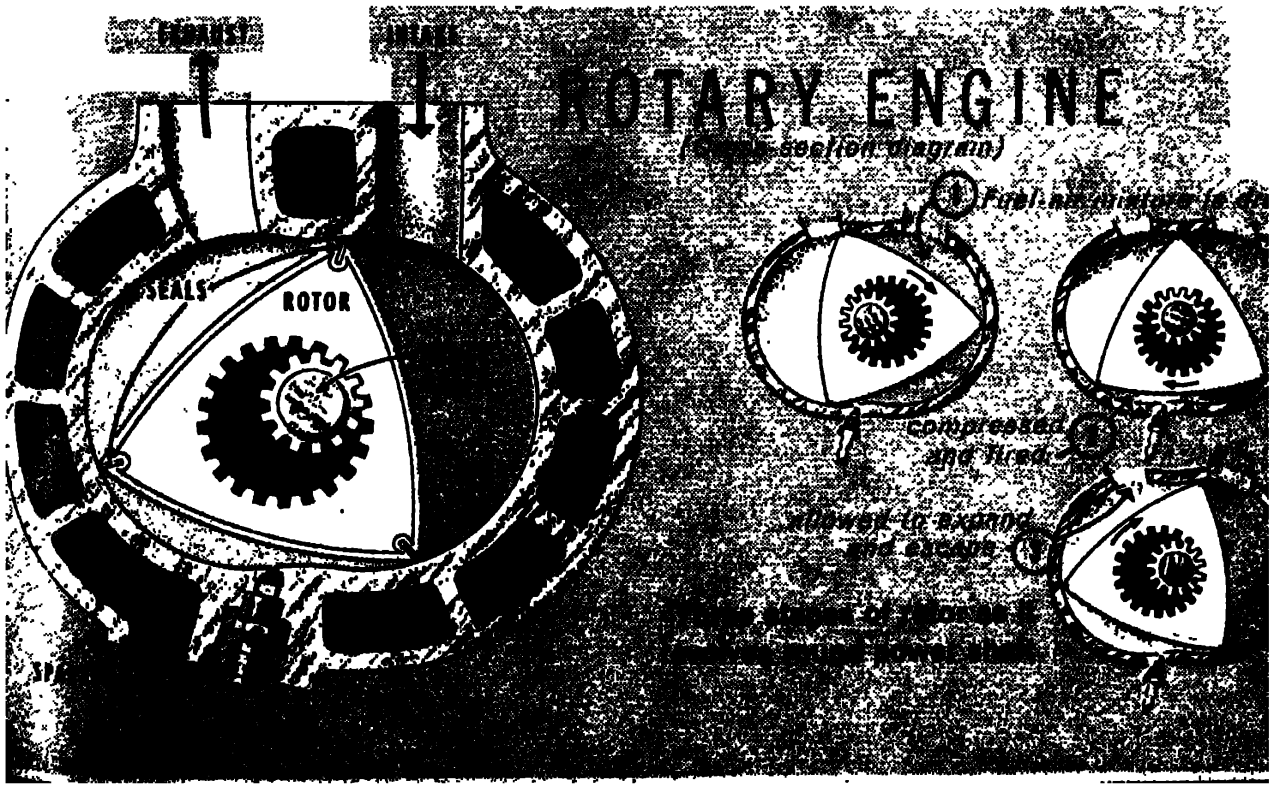
AN ENGINE FOR MOTORING'S NEW ERA

By Ken Purdy *Author of "Kings of the Road," etc.*

THIRTY years ago a German inventor named Felix Wankel entertained a revolutionary notion; he fell to wondering if the standard petrol engine might not be replaced by something better. The announcement last November by Curtiss-Wright, the American engineering firm, that the Wankel engine is in being may presage a period of notable excitement in the automotive field.

The standard internal-combustion reciprocating engine is basically so unsuited to its task that its universal acceptance and success are a source of wonderment. One may

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly



I DROVE THE WANKEL . . .

By Gordon Wilkins, motoring correspondent of the London *Observer*

I drove one of two Prinz test cars powered with the Wankel engine inst of the normal two-cylinder piston engine. When you open the engine comp ment the little Wankel is difficult to find. In a drum-shaped casing only n inches in diameter and seven inches deep, it is almost hidden by the star carburettor and water pump. In spite of its small size it produces as much pow as piston engines four times as large. It develops about 30 h.p.

Driving round the private test track which adjoins the factory at Neck sulm in West Germany, I found the performance of the car slightly better th that of a Prinz with the standard engine. The absence of vibration was canny. There is not a tremor as the engine starts, and only the exhaust note, quite a normal kind, indicates that it is running. Response to the throttle

marvel at the oily-smooth, almost silent flow of power in a fine car, but the sensation is illusory: in the heart of the beast, volcanic violence is being done, and quiet is achieved only by almost infinite refinements of muffling and insulation. The true nature of the animal reveals itself when it is operating at optimum design efficiency, as in a racing car—in the howling of gears, roar of exhaust, wild clatterings and bone-jarring vibrations. A reciprocating engine seems always to be trying to destroy itself. And so it is.

The word "reciprocating" is the key. A reciprocating engine is, in effect, a multi-barrelled cannon, with the fuel charge as the gunpowder, the piston the projectile, the sparking plug the primer or trigger. The charge explodes; the piston, driving its connecting rod, starts to fly out of the barrel; but after only two or three inches of flight it must stop, reverse itself and come flying back towards the breech. It is this repeated reversal of movement, taking place thousands of times a minute, that is at the root of the savagery. But each stroke, for all its violence, produces little power—all the energy used in accelerating and stopping the piston is wasted. The internal-combustion engine can deliver useful effort only when running at high speed.

To eliminate this waste, engine designers have long been trying to achieve an engine whose parts rotate smoothly in one direction.

n late, and when the throttle is closed the engine slows the car normally
\ present the engine is not very flexible, one has to change gear fairly fre
tly for maximum performance Fuel consumption is already down to the
level as for a piston engine The rotor is cooled by lubricating oil pumped
ugh the main shaft, and the outer casing is water cooled Development work
i hand to produce an air cooled casing, but this will take time Engines have
cessfully concluded 100 hour endurance tests on the test bed and the two
rs have already run about 25 000 miles between them but of course much
r prolonged testing is needed before an engine could be passed for pro
uction

Dr Walter Froede, NSU s chief development engineer believes the engine can
ntually be produced in quantity at about the same price per pound as a
ton engine—even though it weighs only a quarter as much for the same
wer Therefore it should do the same work for a fraction of the cost

The NSU Wankel engine isn t ready yet to replace the present engines in our
s but it is already a far more practical power unit after only six years of
elopment than the gas turbine after 15—*Motor Trend* Los Angeles

Both steam and water turbines do this, to produce wonderfully constant, even power flow, but neither is suitable for automotive use A gas turbine, in which the expansive force of burning paraffin and air is directed against many tiny paddle wheel blades, was built in Britain by the Rover Company in 1950 But to produce adequate power the device must turn at approximately 40,000 revolutions per minute, with consequent danger and severe wear, it lags on acceleration, offers no engine braking power when the foot is lifted from the accelerator, and its fuel consumption is high

The idea of an engine rotary in basic motion but fuelled and fired like a reciprocating engine is most attractive But it presents problems The turbine wheel must be sealed in an airtight casing to contain the explosion the explosion must be directed against one segment of the paddle wheel not its whole circumference the charge must be compressed before being fired and allowed to expand afterwards, so the shape of the space between paddle wheel and casing must be altered as the wheel turns while remaining tightly sealed

These considerations have defeated some good men, and in consequence the statement that Curtiss Wright and the NSU Werke of Germany had jointly developed a workable internal combustion rotary engine was held to be news of the first importance Here was a 29 brake horse power engine

weighing only 26¾ pounds. It had no valves, no pistons, no connecting rods, no reciprocating parts of any kind, no crankshaft. It was comparatively cheap and easy to make.

The inventor, Felix Wankel, is a designer associated with the NSU Werke, a firm that began as a maker of sewing machines, and now produces motor-cycles, scooters and small cars. Wankel's solution to the problem was ingenious in the extreme. Externally his engine is round, or drum-shaped. Within is a triangular rotor, geared to its shaft so that it revolves off centre. It turns within a chamber that is like a circle slightly squashed at top and bottom. As the rotor revolves, its corners follow the contours of the chamber, and the spaces they enclose serially expand and contract.

The rotor does what a piston does: inhales fuel, compresses it into a small space, fires it and allows it to expand in a big space. The fuel mixture is drawn in at one side of the engine, compressed as the rotor turns, carried past a sparking plug which fires it, allowed to exert its expansive effort on the flat side of the rotor, thus spinning that component, and then carried to the exhaust side of the casing and allowed to escape. Thus the engine produces three power strokes for each revolution.

At first glance, the Wankel engine is so simple and appears to work so well that it was understandably hailed as revolutionary. One sports-car magazine wrote: "Tomorrow is here! This design is truly the work of a genius."

The voice of the sceptic was soon heard, however. John Bond, a motor magazine publisher, was vehement: "The Curtiss-Wright-NSU engine will never be heard from again." Bond, a motor engineer of more than twenty years' experience, based his scepticism on the engine's sealing. Since the rotor's tips must accommodate themselves to the varying chamber wall, they carry sliding, spring-loaded vanes which bear against this wall. "If you provide adequate lubrication for the seal or seals," Bond said, "the unit consumes far too much oil . . ."

However, Curtiss Wright engineers say that their models, of which nine have been built, show satisfactory economy of both oil and fuel in their tests. Curtiss-Wright anticipates production for industrial use within a year or so. The suitability of the Wankel engine for propulsion of a small car was cited by the NSU people in demonstration runs of one of their Prinz models (see box on previous page). NSU may use the engine in two models of the Prinz in 1962.

Dr. Wankel's engine may mean a revolution in men's means of moving across the earth. The bulky, vibrating, noisy reciprocating engine that has, despite its flaws, served so well for half a century may have begun—barely begun—its journey to the industrial museum.

A graphic page of Cuban history—which is now being hastily rewritten by Fidel Castro

HOW CUBAN FREEDOM WAS REALLY WON

By Kari Mundt

When American military forces went into action on Cuban soil in 1898, they were the spearhead of their countrymen's wish to help the Cuban people free themselves from Spanish oppression. Largely a make shift army opposed by Spanish regulars, they helped to bring about Spain's surrender Afterwards the Cuban people were fed and cared for, their economy restored, schools started, free elections held and the country turned over, for the first time, to the Cubans.

Today, Fidel Castro denies these facts, calling them an "inconceivable distortion of history" and asserting that the United States did nothing whatever to help Cuba to attain its independence In revised history textbooks, Cuban school children are to be taught that America's help to Cuba was "criminal aggression" Likewise, Fidel's brother Raul has described the Spanish American War as an "act of international piracy by the United States against Cuba"

How do the Castro brothers' allegations compare with the documented facts about the war which the United States fought to free the Cubans?

For thirty years before 1898, public resentment in the United States had been mounting against exploitation of the Cuban people. As early as 1870, "Cuba for the Cubans" was a popular American slogan Three U S. Presidents brought pressure on Spain on behalf of the oppressed islanders, with the

result that in 1897 decrees were signed establishing self-government in Cuba, and the Spanish military commander, General Valeriano Weyler—dubbed "Butcher" Weyler by the American Press—was recalled.

The U.S. Congress, by joint resolution, appropriated large sums of money for the care of starving Cubans; a central Cuban relief committee was set up in New York at President McKinley's suggestion; Cuban "liberation clubs" flourished throughout the States; the American Red Cross sent hundreds of thousands of dollars in money and supplies to Cuba. In fact, the true headquarters of the Cuban liberation movement was the United States—the main source of money, arms, encouragement and diplomatic pressure on Spain.

Widespread suffering had been caused among the Cuban people, not only by the Spanish masters of the island but by the scorched-earth policy of the Cuban guerrillas themselves.

The sporadic uprisings of the Cuban peasants, though always unsuccessful, eventually led the Spaniards to drive them into fortified towns where, known as *reconcentrados,* they were forced to live in filth, riddled by disease and without decent shelter or sustenance. Uncounted thousands, mostly women and children, died of starvation.

At the same time, the rebels, under the command of Máximo Gómez, pursued a strategy of arson and pillage, putting the cane fields and the sugar mills especially to the torch. They were determined to make the island an economic desert, regardless of the price in Cuban lives and suffering. This would result, Gómez hoped, either in the financial exhaustion of Spain or in the intervention of the United States.

In 1896 Spain landed 150,000 troops, and by 1897 the failure of the revolution was obvious. Control of the entire country, save for a few mountain sections, was coming more firmly into Spanish hands. Thus, on the eve of American intervention, the struggle for Cuban independence had every appearance of being a lost cause. Historians, both Cuban and American, agree on this point. Yet Rául Castro says, "Our liberation army had virtually defeated the Spanish army when the United States intervened."

The Castro regime states that the U.S. battleship *Maine* was deliberately sunk off Havana on orders from Washington in February 1898 —with a loss of 260 American lives —as a pretext for intervention. Sufficient rebuttal to that was Captain Charles Sigsbee's pacifying cable to Washington about the loss of his ship: "Public opinion should be suspended until further report." Evidence at two official investigations showed that the mine or torpedo presumably causing the disaster was exploded against the outside of

the ship's hull, for the steel plates buckled inwards. But whether the explosion was the act of irresponsible extremists—Spanish or Cuban—or a shipboard accident, it played a part only in bringing the United States into a war against Spain *for Cuban liberation;* hence Castro's statement has the illogicality of all "big lie" propaganda.

Following the *Maine* incident, pro-Cuban sentiment in America forced the declaration of war on Spain in April 1898. In undertaking the war, the U.S. Congress pledged "to leave the government and control of the island to its people" after their liberation.

The United States was dismally unprepared for hostilities. The total strength of the U.S. Army was 28,000, and even these small forces were scattered and ill-equipped. Its artillery was antiquated, there was no smokeless powder, medical supplies were scant, transport was lacking. The only uniforms available were heavy blue wool shirts and winter-issue trousers, the worst possible equipment for campaigning in the tropics.

When the U.S. President called for volunteers, 123,804 Americans from all walks of life joined up to fight for Cuban freedom. But all told, after interminable mix-ups and delays with transports and supplies, only 16,000 troops, with 16 light guns, one revolving cannon and a few other odds and ends of artillery, were landed in Cuba. On June 22, the expedition went ashore in some disorder from their "prison hulks," as the troops called the transports. The men tried to adjust themselves to the torments of rain storms, swarming flies, mosquitoes and land crabs, and then began to fight a war which, though on a small scale, was no less dirty and gory.

The Spanish were entrenched on a fortified ridge—San Juan Hill and El Caney—defending the port of Santiago. The American task was to move men, munitions and supplies in from the coast up steep, narrow and muddy trails through jungle country, storm the enemy positions and capture Santiago. The odds were overwhelmingly against the invaders, but on June 24 their 1,000 man vanguard made contact with the enemy at the road junction of Las Guásimas, fought through jungle and thicket, bellycrawling but gaining ground "in quick desperate rushes," and routed 1,500 Spaniards. American losses were 16 killed and 52 wounded.

By June 30, the Americans were in position, though somewhat precariously, before the main fortified ridge. The order was given to attack next morning: about 6,600 men were to rush El Caney; the rest, some 8,400, were to storm San Juan. That night the troops slept, or tried to, in soggy lean-to tents under a tropical moon. "Before the moon rose again," a correspondent wrote, "every sixth man who slept in the

mist that night would be either killed or wounded."

Next day, after nine hours of inch-by-inch advance through jungle and barbed wire, El Caney was overcome and occupied. At the same time, the other American force was fighting its way forward to the foot of San Juan Hill. In the afternoon the final assault was launched. This action was called at the time "one of the most brilliant charges in history."

It was a grim struggle, but by 4.30 the Americans held the heights. The first straggling houses of Santiago were only a mile away. And a mile farther off, at anchor in the harbour, lay the war vessels of Admiral Pascual Cervera's Spanish fleet.

Previously, while the U.S. Navy had been scouring the Caribbean for him, Cervera had succeeded in bringing his squadron safely into Santiago Bay. When the U.S. Navy discovered him there, it at once bottled him up by blockading the narrow harbour channel. The Americans could no more get in than he could get out; each was beyond the range of the other's fire. To break this stalemate, the American naval officers had demanded action on land to capture Santiago and drive the Spanish fleet out of the harbour. Now the Americans were digging in on the heights above the squadron.

As a result, Admiral Cervera made his decision. On Sunday morning, July 3, he made a dash for the open sea. But by afternoon every vessel of his fleet had been either sunk or driven on to the beach by the American blockaders. The Spanish commander of Santiago, General José Toral, now became amenable to the parleys under white flags which were to lead to his surrender.

On July 17, 1898, with the authority of Washington and Madrid, articles of capitulation were signed outside Santiago. Later, to the U.S. commissioners who negotiated peace with Spain, President McKinley gave these instructions: "Our aim should be directed to lasting results and to the achievement of the common good under the demands of civilization, rather than to ambitious designs." This reinforced the declaration of the U.S. Congress at the outbreak of the war that "the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over Cuba, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people." And this is exactly what was done. Land for what is now the U.S. Navy base at Guantánamo was leased from a free Cuba in 1903.

There were many Cubans who favoured outright annexation by the United States, but President McKinley had already ruled it out: "Annexation cannot be thought of.

That, by our code of morality, would be criminal aggression" Luis Estévez Romero, later the first vice-president of free Cuba, commented at the time "It should be said emphatically that few times in political history has there been a greater inflexibility, rejecting all offers of the Spanish commissioners for the United States to keep Cuba The honour of their nation forbade it"

After the 1898 war Cuba was in a state of chaos Famine, disease and banditry infested a land in which industry and farming, hygiene and local government had virtually collapsed A temporary military occupation was essential to restore order and relieve the general wretchedness Meanwhile, the Cuban rebel General Gómez, before disbanding his guerrilla army, requested a bonus for his men, and the United States gave three million dollars for that purpose.

The first American military governor, General John Brooke, did an impressive job of first aid, supplying food, medicine and clothes His successor, General Leonard Wood, was amazingly successful during the next two and a half years in rehabilitating Cuban life. He channelled a quarter of the island's revenue into schooling for the nearly 80 per cent illiterate population. Within a few months he had provided 3,900 schools to replace the few inadequate ones that had previously existed. More than 140,000 Cuban children were enrolled in the classes, instead of the former total of 37,000 As there were few competent teachers in Cuba, Harvard University raised funds to bring over Cubans to be trained as teachers, and the United States Government provided transport for them

The old scourge of yellow fever was virtually wiped out It was in the course of this sanitation campaign that the mosquito carrier of yellow fever was discovered – a dramatic and oft told tale—thus benefiting all tropical lands At the same time, a programme of vital public works was completed the construction of roads and bridges, swamp drainage and the first effective telephone, telegraph and postal systems

Thus, in a remarkably short time, the U S administration brought the seeds of education, health, economic welfare and, finally, freedom to the common people of Cuba Such were the acts of "international piracy" of which the Castros now speak

Governor Wood encouraged the campaign for self government He issued a call for an elected assembly, which drew up a constitution Though the United States did not relish many of the provisions, it ratified the document Washington insisted, however, that in order to fulfil its duties under the terms of the peace, a treaty regulating Cuban-American relations be appended.

This was the so-called Platt

Amendment, which has often been a target for anti-American propaganda in Cuba. It gave the United States the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence and of a government adequate for the maintenance of life, property and individual liberty.

Americans hoped that they would never have to invoke the Platt Amendment. Unhappily there followed periodic deteriorations of Cuban political life, explosions and revolutions which made this inescapable. There were several interventions but always on the insistence of the Cubans themselves—sometimes by those in power, more often by those who had been unjustly stripped of power.

The first presidential election—probably the fairest in Cuban history—was held on December 13, 1901. On the following May 20, the American flag was hauled down and the Cuban flag raised in its place. As a contemporary observer put it: "The world saw the unwonted spectacle of a country living up to its solemn promise and turning over a coveted possession to the inhabitants thereof."

No doubt there were elements of political and economic self interest in the war of 1898, as there are in every war; but, contrary to Marxist theories, the actual intervention was not inspired by "capitalist imperialism"—indeed, it occurred despite the strong opposition of American business, finance and industry. "It was not the business community that was howling for war," wrote one historian. "It was a crusading morality . . . a populace wrathful over Spanish treatment of the Cubans."

Leading liberals of the time supported intervention. True, the so-called "yellow Press," especially the New York newspapers of William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer, went to fantastic lengths to inflame American sentiment against Spain. But their lurid journalism paid off only because pro-Cuban emotion was already so intense.

Total American investments in Cuba at the time were between 30 and 50 million dollars. Thus the allegation frequently made by the Castro regime, that the United States plunged into war to protect this trifling stake, is nonsense. The first war budget amounted to 50 million dollars; the total cost of the war was 250 million.

These are the facts about the war of 1898. Ironically, it was this very liberation of the people of Cuba which today gives Fidel Castro the freedom to falsify history.

FAUSTINA, an Italian, and her husband José, a Spaniard, speak English fluently and beautifully. When I asked what language they used at home, Faustina replied, "We quarrel in Italian, make love in Spanish and do the budget in English." —Contributed by F. N. D.

A Woman Attacked

This is a shocking story Unfortunately, it is not an unusual one It happe all too frequently

ANONYMOU

THE FIRST intimation I had that someone was in my house was the clicking of the latch on the door of my ground floor bed room I am a professional woman, in my 50's My house is in a coun try district and, since my children are all married, I live alone There are no neighbours within the sound of my voice, none in a position to see or take alarm at any unusual happenings in my house In our quiet little community, several women -widows like me – live alone We had not considered that we were in danger

This night, some time after I had turned out the light, I thought I heard movement outside, as if some thing had brushed against the house Sitting up in bed, I looked out of the window. I saw nothing except my car beside the house in the bright moonlight. A little later I heard the dull boom my heavy cel lar door makes when it is opened. Still I was not alarmed Deer come to my door Trees and old houses produce strange sounds of their own I attributed this sound, too to some innocent cause

It was perhaps 20 minutes later —it must have been about mid night—that the latch rattled on my bedroom door I got out of bed and started towards the door, calling out, Who is it? Who is there?

I was halfway across the room when the door was thrown open boldly, and a man entered half crouching He was in his shirt sleeves, and he was young This was a nightmare but it was real and it was happening to me!

As I stood there momentarily paralysed, the man straightened up to his full height and catapulted himself upon me, forcing me back across the room to my bed Into my mind came the certainty that I was going to die I concentrated all my force on fighting as long and as hard as I could

I saw his face above me, white in the moonlight, and completely expressionless His hands came

down to my throat. I thought, "Now he will kill me." I didn't propose to die tamely. Finding a strength I had not dreamt I possessed, I seized his hands and pulled them from my throat. That was the only deliberately hurtful gesture he made. I realized it was not his intention to kill me, at least not then.

I managed several times to wriggle off the bed. He seized me and threw me back, but as he stooped over me I lashed out at him with both feet. Once I slammed him against the dressing-table, then against the wall, so hard that the iron foot of the standard lamp was bent out of shape when he crashed against it. I can see him now on the floor, staring up at me with that expressionless face. It was the first time in my life I had ever kicked anybody.

Finally, he threw me down so hard that when my head hit the window sill I was partially dazed. I was half lying, half sitting against the wall, trying desperately to get my wits back, when my assailant suddenly collapsed on the floor. He stayed there, leaning against the bed, making no further move towards me.

The battle must have lasted for about half an hour. Somehow I knew now it was over. I must have said something about not reporting the affair if he would leave the house at once. He snarled, "Yeah, you would just get me for breaking and entering," and reeled off a string of charges to which he evidently knew he had laid himself open. I stood up, and he made no move to stop me.

Then he too got to his feet, and before my eyes I saw a new personality appear. The man who stood there seemed mature and poised. In his new mood he did not wish to harm me. The problem now was his fear that if he left me alive I would call the police. I earnestly assured him that I would not—hoping to placate him and get him out of the house.

We walked into the kitchen, and he went to the sink for a drink of water. He exclaimed, in what seemed an agony of shame and self-loathing, "Would you believe that I was once married to a good woman?" I said I could believe it.

There was an awkward pause; then he said, "I wish I could talk to you."

Perhaps this was where I made a mistake. Hesitating only briefly, I replied that I would be glad to talk to him.

I was shivering violently, partly from nervous reaction, partly from cold. I had on only a night-dress and was barefoot. In a matter-of-fact voice I said, "I'm going to get a dressing-gown and slippers."

I don't know how I found the courage to go back into the bedroom. I didn't linger. I pulled a warm gown out of the cupboard. Not seeing my bedroom slippers, I snatched up a pair of shoes. Then

I went back to the kitchen. We sat down at the kitchen table facing each other.

My work is in vocational guidance, but I had never before dealt with a young person as deeply troubled as this man. So, even though I knew he might have killed me, and might still, I was not untouched by his plight—and in his present state he seemed capable of being helped.

He told me he had been wandering the roads for four days. In answer to my questions he said that he had nowhere to go; that he would now go over to the railway and jump on a goods train. He said he was sorry for what he had done and wished we could be friends. He betrayed curiosity about me, asking who I was, what I did.

His trouble, he said, was that he had never been able to adjust to society's requirements. I asked if he had ever had anyone to help him with his problems. He said he had not.

I learned later that a number of attempts had been made to help him. But perhaps, in a deeper sense, what he said was true. For it requires more than good intentions to get at the problems of a seriously disturbed person.

Thus far his conversation had been completely rational. So I was quite unprepared for what he said next: "What I would like to know is, why have you been haunting me all my life?"

"You must be thinking of someone else," I said. "Your grandmother, probably." For I had been laying great stress on the age difference between us.

"No, not my grandmother,' he answered, a querulous note in his voice. "At least, I don't think so." His talk became disconnected, and I could see that he was losing control. Moving his head in a tortured way, he said, 'You were cruel to me. You hurt me in there.'

Then he began to talk in a flirtatious manner, completely at variance with the deference he had recently shown. When I said firmly, "The time has come for you to go,' and stood up, he, too, got to his feet. He apologized again for his actions, told me it had helped him a great deal to talk to me, and asked me to kiss him good bye. He made a move towards me, and I stepped back.

Now, as he stood there swaying a little, a foolish, uncertain grin on his face, the full horror of the situation swept over me. I doubted whether I could fight or talk my way out a second time. I saw only one desperate hope: to get him out of the house.

I grasped him by the arms and resolutely marched him towards the door. Surprisingly, he let me. His body under my hands felt rigid. He walked with the jerky step of a robot. I reached round him, turned the knob and opened the door wide. Just then he turned and faced me. His arms clamped tightly

round me with the mechanical motion of a trap. For an instant that expressionless face, with the round black holes for eyes, again looked into mine.

But we were at the door, and it was open. I caught hold of the doorjamb and somehow pulled myself away. I ran out of the house to the road, faster than I'd ever run before, and up the hill, crying, "Help, help!" I did not slacken my pace until I reached my nearest neighbours' house. They telephoned the police.

The police were at my door within 20 minutes. When they presented me with a large selection of photographs of men who had criminal or sex-offence records, I easily identified my assailant, whom I shall call Jack Smith.

He had been in three mental institutions and had escaped from the third. One week later he was arrested, charged with housebreaking and attempted rape.

While we were awaiting the trial, I had a conversation with Jack Smith's mother, a pleasant-looking woman slightly younger than myself. She told me that Jack had been a promising student until he volunteered for military service during the war—before he was 18. His trouble began to show up after his release. It had been diagnosed as schizophrenia, but he had never admitted that he was ill.

After my encounter with him, Jack Smith was given a psychiatric examination and was found to be a split personality with delusions of persecution. He was sent to an institution for the criminally insane.

Would it be possible for him to get special treatment? "The institution is overcrowded and understaffed," I was told. "He'll probably stay there for the rest of his life."

Yet men sometimes escape or are released from these places, and return to society less able than ever to cope with their compulsions. Might Jack Smith one day return to terrorize another victim?

I have asked myself this question many times. The answer leaves me deeply concerned.

To Women—Some Words of Warning:

Lock your house or flat doors at night.

Insist on bright lighting and adequate police patrols in public places.

Ask for the installation of alarm bells in self-operated lifts.

Keep away from isolated or unsavoury neighbourhoods even during the day, and do not hesitate to *call for help.*

Americans have more food to eat than any other people—and more diets to keep them from eating it. —*A.I.C.*



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM was rehearsing an orchestra Time and again he took the players through a particular phrase in the score Finally he put down his baton in exasperation "The first trombone is playing the middle bars too loudly!" he thundered

"But, sir, the first trombonist hasn't arrived yet," said a timorous flutist

"Very well, then," said the irascible Sir Thomas "When the first trombonist does arrive, tell him he is playing too loudly" —*Daily Mail* London

BACK IN 1934 an old country postman in Northern Idaho finally had to admit that his Model T Ford had made its last trip. He couldn't find a good second hand one, and the Model A with its new gear change seemed too much for him. Besides, he hadn't the money for a new car.

I was working on a ranch then, and decided to write to Henry Ford asking if he could get another Model T and arrange payments for my friend.

Nothing happened for three months, and we'd given up hope. But one day our town's three carriage train had an addition—a flat car on which was perched in solitary splendour a new 1924 Model T bedecked with ribbons. On the steering wheel was an envelope addressed to the postman and in it a card which read, "From one pioneer to another Compliments of Henry Ford"

Contributed by Robert Forrest

US SECRETARY of Defence Thomas Gates was labouring late with Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations "I'd like to keep on working, Arleigh," Gates said shortly after 7 p m, 'but I've got to show up at one of those awful black tie dinners"

"I know," grinned Burke 'I'm your host *I K*

JAMES THURBER's favourite story about John McNulty, the writer, deals with the time McNulty was fired by a news editor with ulcers

The next day a meek McNulty approached the editor with, I suppose, since I was fired, there's a vacancy"

He was told that his reasoning was correct "Then I'd like to apply for the job," McNulty said He got it

Earl Wilson

PHYSICIST Dr James Van Allen, discoverer of the Van Allen radiation zones in space, was lecturing to fellow scientists on the hazards that these would present to space travellers During question time he was asked if he knew of any practical use for them.

"Well," said Van Allen, "I've been making a good living from them for two years."

Contributed by Dr Eugene Levin

IN SCULPTOR Lorado Taft's studio a group of apprentices and students were discussing with Taft's guest, novelist Thornton Wilder, what made a genius. Someone remarked that a genius was either mad or had something wrong with him. "Always," said Taft quietly, "there is something wrong with an oyster when it produces a pearl." —Contributed by M. S. H.

AMERICA'S Ambassador to Japan, Douglas MacArthur II, served as Counsellor of the State Department under the late John Foster Dulles. Like Dulles, MacArthur is a hard worker.

Once when Dulles telephoned the MacArthurs' home asking for Doug, Mrs. MacArthur mistook him for an *aide* and snapped irately, "MacArthur is where MacArthur always is, weekdays, Saturdays, Sundays and nights —*in that office!*"

Within minutes, MacArthur got a telephoned order from Dulles: "Go home at once, boy. Your home front is crumbling." —*T.E.*

AMY LOWELL, the poet, held a low opinion of the Cabots, one of the leading families of Boston, Massachusetts, her home town. She would never accept an invitation if Cabots were to be among the guests. Each year it was Miss Lowell's practice to sail for Europe aboard the old *Devonian*. Her departure was as much an event in Boston as the opening of the symphony season or the first lilacs in the Fenway. Therefore, one June day when ships-news reporters saw Miss Lowell disembarking from the *Devonian*, just before sailing time—bag, baggage and maid—they converged upon her. Why wasn't she sailing?

"I just happened to look at the sailing list," she declared. "A good thing. There are 16 Cabots aboard the *Devonian* this trip and God isn't going to miss any such opportunity."

—Lucius Beebe

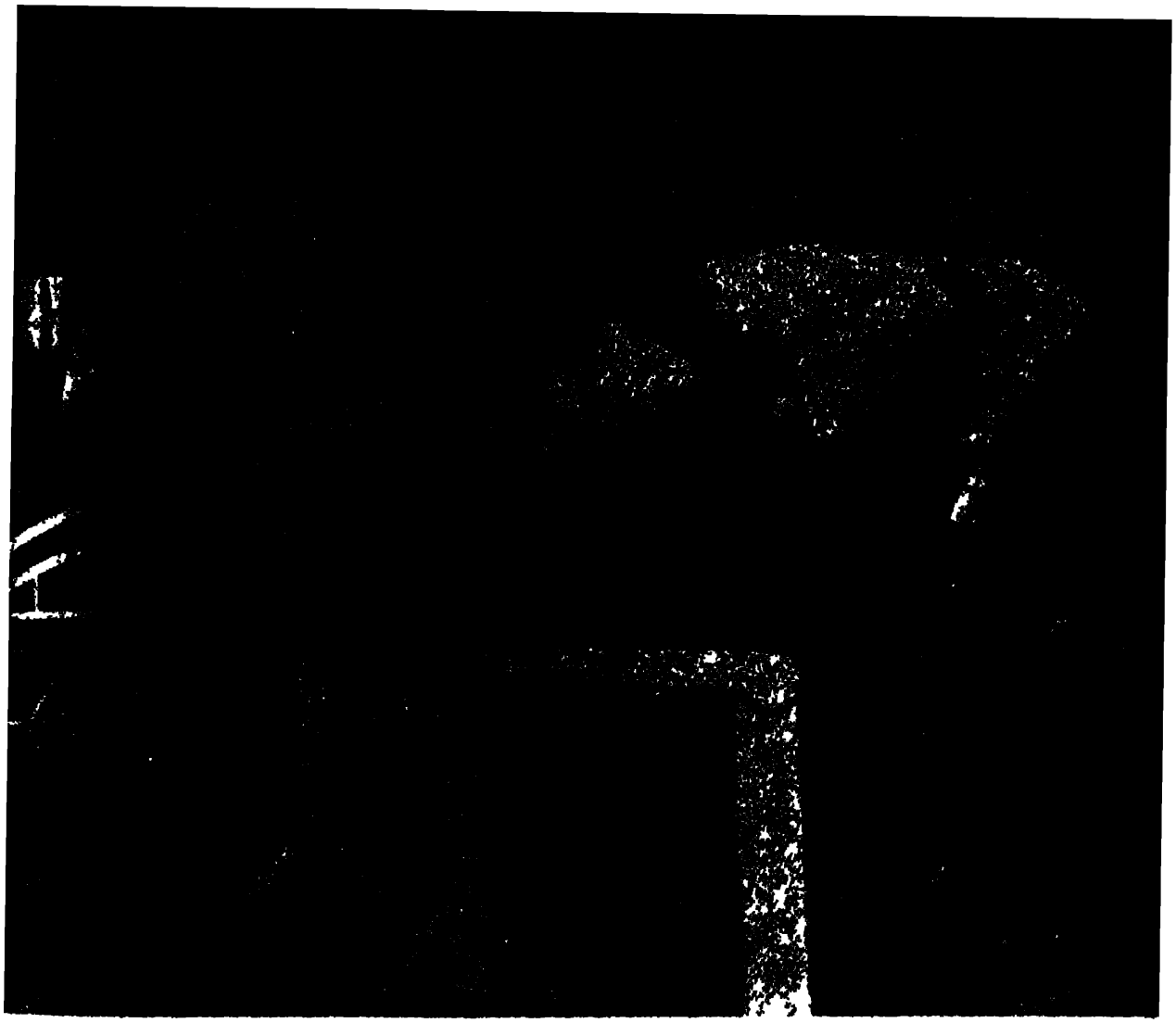
UPTON SINCLAIR'S *My Lifetime in Letters* included this brief comment from H. L. Mencken: "I find your note on my return from Europe. As always, you are right—save in matters of politics, sociology, religion, finance, economics, literature and the exact sciences." —M. P

CHARLES LAUGHTON was on tour giving dramatic readings and stopped overnight in our college town. The hotel management was greatly honoured to receive reservations from such a celebrity. But the new night clerk, not recognizing Laughton because of his crumpled attire, gave the actor a small room in the older part of the hotel. Laughton's handsome, well-dressed chauffeur, however, got *de luxe* accommodation. And not a word of complaint from the amused Mr. Laughton.

—Contributed by Mildred Nelson

A YOUNG lady working for the United Nations called on Dag Hammarskjöld before departing for a trip to Sweden. "Sir, I'm sorry to take up your time when you are so busy," she said. "But I've never seen you personally, and when I get to Sweden I might be embarrassed if your countrymen ask me whether I know you."

"I'm glad you've come," he replied. "I'll be in Sweden shortly after your visit—and people are sure to ask me whether I know *you*." —C. C. E.



Freudy Photos

The Farm Horse that to Glory

By Philip Kinhardt

The almost incredible story of Snow Man—and the young Dutch farmer who saved him from the slaughter-house and rode him to glory

If you had been one of the 13,000 spectators at the U.S. National Horse Show in New York's Madison Square Garden on November 7 last year, you would have experienced an unexpectedly moving moment. In the middle of the evening the arena was cleared,

Condensed from De Hoefslag (The Hague)

the lights were dimmed and the band struck up a triumphal march. All eyes followed a spotlight towards the west end of the ring.

There a big grey horse—obviously not a thoroughbred—appeared, preceded by five small children. As a fair young man and his wife led the horse to the centre of the huge arena, the audience rose and began clapping. In a moment the applause was deafening. The young couple and their children beamed and bowed their thanks, the horse stamped his feet, and the thunderous clapping went on and on.

The horse was Snow Man, and he was being declared the Professional Horsemen's Association champion in open jumping—one of the highest honours the horse-show world has to bestow. That he and his owners, the handsome de Leyer family, were being so wildly cheered was enough to make even the coldest cynic believe in fairy tales.

For, less than four years before, Snow Man had been on his way to the slaughter-house, a tired farm horse that nobody seemed to want or care about. Fortunately, somebody did care—and this is the story of that caring.

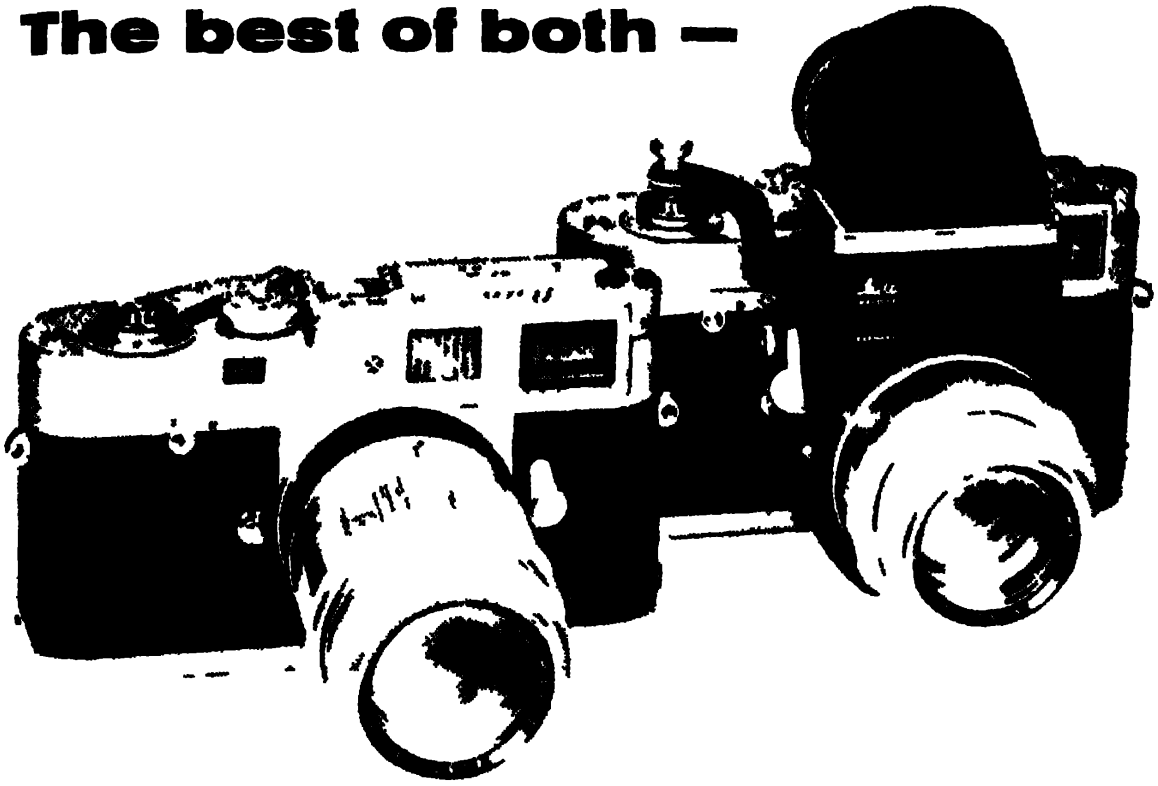
One wintry Monday in February 1956, 28-year-old Harry de Leyer set out from his small riding stable at St. James, Long Island, for the weekly horse auction in New Holland, Pennsylvania. Harry had been brought up on a farm in the Netherlands and had always loved horses. In 1950 he married his childhood sweetheart, Joanna Vermeltfoort, and they went to the United States. With only a smattering of English, and 160 dollars (Rs. 760), Harry and Joanna first tried tobacco farming in North Carolina, then worked on a horse farm in Pennsylvania. Soon the two young Netherlanders had a few horses of their own, and within five years Harry was offered the job of riding master at the Knox School for Girls on Long Island. Now the father of three children, he was interested, of course, in doing anything he could to build security for his family.

When Harry headed for the Pennsylvania horse auction that February day, he was intending to add to his stable for the use of the school. He arrived late, however; most of the horses had been sold. Wandering outside, he saw several sorry-looking animals being loaded into a butcher's van. These were the "killers"—worn-out working horses that nobody wanted, except the meat dealer. The sight made Harry sad. He felt pity for any horse, however useless, that could not live out his last years in a green pasture.

Suddenly Harry spotted a big grey gelding plodding up the ramp. The horse was thick-set, but lighter than the others, and there was a spirited pitch to his ears, a brightness in his eyes.

Unaccountably, on instinct alone, de Leyer called to the loader to bring the horse back down.

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"You mad?" said the meat dealer. "He's just an old farm horse."

Probably, Harry thought. The animal's ribs showed, his coat was matted with dirt and manure, there were sores on his legs. Still, there was something about him . . .

"How much do you want for him?" de Leyer asked.

That's how it all started. Harry de Leyer got him for 80 dollars.

The whole de Leyer family was out to greet the horse next day. Down the ramp of the van he came, stumbling over his big feet. He looked slowly around, blinking in the bright winter sun. Then, ankle-deep in snow, covered with shaggy white hair, he stood still as a statue. One of the children said, "He looks just like a snow man." Hence—his name.

They all set about turning Snow Man into a horse again. First they clipped him lightly, and then they washed him—three times. After a while the blacksmith came. Finally, cleaned and shod, Snow Man was ready for his first training session as a riding horse.

Harry laid a dozen thick wooden poles on the ground, spacing them a few feet apart. To walk across the network of poles a horse had to lift his feet high and space his steps. When Snow Man tried it, poles flew in all directions, and he stumbled and swayed.

But Snow Man learned quickly. By spring he was carrying the novice riders at Knox, and some of the girls even began asking for him in preference to the better-looking horses.

When school closed that summer, Harry de Leyer made what might have been the biggest mistake of his life: he sold Snow Man to a doctor in the neighbourhood for double his money, on the understanding that the doctor would not sell Snow Man, except back to him. After all, Harry told himself, he *was* in the horse business.

Now Snow Man began showing a side that had not previously come to light. He insisted on jumping the doctor's fences, no matter how high they were raised, and coming home —cross-country over fields, through lawns and flower-beds. Irate citizens called the police. The doctor was glad to let de Leyer have Snow Man back.

The feeling was mutual. For in some strange way de Leyer had come to believe that he and Snow Man shared a common destiny. Solemnly he promised himself never again to part with the horse.

Now, with the indication that Snow Man liked to jump, de Leyer began giving him special schooling as a jumper. With kindness and hard work, he helped Snow Man over tougher and tougher obstacles. Finally, in the spring of 1958, he decided to put the big grey to his first real test—at the Sands Point Horse Show on Long Island, where he would compete with some of the top open jumpers in America.



I never dreamt "Life" and "Lustre'

back to my hair

thanks to Loma

A few months ago, my distress knew no bounds, when I found that I had lost the prime of youth – bewitching black hair And you know how a few streaks of grey hair can ruin one's appearance

But times have changed now so also my hair ! The streaks of grey hair are no more, and in place stands luxuriant and lovely hair, rich with 'Life' and 'Lustre'. Need I say regular use of "LOMA" has brought this change ! For me "LOMA" is a perfect hair oil – in short, the name that stands for "Hair Protection".



[illegible], Bombay 2.

Incredibly, out on the Sands Point jump course Snow Man seemed able to do no wrong. Again and again spectators held their breath, expecting the ungainly-looking animal to come crashing down on the bars—but he never did. By nightfall on the second day of the three-day show he had achieved the seemingly impossible: he had tied for the lead in the Open Jumper Division with a great old campaigner named Andante.

Then, with success so close, on his final jump of the day Snow Man landed with his feet too close together, and a back hoof slashed his right foreleg. By tomorrow it would be swollen and stiff. But de Leyer isn't one to give up easily. He cut a section out of a tyre tube, slipped it over Snow Man's injured leg like a sock, tied up the bottom and filled the top with ice. All night long he kept the improvised sock full of fresh ice, and told Snow Man over and over again how they would win next day.

When morning came, the leg was neither stiff nor swollen. And on the final round of the day Snow Man beat the mighty Andante!

Harry de Leyer now saw that he had a potential champion—possibly even a national champion. But giving Snow Man a chance to prove it meant getting into the horse-show game in earnest, driving to a new show each week-end, putting up big entry fees, riding his heart out—a long, tiring summer and autumn that *could* end in little reward. Moreover, a spot on Harry's tongue had begun to hurt, and to worry him. It would be easier to forget about championships. Still, after talking it over, Harry and Joanna decided that Snow Man deserved a try.

So, to Connecticut they went. Snow Man won at the Fairfield Horse Show and at Lakeville. Then to Branchville, New Jersey—but Harry was in no condition to ride a winner. His tongue had begun to bother him badly and he had scarcely eaten for a week; Snow Man had a bad day. Blaming himself for the big jumper's first loss, Harry de Leyer drove home that Sunday night gritting his teeth against the pain.

On Monday he went to a doctor. On Tuesday he entered a Long Island hospital to have a tumour removed from his tongue. On Saturday he got the laboratory report. the tumour was malignant. It was the end of the life he had known. the end of Snow Man's quest for glory.

Harry drove to the Smithtown Horse Show, a few miles from his home, making plans to sell his horses. But somehow he would keep Snow Man. The horse would be turned out to pasture.

Sitting at the show, de Leyer heard his name announced over the loud-speaker: he was to go home immediately. Harry's first thought was: the children! His second: a fire! He sped home, wondering how



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much more a man could take. But when he turned into the drive, the children were playing in the garden and there stood the house. Joanna was close to hysteria, however. A message had come from the hospital that Harry's laboratory report had been mixed up with another; the tumour was not malignant!

"All of a sudden," Harry says, "my life was handed back to me."

From then on, the summer and early autumn became one happy rush towards more and more championships at important shows. And finally it was November, time for the biggest show of all—the National at Madison Square Garden.

The National Horse Show lasts eight days. Horses that lack either consistency or stamina are weeded out long before the final night. After seven days Snow Man was tying in the Open Jumper Division with a chestnut mare, First Chance.

For their jump-off on the eighth day the course was long and intricate. It wove around the Garden oval in four overlapping loops; it included quick turns and changes of direction—combinations which call for perfect timing and co-ordination.

First Chance went first. Whether it was the tenseness of the moment, the wear and tear from so many days of jumping, or the difficulties of the course, no one can be sure. At any rate, First Chance "knocked" several barriers.

Now it was up to Snow Man to run a cleaner course. Slowly he headed for the first jump. De Leyer nudged him with his knees, and the big grey exploded over it. Now up and over Snow Man went, and up and over again. Over the brush jump, over the chicken coop, the hog's-back, the bull's-eye, the striped panel. There were a few touches, but far fewer than First Chance had made. Finally he approached the last jump.

Now Harry de Leyer sat up in the saddle and threw the reins across the horse's neck. He was showing, for everyone to see, that it was not he who was responsible for this great performance, that it was the horse. Snow Man rumbled up to that final jump, and he thrust and he sailed and it was done! An old and unpedigreed farm horse had won it all—the National Horse Show Open Jumper Championship, the Professional Horsemen's Association Trophy and the American Horse Shows Association High Score Award. He was declared "Horse of the Year" in open jumping.

Then, last year, Snow Man was "Horse of the Year" once more. And if you had been one of the vast crowd that filled Madison Square Garden that November evening to watch the de Leyer family and their big grey receive the ovation, you, too, would have stood . . . and clapped . . . and perhaps even cried—for the victory of a horse and a man who cared.

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Emerson's Vital Message

"Trust thyself," was his creed. "Hitch your wagon to a star," he said—and said it first—together with many other treasured aphorisms

By Bruce Bliven

On a winter day 100 years ago, a tall, gangling gentleman with a sharply chiselled, square-jawed face sat wrapped in a heavy buffalo robe in a rowing-boat crossing the icy waters of the Mississippi. Unmindful of the cold, his blue eyes sparkling with interest, he questioned his companions—frontier farmers and traders—about *their* work, *their* opinions. This was America's foremost philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, on his way to keep a lecture appointment in a small frontier town.

Whatever the weather or travel conditions, Emerson always got through to keep his lecture dates. No audience was too small or too remote for this man, who expounded his great philosophy of individualism in the roughly-built meeting halls of a pioneer nation.

When I was 16, the English teacher in my Iowa home town gave me as a reading assignment: "The most famous essay ever written by America's leading philosophic thinker." After supper I settled down at the dining-room table by the paraffin lamp and opened the book at "Self-Reliance," by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The words I read struck my mind like a blow: "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius . . . The virtue most sought after is conformity. Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist . . . An institution is the lengthened shadow of one

for Today



man . . . Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind . . . A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds . . . Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string."

Almost every sentence was worth an hour's thought. I felt as though a wise elder brother had laid his hand on my shoulder and was telling me --and so beautifully!—things I needed to know.

That first impression of Emerson has stayed with me. I have gone back to his writings again and again for more than half a century, and never picked up any page of them without finding something as true as the ancient hills and as modern as next week.

Many of Emerson's phrases have become commonplace: "Hitch your wagon to a star," "All mankind loves a lover," "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." He was pre-eminent in shaping the American mind and its characteristic outlook—optimistic, practical, self-reliant. The poet Robert Frost calls Emerson one of the four greatest men America has ever produced, a peer of Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson. Psychologist William James rightly predicted, "Posterity will reckon him a prophet."

"Self-Reliance" is his most famous essay, and this characteristic was the heart of Emerson's philosophy and of his own spirit. He spent his life urging people to exercise their powers to the full. To the individual he says: Cast out fear; rely on your own inner resources; trust life and it will repay your trust. You can do better than you believe you can.

Emerson learned this philosophy from the early American pioneers, independent, optimistic, practical builders of a rough new nation who were, at the same time, conscious heirs of 200 years of democratic tradition and philosophy. Emerson listened to them, drawing out their views on many matters. Late into his life, he would roll up his sleeves and help the farm hands in the fields, for the chance to talk to them. "I like people who can *do* things," he wrote.

Emerson believed that every man has something to contribute to all. He charmed humble people, despite the profundity of his lectures. A charwoman who always attended his lectures in his home town of Concord, Massachusetts, confessed that she didn't understand him—"but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as though he thought everyone was as good as he is."

Nearly every winter for 40 years Emerson made a long, exhausting lecture tour throughout the Northeast of America and, later, the Middle West. It was from these talks that he developed and afterwards published his great essays: "Nature," "Beauty," "Experience," "Friendship," and so on. He received very little money for his speeches. "I lecture only for



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F.A.M.E.—Fifty And My Expenses," he used to say. And if his fees were small, the admission charges were too. One audience got both Emerson and an oyster supper for a dollar.

Yet Emerson gave encouragement and support to many of the great figures of American literature and philosophy. He kept the wolf away from the door of Bronson Alcott, a hopelessly impractical, garrulous philosopher with a brood of daughters (one of whom, Louisa May, wrote the immortal *Little Women*). He always found work to support the indigent philosopher, Henry David Thoreau. His encouragement of Walt Whitman was decisive in bringing that great poet forward ("I was simmering, simmering, simmering. Emerson brought me to a boil," Whitman wrote).

With his friends, Emerson started an illustrious luncheon club: the Saturday Club. Members included Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the Swiss naturalist, Louis Agassiz, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. It needed a giant to be first in such a group; and no one questioned that this was Emerson's role. But he could be laughed at on occasion. Once at a club meeting he was arguing with Agassiz: "Some of us believe with Kant that time is merely a subjective form of human thought, having no objective existence." Then, looking at his watch, he added hastily, "Good Heavens! The Concord train goes in 15 minutes!" He departed on the run, leaving the other members shaking with laughter.

In his youth, Emerson gave few hints of his future greatness. A sickly and seemingly unimaginative child, Waldo was the only one of five sons for whom his widowed mother had no great hopes. At school he was a dull scholar who confessed his dread of "tomorrow's merciless lessons." Weak in Greek and hating mathematics, he did poorly in the memorization by rote that then passed as education. Yet at Harvard, through which he worked his way, he managed to read the complete works of a score of the world's great writers and philosophers. His favourite, Plato, he used to read while snuggled under blankets in his unheated room.

One thing may account for his interest. Even as a small child, he was talked to and treated completely as an adult, particularly by his Aunt Mary, the chief intellectual influence in his young life. Recent studies of great men have shown that often they were forced from the beginning to stand on tiptoe, so to speak, in intellectual matters.

After graduating from university, Emerson spent a few unhappy years as a schoolteacher and as a minister. His wife and two beloved brothers died. His life was frugal and poor . . . and still his spirit soared.

It was in 1835, the year of his second marriage, that he made his

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courageous decision: to spend the rest of his life in the expression of pure thought, and to rely on this activity somehow to earn a living. He settled in Concord, near Boston, and from his quiet study there for half a century came the explosive thoughts that reverberated round the world.

Beginning when he was a young man Emerson got up at 5 a.m. to write his thoughts for half an hour or an hour in the journal he called his "savings bank." Later he indexed and cross indexed the ideas, and from these pages drew his lectures and books. The result is a style packed with meat. I have found that I appreciate him more if I read him in small doses—a few pages to think about before going to bed—or if I read the essays aloud, as Emerson read them, to friends.

From these readings I have gleaned many useful ideas. Here are some of them:

Life Is an Ecstasy. Emerson's most exciting discovery is that being alive is an almost unbearable pleasure. All things that live, he felt, participate in the Divine Consciousness. It is only because of sloth and habit that we grow dull and cease to feel the ecstasy. Even when things were at their worst, as after the death of one he loved, Emerson never wavered in this belief. "I embrace absolute life," he said, meaning the sour as well as the sweet, the incomprehensible as well as that which is made plain.

Surely this is one of Emerson's most practical messages. Most of us fail to enjoy life as it goes along; some of the best moments are dulled by our cares and anxieties. How helpful if we remember that every moment is a glorious gift of God! Our worries then fall into perspective as the petty things they are.

Trust the Universal Harmony. Believing that all consciousness is part of the Divine Mind, Emerson therefore felt that a man may trust his own thought, for it is divine. And he may trust the world, too, for the universe is governed by the consciousness of which we are all part. Once you have "accepted your own law," he wrote, "all omens are good, all men your allies, all parts of life take order and beauty."

Find the Harmony Through Nature. The key to happiness, he insisted, is to keep your mind in tune with the Divine Mind, your life in tune with the universe. And the most useful exercise for this is to contemplate nature, seeing the beauty in it. Emerson himself, when at home, would go out to his woods by Walden Pond at least once a day, to stare into the water and watch the grass blow, and to brood on his brotherhood with all things that live. It was at these moments he wrote some of his most memorable lines.

Emerson put great significance on responding to nature's beauty—for he believed that it leads to goodness. "Truth and goodness and beauty,"

he wrote, "are but different faces of the same All." In Paris during the revolution of 1848, he noted that the trees on the boulevards had been cut down for barricades. "At the end of a year," he observed drily, "we shall take account and see if the Revolution was worth the trees."

Trust Yourself. Emerson felt the individual should have complete confidence in his place in the world. "Self trust is the first secret of success." Over and over again he emphasized that "sin is when a man . . . is untrue to his own constitution."

He urged his audiences to strike out boldly in life. Use your imagination: "You could never prove to the mind of the most ingenious mollusc that such a creature as a whale was possible." Age need be no impediment: "We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count."

Live Dangerously. Urging self-trust, Emerson summoned his listeners to take risks, to defy the views of those about them, if need be. There was one subject that moved him to open defiance of the authorities—Negro slavery. In 1850, when the U.S. Congress enacted the Fugitive Slave Law, which destroyed all civil liberties for a runaway slave captured in the North, Emerson spoke out against "this filthy enactment": "I will not obey it, by God." He was booed and hissed off the platform by a crowd that didn't share his views—in Boston, of all places. But Emerson was unmoved. He was an optimist but also a realist who saw all too painfully how far short of the ideal his America sometimes fell.

You Are Better Than You Think. "In all my lectures I have taught one doctrine," Emerson said, "namely, the infinitude of the private man." He urged on all his listeners a healthy recognition of their own value. "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instinct," he thundered, "and there abide, the huge world will come around to him." Yet most men underrate themselves. He scolded his lecture audiences for being unwilling to "say noble things," waiting to hear someone else say them. People at heart are finer than they dare admit to each other.

There Is Some Good in Everyone: Find It! "Trust thyself" is one side of the coin. The other is to trust the wisdom and integrity of others. For if you believe, as Emerson did, in the divinity of the human mind, then you must recognize that *all* human beings share the divine spark, however different or strange they may seem to be.

Emerson insisted that the odd characters who sought him out were entitled to be heard. He wanted people to be allowed to be different, to express their true character. "The charm of life is this variety of genius, these contrasts and flavours by which Heaven has modulated the identity of truth."

Scorn Material Things. "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," Emerson observed. "Why should you renounce your right to traverse the starlit deserts of truth for the premature comforts of an acre, house and barn? . . . Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread . . . Riches and poverty are a thick or thin costume; and our life—the life of all of us—identical."

At a time when he needed money badly the Salem Lyceum offered him a good fee to lecture, "provided no allusions are made to religious controversy, or other exciting topics upon which the public mind is honestly divided." Emerson replied the same day, "I am really sorry that any person in Salem should think me capable of accepting an invitation so encumbered."

Always Try Your Hardest. Emerson drove himself remorselessly. Far into old age, he travelled thousands of miles every winter to fulfil his lecture engagements, speaking night after night in draughty halls that were always too hot or too cold, then racing on to the next town. When at home he shut himself up for long hours each day in his study, where he produced not only his ten major books and scores of magazine articles and lectures, but the million words and more of his *Journal,* "Without halting, without rest, Lifting Better up to Best."

"Like the New England soil," he observed, "my talent is good only whilst I work it . . . [Artists] like bees must put their lives into the sting they give. What is man good for without enthusiasm? . . . He who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom."

Constantly he urged people to try the difficult. "What if you do fail and get fairly rolled in the dirt once or twice? Up again, you shall never be so afraid of a tumble . . . Try the rough water as well as the smooth; rough water can teach lessons worth knowing."

America's great philosopher died in 1882, at the age of 79. Yet his ideas remain as valid today as when they first thrilled mankind. Above all, he teaches us that human personality is sacred and inviolable, the most important thing in the world. It is a lesson which humanity needs.

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—John Feeback

The bold boiled potato



One day, the potato said to the runner bean You know I believe I'm a much abused vegetable

The bean stopped running to ask And why do you say that my friend

Well said the potato sadly it's because so few people know what I'm really like The way potatoes are cooked it's shocking" The potato shivered delicately 'Nobody gives all my true flavours a chance

At this point an old light gleamed in one of the potato's eyes Do you know what? he said I'm quite quite fed up And before the bean could stop him the potato jumped into a bowl of water a useful starch for so was born a recipe for boiled potatoes

But there's a limit to boiling potatoes however protective this may be of flavour After a while boiled foods pall even on the most patient palate How to cook potatoes yet preserve their true to And not just potatoes what about the great variety of foods we like to eat

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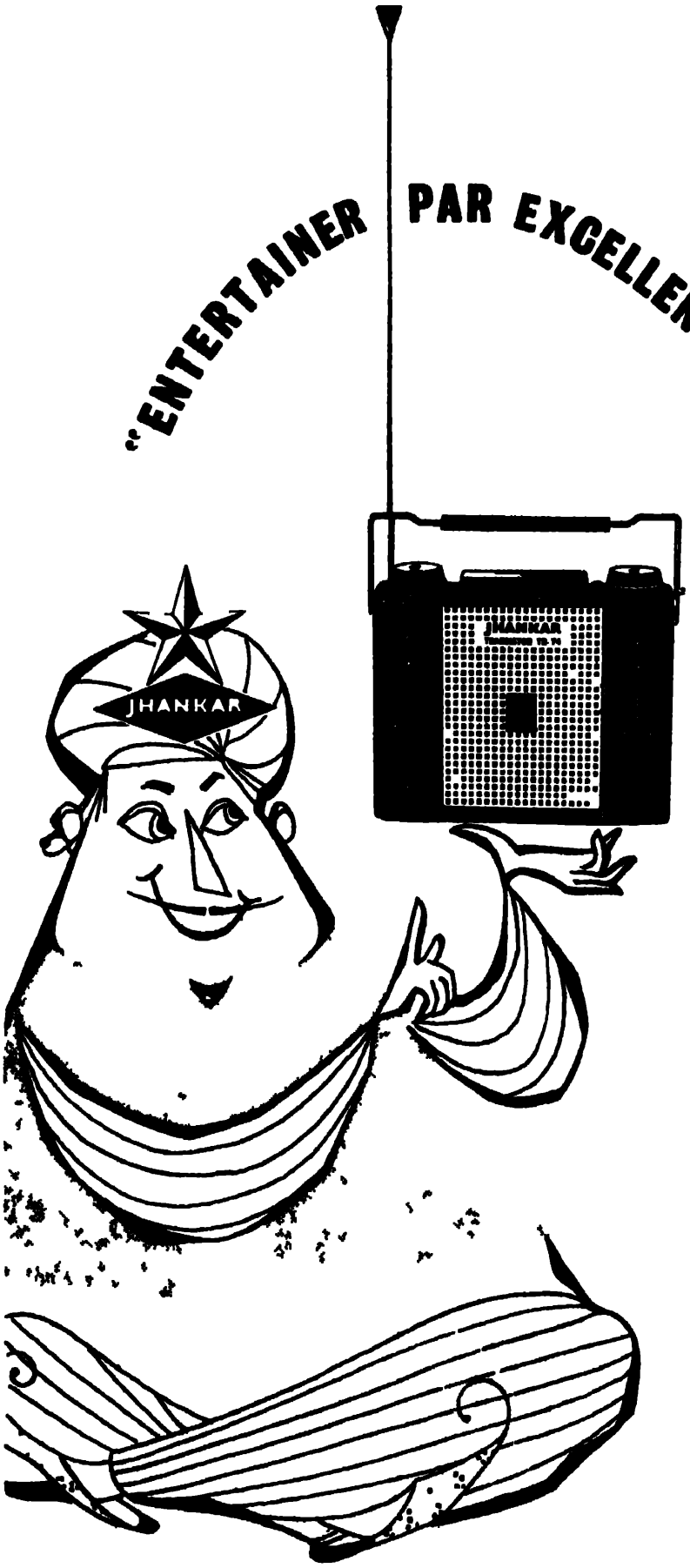
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The yawn of a new day (H M)

Mournful tugs arguing with the fog (A D) Children growing, growing, gone (F O)

Verdant Vernacular I'm tired well into next month (E W) I lay down on the bed and turned myself off (H K) Ginger ale tastes like bees sound (D M) He could always beer up under misfortune (Marceline Cox)

No, he was never married—he's just a self made mouse (*W S J*)

The Young Idea Underneath a chalked pavement sign which read "Tommy loves Helen," a childish hand had written "Unconfirmed report" (H S) A little girl who was late for school explained to the teacher, 'I was walking behind a slow dog" (A P) The hardest job some children face is learning good manners without seeing any (*I H M*) Youngster in pet shop "I want the puppy with the happy ending"

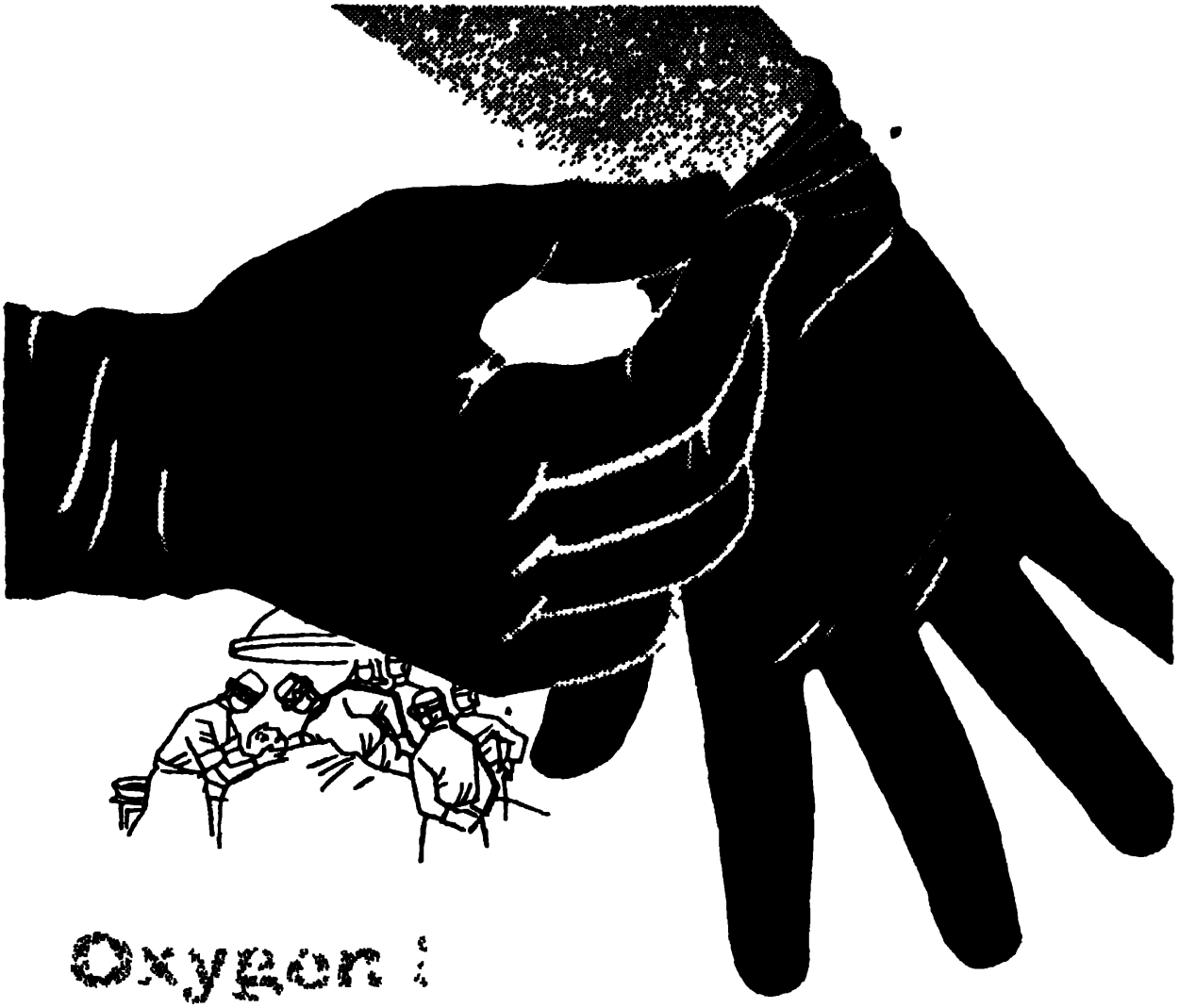
Cracking the Quip Any man who says he can see through women is missing a lot (Harold Coffin) A popular song is one that makes us all think we can sing (*B B*) . A decision is what a man makes when he can't find anybody to serve on a committee (I K)

Mummies are Egyptians that were pressed for time (Ralph Mitchell) Conscience a thinking man's filter (*I N*)

Home Truths A woman's final decision seldom tallies with the one immediately following it (*W I*) Many a wife has helped her husband to the top of the ladder and then decided that the picture would look better on the opposite wall (*W S J*) Adolescence is that period in a child's life when his parents become more difficult (*M M*) A thing for which I do not care nor count among aesthetic blisses is seeing senior matrons wear frocks designed for junior misses (R A)

Growing Pains Sign on a struggling stick like tree I think that I shall never see a tree as hard to grow as thee (Miss Jane's Weeds) Notice posted on a college lawn It is a tradition here not to walk on the grass This tradition started at noon today! (Charles Ferguson)

Finely Defined Wife a person who can look in the top drawer and find her husband's socks that aren't there (Dan Bennett) Inflation when people who used to say money isn't everything say it's hardly anything (F K) Disappointing detective story Thud and blunder (*T F D*)



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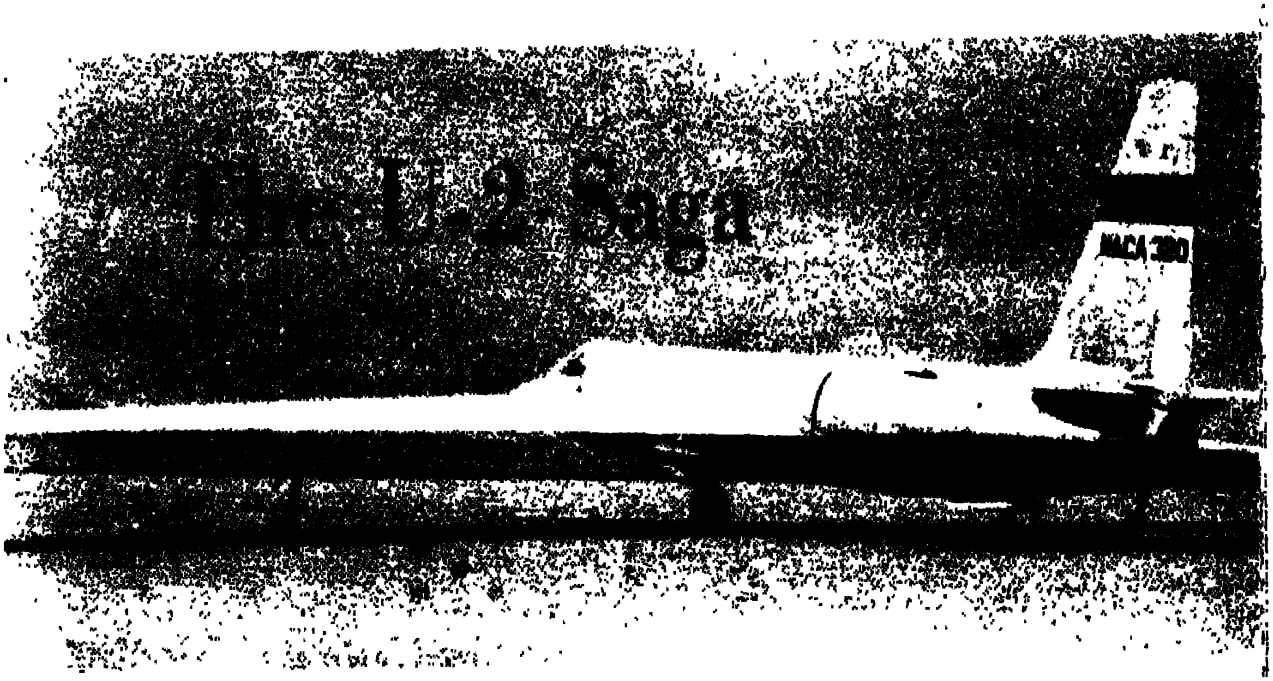
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Here, exclusively told for the first time, is the dramatic story behind one of America's most tightly guarded secrets

The U-2 Saga



By Jules Bergman

One day three years ago, a U.S. Air Force pilot flying 80,000 feet above the Atlantic suddenly felt the sickening "whump" of his jet engine flaming-out. As the crippled plane slanted down towards the foam crests more than 15 miles below, the pilot switched his radio to an air force emergency frequency, pressed his microphone button and called, "Mayday. Mayday. Jet six eight two. Flame-out 300 miles east of Bermuda."

Since jets, with their small wings, usually glide "like stones," the tower at Kindley Air Force Base in Bermuda hurriedly asked the pilot for a more exact position report before he ejected and parachuted into the ocean. "Can land safely," the pilot informed an astonished tower. "Need radar vector to your field."

Some 40 minutes later, Kindley airmen watched in disbelief as the strangest-looking aircraft they had ever seen landed neatly *after gliding 300 miles*. It had the sleek body of the new Century-series jets, but the biggest wings ever seen on a jet—bigger than on many bombers.

That incident at Kindley was perhaps the first substantial hint of the

existence, and fantastic capability, of the U-2--one of the United States' most tightly guarded secrets from 1954 to 1960. Not until two U-2's crashed within 24 hours in America two years ago did the U.S. Air Force release any information about the plane, and then only a tiny bit.

The plane was described as a "high-altitude weather reconnaissance" aircraft with a top speed of about 600 miles per hour. And it could fly at altitudes of 50,000 feet. The first fact was true; the second was also true—as far as it went. The U-2 *could* fly at 50,000 feet. But this jet-powered glider could also fly at well above 70,000 feet for as long as six hours—a performance unmatched by any other operational aircraft.

Then the security lid was clamped down again on the U 2, and was held tight until last May, when U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers came to grief near Sverdlovsk in Russia. Part of the U 2 story, in fact, is still top-secret, but this much can be told:

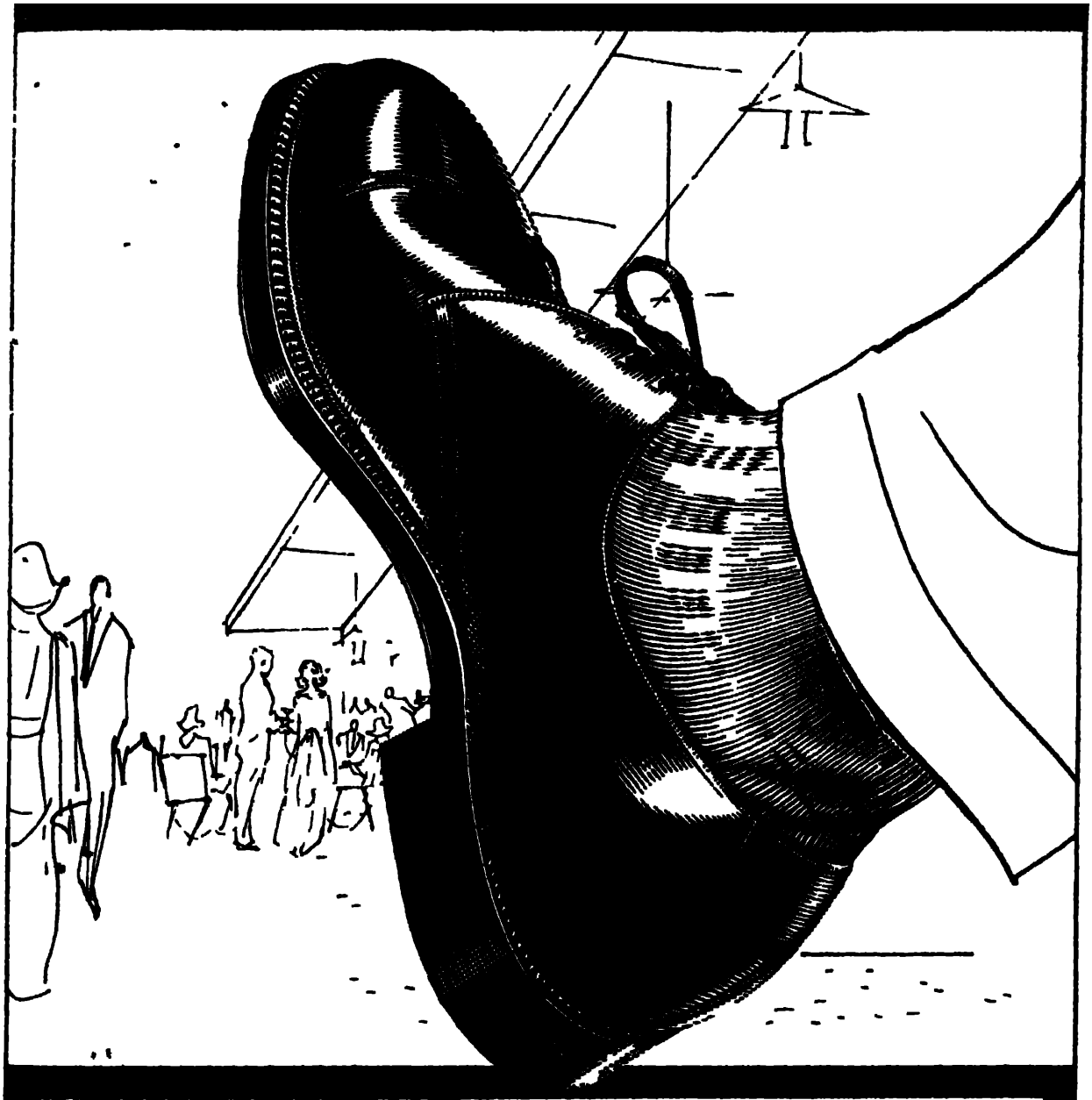
The U-2 was born during the summer of 1954 in the restlessly inventive mind of Clarence Johnson, head of Advanced Development Projects for Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Johnson is an impassioned non-conformist who has a brilliant record of achievement. During the war he directed the building of America's first jet, the F-80, and got it flying in 141 days—a job considered impossible. After watching U.S. jet fighters battle it out with the Soviet-built MiG-15's in the Korean conflict, he designed the F-104 Starfighter, then the fastest plane in the air—1,500 miles per hour.

Early in 1954, with the West eager for more intelligence data on Soviet Russia, Johnson began to work on the U-2. No foreign plane had reconnoitred Soviet soil since the Second World War. It was known that the Russians were leaping forward with missiles and first-class supersonic jets. But just how far had they gone? Where did they build, test and operate their rockets? Where were their atomic plants, submarine bases, industrial sites?

The U.S. Strategic Air Command wanted to know, and U.S. reconnaissance planes, flying near Soviet borders, were being shot down by interceptors. America's best jets were incapable of flying either high enough or long enough to do the job.

Johnson provided the answer with his jet-powered glider. The problem in high-altitude flying is *staying up* in the thin air of the upper atmosphere. The solution, Johnson decided, was a jet engine with the ability to get up high where it burned less fuel, plus a fantastically oversized wing to keep the plane at

JULES BERGMAN has been a specialist American broadcaster on aviation and rocket science for the past six years. In preparing this article he had the assistance of the U.S. Air Force and Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.



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an altitude of well above 70,000 feet. No jet fighter, he reasoned correctly, could reach so high; and it would be years before Soviet anti-aircraft missiles could.

To determine whether such a plane was practicable, an experimental model would have to be built and tested in complete secrecy. But how could its true purpose be concealed?

If it were classified as an experimental research aircraft, a lot of people would be curious about what barrier it was supposed to smash. The R (for Reconnaissance) category was ruled out because the plane's job would then become obvious. The new aircraft was therefore given the Air Force's U (for Utility) designation.

Next, Johnson quietly approached a few key Lockheed engineers and asked if they would care to work on an idea he had in mind. They became part of a hush-hush experimental task group which met early each morning at Lockheed's Burbank airfield, boarded a Dakota and flew to work.

Just where the plane landed and where the engineers hand-built their first U-2 has never been disclosed.

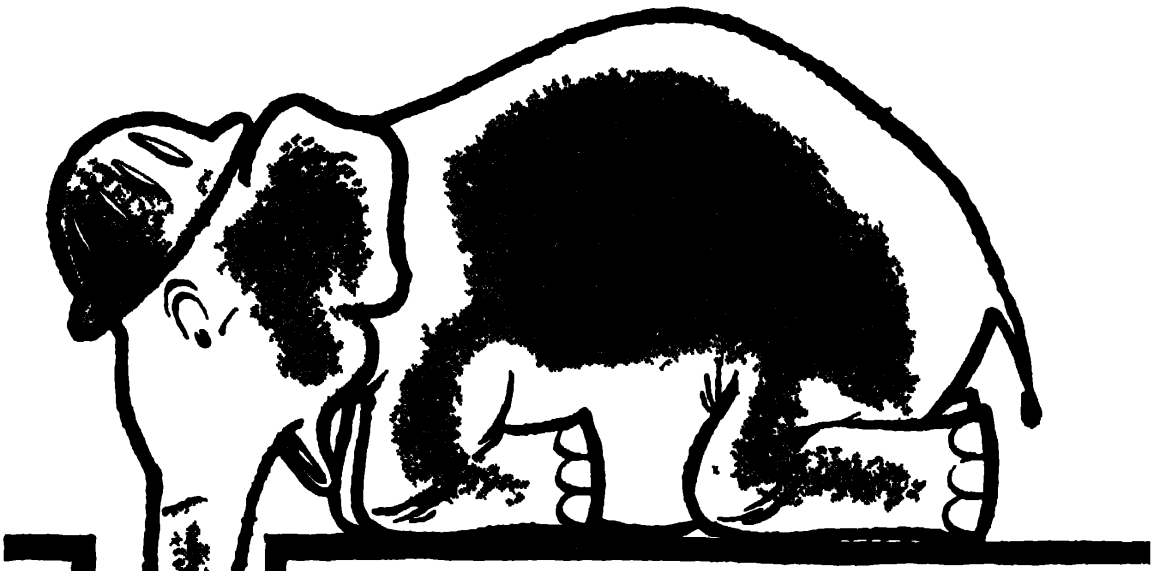
As laid out, the U-2 had a wingspan of 80 feet and a fuselage 50 feet long. Built from light metals, including titanium, it weighed five tons empty—less than half the weight of smaller jet fighters. The engine was a modified version of the J-57 jet used in many military planes. Because normal jet fuel, JP-4 (a mixture of paraffin and petrol), boils away and evaporates at altitudes greater than 70,000 feet, a special fuel for the U-2 alone was tested and refined. Johnson's jet glider carried nearly 1,000 gallons, enough to fly 3,000 miles or more.

Designing, building and testing the U-2 took little more than a year, from mid-1954 to late-1955. This was sensational, since it usually takes four years to put a new plane into service.

Perhaps as many as 50 U-2's were finally built. The exact figure is still secret, but the U.S. Air Force admits now to having about 30, and at least seven have crashed, possibly more.

Late in 1955 the Air Force, the Central Intelligence Agency and the old National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics (NACA) joined forces to set up the U-2 "programme." The U-2's, it was announced, would be used for high-altitude air sampling to determine radioactivity, and for weather research. The cover story was partly true: the plane *was* used for high-altitude weather research.

Early in 1956 the U.S. Air Force formed its first U-2 unit, the First Provisional Weather Squadron, which quietly went into operation from Watertown Strip, Nevada. Although this was a restricted area, the discovery of the U-2 was not long in coming. One day F-100



"Well, only a well can tell!'

These human beings have their own way of making simple things complicated. Remember how I discovered oil by just dipping my foot into the pool. Nothing so simple for them! Like for instance what they did a few years ago in the Brahmaputra Valley, just to do the same as I had: discover oil.

First the company carried out 'magnetometer' and 'gravity' surveys (I really don't understand these) and my goodness they did a "SEISMIC" survey. It's nothing short of a minor earthquake. They used little gadgets in their survey which told them that perhaps this was the spot where the underground structure might hold an oil trap. On this type of flimsy evidence they start drilling. I wouldn't if you ask me. However it seems that that's all the information they can hope to get from any survey, only a test well can really tell whether or not the oil is there.

Look what a test well means to the AOC: a 200 ton drilling rig, about 3½ miles of pipe, three miles of steel casing, 60 to 100 drill bits, about 1,000 tons of mud chemicals, 2 000 to 5 000 sacks of cement, 3 000 barrels of fuel oil plus the sustained efforts of over 100 skilled personnel. What happens when such a test well fails?—anything upto Rs. 40 lakhs down the drain (or down the well?)

I hear not less than 200 test wells were drilled by the AOC over a wide area before they struck oil at Naharkatiya.

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fighters from Nellis Air Force Base, near Las Vegas, spotted the new plane high above them. A curious pilot accelerated his 900-m.p.h. F-100 upward, and tried to catch the U-2. He reached his peak altitude hopelessly below it. The secret, of course, was kept in the family.

In any plan for overflying an enemy's territory during peacetime it is crucial not to use *military* pilots. So, for what had been announced as its "high-altitude meteorological programme with U-2's borrowed from the air force," NACA let it be known that it would use civilian pilots employed under a contract with Lockheed. These were hand-picked "volunteers," carefully chosen for jet-flying experience, daring and steadiness.

In the summer of 1956 the U-2 foreign operations began, from U.S. Air Force bases in Britain. Soon, U-2's took up scouting points in West Germany (the USAF field in Wiesbaden) and Turkey (Incirlik Air Base). In the Far East, they began operating from bases in Japan, Okinawa and Formosa. Painted a dull blue-black, the planes carried no markings except for NACA lettering (later changed to NASA—the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, successor organization to NACA) and a serial number on their rudders.

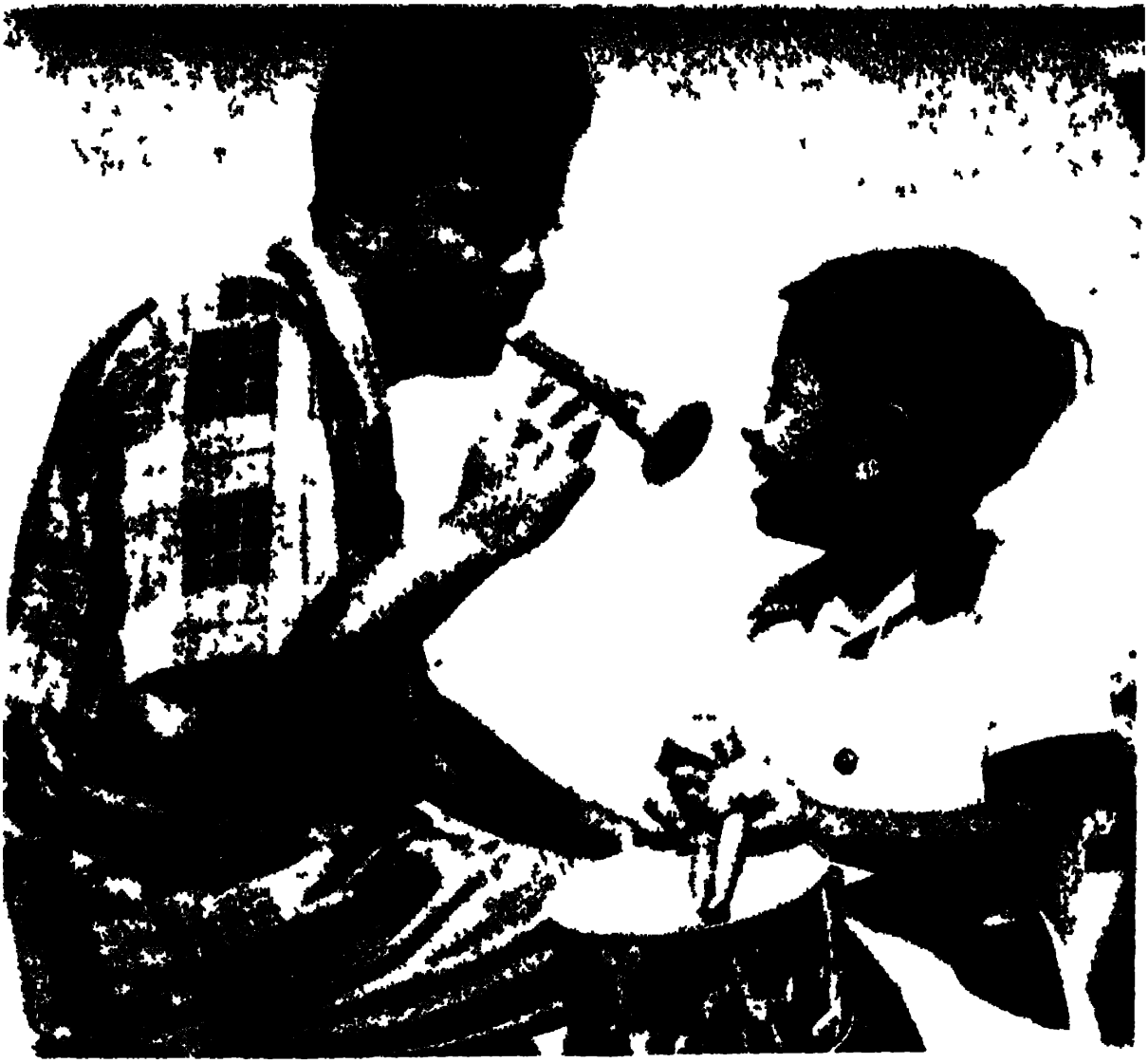
After escaping Communist detection on their initial overflights, the U-2's now began deep penetrations, to the very heart of the Soviet Union. They carried in their bellies the most sophisticated intelligence gear scientists had been able to devise: cameras able to record continuously *all* Soviet territory flown over and to provide powerful telephoto-close-ups of specific targets; infra-red detection apparatus to pinpoint underground installations and camouflaged targets; sensitive tape recorders to take the electromagnetic pulse of Soviet radio and radar stations.

Interpreted by skilled specialists, the data gave a revealing picture of Soviet offensive and defensive power. Target kits on Strategic Air Command's B-47's and B-52's were kept up to date as Soviet bases or equipment changed. But the most telling item of strategic intelligence was the simple fact that U.S. planes *could fly over Russia.*

By 1958 it was clear that Moscow knew about the U-2's. The Soviet Air Force newspaper, *Soviet Aviation,* openly confessed in May 1958 that their air intelligence officers were worried about the high-flying planes.

They had guessed the purpose of the U-2's correctly, but they seemed powerless to do anything.

Since the U-2's could fly only in clear weather if their cameras were to function properly, the Russians, by studying their own weather reports, learned when and where to look for a visitation. Whether Soviet agents in Turkey or Soviet radar first began to signal U-2 take-offs no

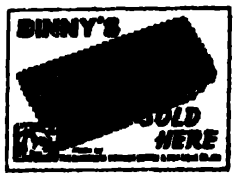


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one knows. But the planes began to run into interception attempts.

The first clue was the radio jabber of Soviet pilots taking off. Then U-2 pilots would spot the latest MiG-19's and MiG-21's zooming up to 70,000 feet trying to reach them, then stalling in the thin air. The cannon shells fired by Soviet pilots fell harmlessly beneath the U 2's.

By the spring of this year, the U-2 overflights had mounted into the hundreds. With the first Sputnik launchings, the U-2's aimed at Soviet rocket bases, filming as many launching sites as possible. CIA's 10/10 Squadron, of which Francis Powers was a member, proceeded to discover the failures as well as the successes of Soviet rocket and missile firing.

But parts of the Soviet land mass were too remote for even the U-2's long range. To cover the Soviet ICBM launching area near the inland Aral Sea, for example, the U-2's had to fly from their base in Turkey to an airfield on the fringes of the U.S.S.R., refuel there and then head in.

That was the case late in April when Powers took off from Turkey. His mission was vital: the West suspected that Russia would try a spectacular space shot to celebrate May Day, and as a summit-conference propaganda *coup*. The shot might be achieved with the giant rocket reportedly glimpsed by U-2's on earlier flights—a rocket which had mysteriously disappeared from the Aral Sea launching site, leaving a giant crater.

Early on May 1, Powers headed into Russia. Four targets were on his schedule: the rocket site at Tyura Tam, east of the Aral Sea; Sverdlovsk and its new, mysteriously domed missile launching points; and the Soviet air and submarine bases at Archangel and Murmansk. His route was to cover more than 3,000 miles.

By the time Powers crossed the Soviet border, he was higher than 70,000 feet. But the Russians had known of his flight beforehand; as soon as he crossed over, their radar caught up with his plane. Then, relentlessly, it tracked him as he sped deep into the U.S.S.R.

Near Sverdlovsk Powers's luck abruptly ran out. The reliable jet engine may have flamed out, like a blowlamp turned off. In any case, Powers was forced to descend to a lower altitude, probably to try a restart in air richer in oxygen. And perhaps while trying to relight, he was pounced on by Soviet jets, or hit by missile fragments.

On the ground outside Sverdlovsk, the Russians were waiting. Powers, his wrecked plane and its intelligence gear were recovered. The saga of the U-2 had come to an end. But the full story of *all* its accomplishments has yet to be told.

"If it ever is," a high Washington official has declared, "there won't be enough medals for all the heroic U-2 pilots."

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LOST TOOTH

I am Maxillary Molar — Max to my friends and neighbours. I used to belong to Mr B. I was meant to last him a lifetime; but here I am at the dentist's — being extracted! And I haven't lived half my life. I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Mr B screams with pain!

I was born when Mr B was eight years old, sixteen years ago. I grew up to be a shining white tooth. Whenever Mr B looked into the mirror I shone with whiteness, like the rest of my brethren. We were a set of gleaming white teeth. And no wonder. Mr B cleaned us regularly, morning and evening — with a toothpaste, of course.

You probably use a toothpaste yourself. But *which* toothpaste? That's the point. I've just heard the dentist say to Mr B: 'Most toothpastes clean the teeth well; but that's not enough. A toothpaste must care for the gums, too. Do you know that unhealthy gums are the greatest single cause of tooth losses?'

A little laugh escaped Mr B.

'Gum troubles are no laughing matter, Mr B. They breed toxic matter in the mouth, which cannot but pass into the body. When this happens, stomach troubles and ill-health start.'

'Grruff!'

'Research has shown,' continued the dentist, 'that 9 out of 10 people suffer from gum diseases — without being aware of it! You're one of the nine, Mr B.'

'What can I do about it?' mumbled Mr B.

'Well, this is what *I* do,' the dentist said, picking up a tube from the shelf. 'We dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate for treating gum troubles.'

'Sodium Ricinoleate?' Mr B said, brightening up. 'That's the name of Gibbs SR Toothpaste. I've read an advertisement where they say that only Gibbs SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate. What does it do?'

'It strengthens the gums and prevents their bleeding. And it prevents the toxic action of bacteria in the mouth.'

The dentist's forceps have gripped me firmly — and that's the last straw left for me. Before I am dropped into the dustbin, let me tell you why I relate my story. I want to tell you this: Let them last you a lifetime, as they are meant to. Brush and chew your food all your life. Don't lose your teeth. Don't lose your life.

Down, down I go! (*Climb*)

Have started the habit?





By Hamilton Bee Mauk

My Most Unforgettable Character

"Anyone can tell the truth if it makes things easier," she said. "But to do it when it makes things harder—that takes courage."

came home late that Christmas night in 1945, and opened the door of my grandmother's old house quietly. I didn't want to disturb her. I knew, though, that if she were awake she would hear me no matter how quietly I came in.

The light was on in her room, at the far end of the hall. While I was hanging up my coat in my room, I heard her steps coming slowly and uncertainly down the long hall. She looked very old when she came to my door. (I had been back at home only two days, and was not yet

accustomed to the changes that had occurred during the war years.) She was 84, and she still did her own shopping and housework, but somehow the last four years had laid upon her the wrinkled patina of age.

"Good party?" she asked. She loved parties.

"Good enough," I said. "But you shouldn't have waited up."

She looked at me intently for a moment, holding on to the door jamb.

"I am dying," she said. "You'd better call a doctor."

I picked her up, the little old body light as an armful of twigs, and carried her back to her room and put her on the bed and phoned the doctor. Then I sat beside her and held her dry, papery old hand. She was quiet, her eyes were closed, and some time during the few minutes I sat waiting, she died. She died gently and with all the dignity that had marked her living. The doctor told me later that she had had a heart attack, and he was surprised she had lived at all after it.

"She must have had an urgent reason to hold on to life," he said.

Her name was Zella de Hyniel, and she emigrated to the United States from Lyons in France when she was 14. She married my grandfather, a Texas Ranger, when she was 16, and they made their home in San Antonio, in a sprawling old house in Paschal Street.

My father was killed in the First World War, and when Mother remarried I went to live with my grandparents. Perhaps modern psychologists can find something sad and destructive in that, but for me it opened the doors to a wonderful world. I was five years old and very happy.

My grandmother did not clutter up her life, or mine, with rules. She believed that to live successfully you had only to be courageous. Courage, as she understood it, implied honesty as well, since dishonesty was only a manifestation of fear.

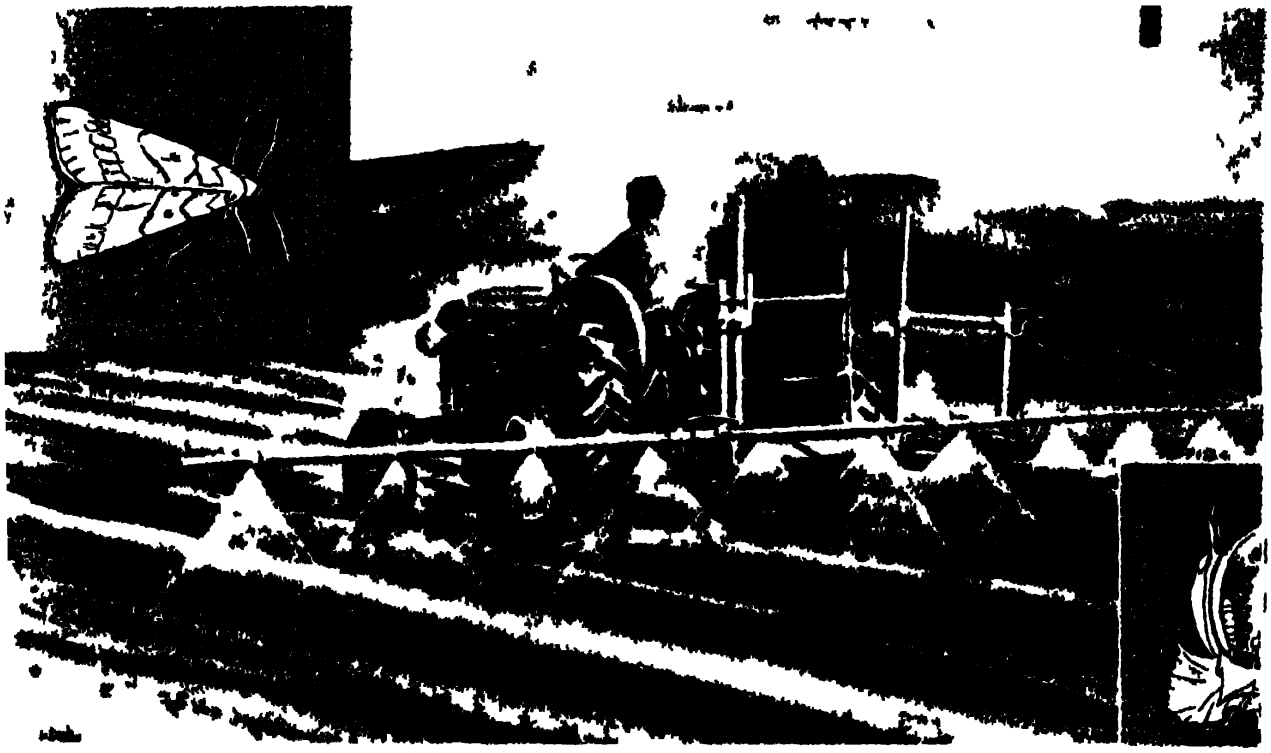
I slept alone in a big, echoing room in the front of the house, and I suppose my training in courage began there. I spent a week or two of frightened nights with my head under the pillow before I became accustomed to the feeling of aloneness. For the first few nights, my grandmother talked quietly to me until I became sleepy, explaining that she and Grandfather were within calling distance. Then my grandfather's death left us alone together. By that time I had reached the point where I treasured the time I had to myself in the big room.

I remember my grandmother as she was then: a small, excitable woman with untidy black hair

---

SPORTS WRITER Hamilton Maule has been a trapeze artist, the bottom man in a hand-balancing act, publicity director of a professional football team and a newspaper reporter.

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dusted lightly with grey. She took snuff, and as a boy I had a treasury of the small, round tins the snuff came in. She made no effort to conceal this habit, although taking snuff was not precisely *de rigueur* for elderly ladies in Texas. I suppose that was a part of her honesty: she knew she was a lady, and felt no need to prove it to anyone.

She was equally sure she knew how to bring up a small boy, and she cared not a fig that her theories did not agree with those in vogue at the time. For instance, theoretically I was free to stay out as late as I wanted. But she accomplished the equivalent of a curfew by having a very early breakfast at which she read to me. I loved the cool, clear mornings in the old kitchen, listening to her read, with dramatic fire and gestures, from the books she taught me to love. So, by a fairly early hour every evening I was ready for bed. In this instance, as in others, she led me pleasantly—without onerous rules for me to kick against—into a life which was, on the whole, better regulated than the lives of other small boys in the neighbourhood.

She learned to like sports after I started secondary school, and she admired football and boxing because they require the kind of physical courage she thought should be a part of every man. She would walk almost half a mile to the football field to watch me play, then would bounce up and down the line, a tiny figure clad in black, shouting advice. She understood little about football, but she knew what she wanted to get across, and when I came within earshot her favourite shouted advice was, "More force, 'Am Bee! More force!"

I learned that I could not come home and complain of having been picked on. "If the boy is bigger, 'Am Bee," she told me fiercely the first time I came home sniffling, " 'it 'im all the 'arder. Your gran'-papa never took a backward step from any man."

When I took her advice and walloped a larger boy, I was hauled home by his mother. "Look what Ham Bee did," the woman said indignantly to my grandmother. "He tried to kill my boy."

My grandmother inspected the lumps on the boy's head. "No great 'arm," she said, poking strongly at a bump and making the boy cry louder. "No great 'arm. Your oaf has too 'ard a 'ead for such a little boy to 'urt."

She turned to me. "Next time, 'Am Bee," she said sternly, " 'it 'im 'arder!"

Her respect for moral courage was as strong as her admiration for physical bravery. Coming from France, she did not share the racial attitudes then common to a Southern American city. She treated our Mexican cook as an equal, and she did not mind my playing with the son of a Negro woman who did the housework next door. In fact, I grew up



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with the young Negro boy, Snooks

When I was 15, the wife of a judge who lived near by appointed herself spokesman for our community She told my grandmother that the neighbours appreciated her unfamiliarity with the customs of the South, but it *was* improper for a boy of my age to have a Negro boy as a close friend and equal

My grandmother called me in and told me what the judge's wife had said "Ow do you feel about it, Am Bee?" she asked

'I like Snooks," I said

"I do, too," my grandmother said She turned to the other woman "Thank you," she said sweetly "We will remember what you've said"

Then she turned to me "'Am Bee," she said, "you've to respect other people's beliefs, but you 'ave to live by your own" I continued to play with Snooks and, so far as I know, there were no further objections

She expected always that I would be truthful Once, when a neighbour was away on holiday, some other boys and I spent an afternoon shooting the windows out of his house with catapults When he came back he canvassed the neighbourhood to find out who had done the damage

By the time he reached our house, he had almost given up hope of finding a culprit All the boys in the street had claimed to have been at a film or elsewhere when the windows were shot out.

My grandmother took us into the parlour, a room reserved for solemn occasions "'Am Bee," she said, "it is not necessary to tell you that I expect the truth"

I was tempted to deny my participation in the window breaking, but I told the truth feeling rather self righteous about it I expected a reprimand but I also expected some commendation for my honesty

There was no commendation My grandmother paid the man for his windows, and after he left she told me, "'Am Bee, you must pay me your pocket money until that is paid back And you clean those windows every week for six months to pay for the trouble you caused"

"But I wasn't the only one," I said bitterly "And at least I told the truth"

"So you did," she said sternly "I 'ad 'oped because you wanted to Anyone can tell the truth if it makes things easier But you 'ave to learn to do it when it makes things 'arder That takes courage, 'Am Bee But it is worth it"

Though she was at times a stern taskmaster, my grandmother had a tremendous capacity for tenderness, too Her kisses were rare; she showed her love for me from day to day in the tone of her voice and in the things she did for me

Once, when I was quite small, I disobeyed one of her few rules and took some matches from the kitchen. Playing with them in the back garden, I dropped a lighted match on

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my shirt and caught fire. Hearing my screams, she rushed out and found me blazing like a torch.

She put the fire out by sitting on me and beating at the flames with her skirts. Then she picked me up, although I weighed nearly as much as she did, and trotted into the house. She cut off my charred clothes, anointed me with butter and called the doctor.

I was in bed for three weeks, my eyes bandaged closed because my eyelids had been burned. During that time she read to me for five or six hours every day, and at night she slept on a mattress beside me. Not once during that whole period did she fail to answer my call immediately.

By the time I could open my eyes again and look at her, her sparrow-thin body had wasted to a feathery lightness. But she was radiantly happy when she knew I could see her, and she leaned over the bed to kiss me. I was surprised to feel a wet spot on my cheek. She wiped the tears away angrily with the back of her hand, saying, "Now you can read for yourself."

She changed little during the years while I was finishing school and college. I left the old house in Paschal Street, but I came back often. When the war began I joined the U.S. Merchant Marine, and was sent to teach at a merchant marine school in Florida. I had been there two weeks when I received a long letter from my grandmother.

"You know, I am sure, how much I love you," she had written in the dim typescript of her old portable. "Therefore you know how painful it is for me to write this letter. You are the first of your family who has ever been content to stay at home teaching other men to fight. It is as important to face death and accept it, if necessary, gracefully, as it is to live gracefully. I cannot understand how I failed you. I am only deeply ashamed."

Shortly thereafter I was sent to sea. She wrote warm, informative letters which showed she had for given what she must have considered a lapse in the courage she had tried so hard to instil in me. She must have hoped for some concrete proof of my courage during those years, but the war was sliding to its end and my voyages were relatively safe and unexciting.

I didn't get back to San Antonio until the day before Christmas 1945. She had kissed me when I came up the steps, and she spent the next afternoon preparing Christmas dinner for me. She was spry and lively, the dinner was wonderful and we had a bottle of red wine with it. Then I went off to the party.

It was when I came home that night that she walked down the hall to tell me she was dying. She looked at me curiously for a long moment before she told me.

Then she died, bravely and gracefully—and so taught me the last lesson she had left to teach.

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The Mysterious Bahamas

These little-known British islands are a treasure house of strange people, forgotten customs, supernatural beliefs and great natural beauty

By Ben Lucien Burman

THE LITTLE aircraft glided smoothly away from Nassau towards the cloudless horizon. Below us the sea was a mixture of incredible colours—green, blue, yellow, purple. We were flying over the waters of the Great Bahama Bank.

"You're going to see an unknown world at your doorstep," said my tall, sandy-moustached friend Alan, of the British Colonial Service.

A tiny island appeared ahead, and the plane prepared to come down on the glassy sea.

"It's an astonishing world, with immense stretches of wilderness that few outsiders have ever penetrated," Alan went on. "It has white men with strange speech and customs, and black men living in thatched huts like those in the Congo."

Our plane, a little Goose of Bahama Airways, landed on the water and taxied towards the shore. The pilot let down a pair of wheels and the plane waddled up the bank. We disembarked and walked down a narrow, stone-flagged lane between two rows of neat, tight-packed cottages. Barefoot fishermen ambled along, laden with nets; women



Cockburn Town is the main settlement on the island of San Salvador Columbus is said to have first stepped ashore in the New World about 1 mile south of this place The cross on the government building commemorates the event

were filling buckets at public taps. At a little dock a sailing ship swayed with the tide.

"This is Green Turtle Cay," remarked the pilot. "These people were originally Loyalists who came here from the United States at the time of the Revolution. They've been cut off from the world ever since. You're probably seeing what an American fishing village was like 150 years ago"

He spoke to a lanky figure standing near by. The islander answered and I listened in amazement. His speech was a weird mixture of cockney and of the U.S. Southern mountaineer. I soon learned the reason. Many of these villagers had come from the Carolinas, and their accents had become intermingled with the language of the cockney crews of the sailing ships that came over from Britain. They had other similarities to the Southern mountaineers: kindliness coupled with clannishness, deep devotion to religion.

We stopped at the beach where two fishermen were weaving a long turtle net. Beside them was a tall, bony individual with a rifle and two sorry-looking hounds who might have stepped out of a mountain cabin.

"Them's boar dogs," he explained. "I'm going hunting. In them there woods over yonder."

He pointed across a wide channel to the great island of Abaco, where a dark forest came down to the water's edge.

"There's thousands of boars in them woods," declared one of the net-makers. "And they got tushes big as elephants. Funny thing, they ain't real boars. They was regular hogs come off a wrecked cattle ship a hundred years ago."

"There's a herd of wild horses, too," said the second net-maker. "And there's wild dogs that was hunting dogs like these here once and got lost—and even wild chickens that's learned to fly again."

We saw the forest closely from our plane soon after—a sombre green jungle stretching to the horizon. Then another crescent of white cottages showed along the shore. We landed again.

"This little place is called Hope Town," said Alan. "The great business here was wrecking."

We chatted with a trio of fishermen building a sailing boat on the shiny beach. The eldest, with a salt-dried face and bright blue eyes, pointed at the lighthouse offshore.

"Used to be plenty of wrecks 'ere before that light went up," he said. "And there's people living here—I ain't saying the names—whose fathers hung a lantern in the wrong place to make a ship go aground, and then stripped her bare, like a shark does a dead whale."

A dwarfish, gnome-like individual plying a saw nodded. "When the government said they was going to put up that light, people in 'Ope Town went kind of crazy. Wasn't nothing they didn't do to try and stop 'em. They wouldn't sell the fellows working on her anything to eat, and they bored holes in the bottoms of the boats carrying the bricks and lime."

"Even after the light was put up there's been plenty of boats wrecked," remarked a jovial fellow. "There was a preacher here was preaching his sermon, and he looked out of the church window and seen a big ship going on the rocks.

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'We'll now have ten minutes of silent prayer,' he says. And when the people was all bowed over praying, he ran out of the church and into his boat and was the first on the wreck. The people was so mad they put the pulpit at the other end of the church so he couldn't watch the ocean any more."

We flew on in the morning. Before long an island appeared in the distance, shaped like a gigantic human foot.

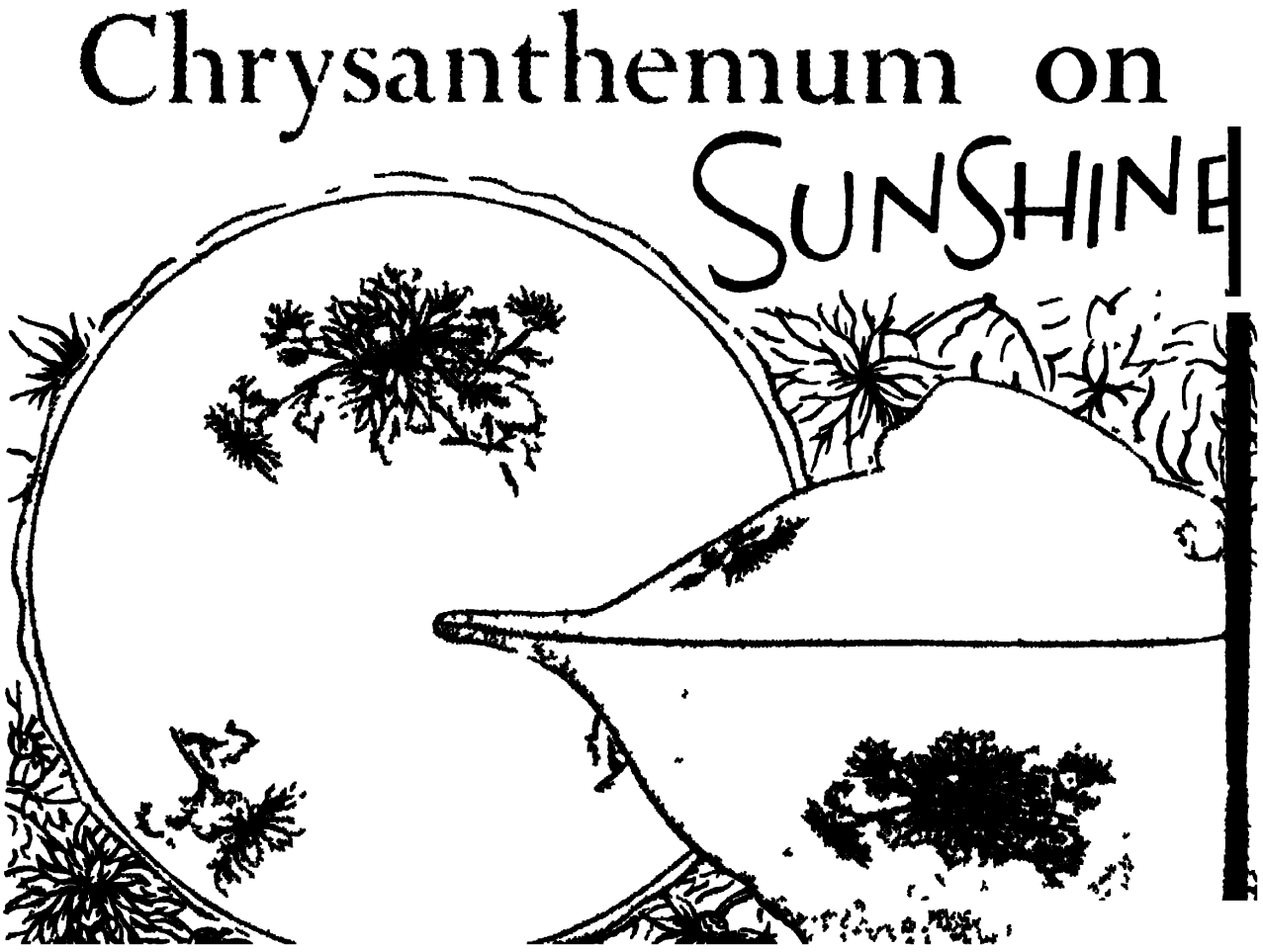
"It's Andros, the largest of the Bahamas," Alan announced. "It's a dense jungle full of mystery, with ghosts, and mermaids in the ocean pools, and strange creatures called chickcharnies, half bird, half man, who live up in the trees. There are still many places where few human beings, white or black, have ever set foot."

We landed at a rough airstrip and were met by the hearty, broad chested manager of a large tomato farm.

We drove off in his car towards a shadowy forest. Suddenly he brought the car to a stop. Beside the trail, hidden by a thin wall of brush, was a hole big enough to bury a house.

"A pothole," explained our escort "I almost drove into it yesterday."

In every direction the earth was pitted with these strange holes,



made by water dissolving the lime stone core of the island The natives used the situation for their profit The bottom of the holes, in contrast with the island's rocky surface, was covered with fertile soil washed there by rain In a large hole they planted a garden, in a small hole they might grow a single banana tree

We drove on Black men and women passed us, carrying heavy loads on their heads as I had seen them do in Africa We came to three tall pine trees with their tops interlaced oddly

'Chickcharney trees,' declared the farm boss 'Up there where the branches come together is where natives say the chickcharnies build their nests"

Near the settlement of Mastic Point a white haired Negro woman sat rocking on her porch

I told my friend about the chickcharnies Aunt Abbie said the farm boss

'They're bigger than buzzards,' the old woman asserted with red faces and red feet You can tell if it's chickcharnies right away cause they don't cast no shadow If you're nice to em they can be mighty good to you If you're not they can be your deatl

Just yeu the smoke from the scrap wood the lumber people was burning bothered the chickcharnies

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mighty bad. They asked the mill people to stop, but nobody wouldn't pay no attention. So one night the chickcharnies broke every window in the mill and stole every dog they had."

We moved down the Andros coast. Everywhere I heard of supernatural practices, of Haitian voodoo doctors come over in boats to celebrate black masses, and local hoodoo experts who could "fix" a field to protect it from thieves. I talked of these strange ways with a misty-eyed Negro, bent with age.

"There was a man used to be here in Coakley Town named Uncle Gabe," he said, "and long as he was alive people didn't need any fixing. 'Cause Uncle Gabe'd rent you a ghost. You give him five dollars and he'd go out to the graveyard and get you a ghost, and you'd put it in your field and nobody bothered your peppers or sapodillas any more.

"A couple of times, people went from Coakley Town to the States and wanted ghosts. And they sent a letter with the five dollars to Gabe. And he rented the ghosts to 'em by mail."

We flew across the long chain of islands known as the Exumas—strung like green beads on a jeweller's tray of gorgeous colours—and came down at the broad harbour of George Town. It needed only a glance to know that the men moving about the boats anchored there were wonderful sailors.

"You can take them blindfold in any direction for 50 miles," said Alan, "and when the blindfolds are removed they can tell you exactly where they are, even by moonlight. They do it by the colour of the bottom and the sea life there, and if they're near shore, by the smell of the different seaweed."

Not far from George Town is the secluded harbour where the pirate Captain Kidd is said to have once moored his ships, and the salt beacon, still standing, to show where sailing vessels could find the salt they needed on their long voyages. I heard much talk of buried treasure in the island, for the hundreds of minute cays and inlets made the region a pirate's paradise. Occasionally a camper on a remote beach would actually find a few doubloons or mouldy pieces of eight.

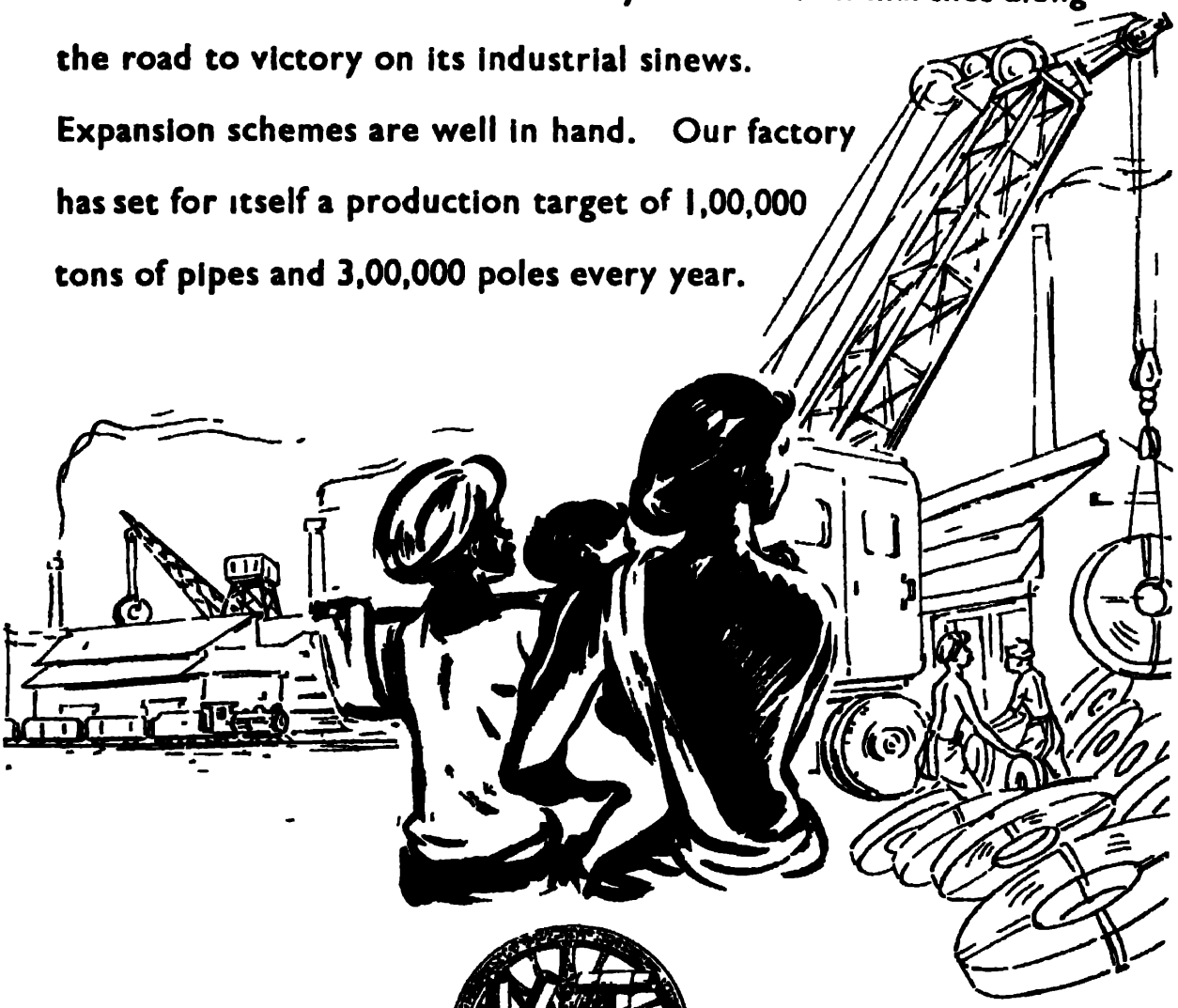
We continued south-eastward, past Long Island and Crooked Island and Acklins, with the Ragged Islands in the distance. We landed at Mayaguana, and at first glance I thought I had returned to Africa. Thatched huts were scattered under towering coco-nut palms. Before the doorways black women were pounding corn in mortars made of tree trunks.

We took off again for San Salvador, where, most historians say, Columbus first sighted the New World. We climbed into a jeep and travelled along a highway. The road became a broken trail winding through a tangle of brush until the

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Victual for his soldiers were to Napoleon as vital as saltpetre and sulphur for his guns. He believed that the army would march to victory on its stomach. Today this sounds as an anachronism. We would rather say that a nation marches along the road to victory on its industrial sinews.

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jeep could go no farther. We disembarked and walked up a steep slope covered with thorns and palmetto.

We reached a clearing at the top and looked out over the ocean spread below us, its thundering swells breaking over the reefs. We stood in silence, with the sea-gulls crying mournfully over our heads, while we tried to recreate the scene that had been enacted here almost 500 years ago.

This was the spot, according to most authorities, which Columbus first sighted. Because of the reefs, however, he came ashore round a near-by point of the island.

We boarded the plane and began our final flight homeward. Nassau drifted into view. My voyage was ending.

I looked towards Green Turtle Cay and Hope Town and Andros and the Exumas and San Salvador. And I felt like Columbus after he had discovered America. For I, too, had discovered a new world.

It's Not Cricket!

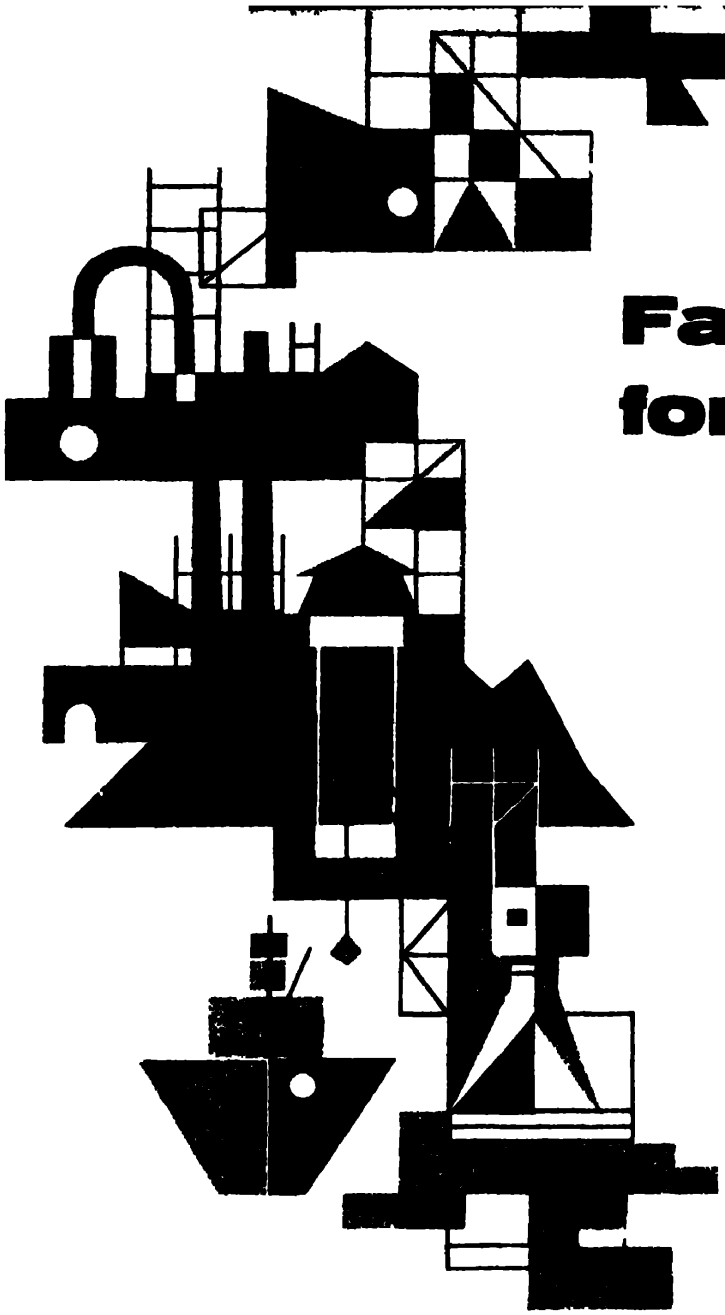
A foreign visitor confessed to an English acquaintance that he had never seen a cricket match. The Englishman was horrified. "Oh, you must go. We can't have that," he said. The visitor promised he would, and his friend said he would call for him when the next match was played on a near by village green.

The cricket enthusiast had a few suggestions, however. "Better take along an umbrella," he advised. "It can get beastly hot in the afternoon. And don't forget a folding chair. It becomes tedious standing. Oh yes, and one thing more," he concluded. "Be sure to have a good book. It gets jolly boring at times." —H. B.

The Haverford College cricket eleven from Pennsylvania came over on a tour of the English public schools during the summer of 1900. Their visit to Winchester was marred by the loss of a teaspoon when the American boys dined "in hall." The professor in charge of the team assembled his charges and implored the criminal to confess his guilt and return the spoon. But the spoon was never found.

Thirty-five years later a member of the Haverford eleven was visiting Winchester with his wife. "In this very room, my dear," he said, indicating the long table by a sweep of his hand, "I ate in hall, back in 1900, with the Haverford cricket team."

"Beg pardon, sir," put in the attending servitor, "but would you be knowing anything about a spoon?" —William Stevens



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Laughter the best medicine

A NEWSPAPER was running a competition to discover the most high-principled, sober, well-behaved local inhabitant. Among the entries came one which read:

"I don't smoke, touch intoxicants or gamble. I am faithful to my wife and never look at another woman. I am hard-working, quiet and obedient. I never go to the cinema or the theatre, and I go to bed early every night and rise with the dawn. I attend chapel regularly every Sunday without fail.

"I've been like this for the past three years. But just wait until next spring, when they let me out of here!"

—*The Irish Digest*

THE FILM was a touching story of the hardships of the average family during the French Revolution. But one stout and emphatic matron was unimpressed. "It doesn't make sense," she announced to her companion. "If they were so poor, how could they afford all that antique furniture?"

—Ivern Boyett

A YOUNG woman in a hurry jumped into my taxi and gave an address. She fidgeted and fumed as we crawled through the traffic. As we neared her destination, a huge dustcart blocked the street. There was nothing to do but sit back and wait for the men to load the cart and move on.

"What am I going to do now?" cried my fare. "I have an 11 o'clock appointment with my psychiatrist, and if I don't get there on time he starts without me!" - Contributed by A. D.

A VISITOR was admiring Uncle Eph's farm. "Pretty place you've got here," he said.

"Yes," said Uncle Eph. "But it's right unhandy bein' so far out of the town. Feller has to walk three miles to get a glass of whisky."

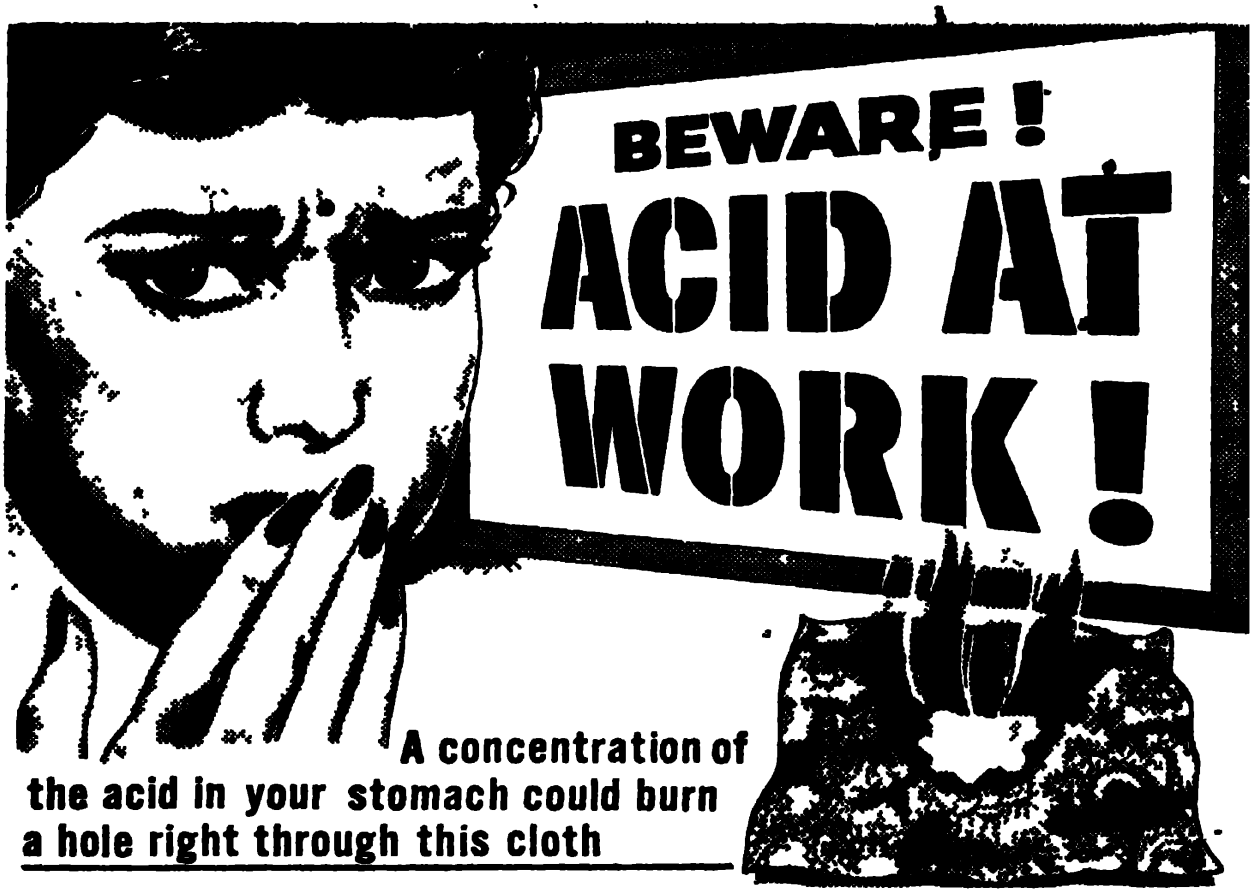
'Why don't you get a bottle of whisky and keep it in the house?" the stranger asked.

"Mister," Uncle Eph said sadly, "whisky don't keep." - Jack Sterling

THE GREAT transatlantic liner *Ile de France* was dedicated to leisurely comfort and luxurious cuisine rather than speed.

Ile de France fans are fond of telling about the distinguished old gentleman who was dining elegantly when the *Mauretania* sped past, intent upon breaking the record for the Atlantic crossing.

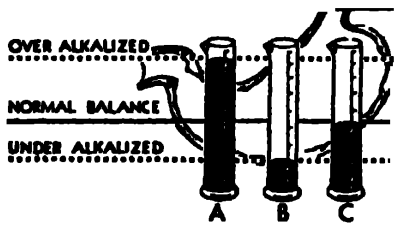
A number of passengers left the dining-room to watch the great British ship pass, but the old gentleman went on eating leisurely until a messenger brought him a radiogram from an acquaintance aboard the *Mauretania*, saying, "DO YOU WANT A TOW?" The old gourmet scribbled his reply: "NO, THANK YOU. WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? ARE YOU STARVING?" —Don Stanford



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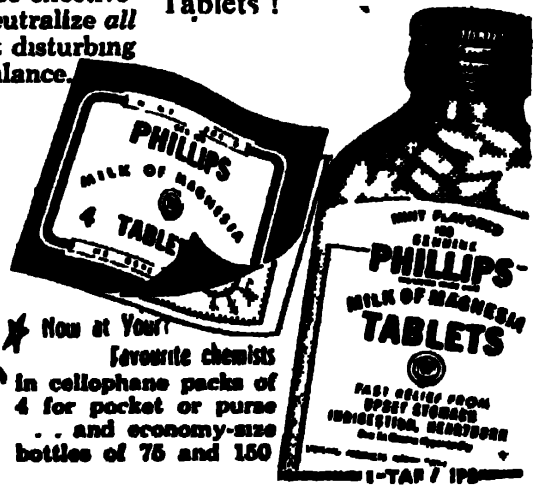
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In One Ear...

Mr. Thurber provides a solution to one of marriage's minor problems

By James Thurber

In the early ages of mankind, woman's security, and hence her contentment, was assured by the activity of the male and jeopardized by his inactivity. The male rampant killing animals for food and clothing, digging out caves and putting up huts, driving off enemies- early came to be associated in the mind of the elemental female with warmth, well being, safety and the kindred creature comforts Lying down, or even sitting down, the male was a symbol of possible imminent disaster famine, exposure, capture and servitude, even death

Any masculine posture of relaxation or repose, therefore, became a menace which must be removed

© 1932 by James Thurber Condensed from Gentlemen Scholars and Scoundrels lited by Hora e Knoules



The reasonable dismay of the primeval female at the sight of her mate doing nothing was so powerful that it remains ineradicable in the mind and heart of the female of today. The softer centuries, it is true, have reduced her primal terror to a kind of hazy uneasiness, but the instinct to prod the inert male into action nevertheless persists. Where once woman shook man, or struck him with a rock, or at least screamed imprecations at him when he sat down to draw pictures on the walls of the cave, she now contents herself with talking to him when he is reading. The male's ability to lose himself in the printed page brings back to the female, from vanished wildernesses, the old, dim fear of masculine inertia.

"I must tell you what happened to the base of the Spencer child's brain," a wife will begin when her husband has just reached the most exciting point in the account of a prize fight. Or she will say, "I want you to listen to this, dear," and she will read him a story from *her* section of the evening paper about a dentist who tried to burn up his wife and collect her insurance.

Of the various ways of combating this behaviour of the female, open resentment manifested by snarling, swearing or throwing one's book or newspaper on the floor is the worst, since nine times out of ten it will lead to quarrels, tears, slamming of doors, and even packing of suitcases, and the disruption of family life. The husband will later fall to recalling miserably the years of their happiness, and end up by purchasing a dozen roses for his wife, and five or six whiskies for himself, after which he must still face the ordeal of patching things up. This whole method of protest, in a word, takes a great deal out of a man and is not to be recommended.

The best way of dealing with the problem is to pretend to listen but not really to listen at all. To the uninitiated this may seem simple, but it calls for a unique bifurcation of the faculty of attention.

In order to go right on with his own reading, the husband must deaden his mind to the meaning of his wife's words and at the same time remain conscious of the implications of her inflexions. Thus he will be able, at the proper places, to murmur an interested "Yes?" or an incredulous "No!", although not following her narrative at all. "Um," "Hm," and "Um-hm" should also be freely used; but never "Hm?", for it denotes a lapse of attention.

Exclamations of astonishment or high interest, such as "You don't say!" are extremely dangerous and should be interjected only by the oblivious husband who is so sensitive to the tempo and pitch of his wife's voice that he can be positive when she has reached some (to her) important climax in whatever she is relating.

A defence must be carefully built



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up against sudden and unexpected questions which the wife is likely to fling at any minute, such as, for example, "Would you think Hilda Greeb capable of a thing like that?" The inattentive husband must keep a little corner of his consciousness alert for all sentences beginning with "would," "should," "are," "have," "can," and the like. In the case of the Hilda Greeb question already cited, it is probable that either a "Yes" or a "No" would see the husband safely past the crisis. If he says "Yes," the wife will probably say, "Well, so would I, of course," and if he says "No," she will probably say, "Well, of course *I* would, knowing her as well as I do." However, each husband, knowing the twists and turns of his particular wife's mind, must work out his own system of defence.

The greatest care should be taken by every husband to answer only those questions directed at him. He must, I mean, be on guard against "inner-quote queries." For example, if a wife should say, in the course of whatever she is telling, "So I asked her, 'What time is it?'" the husband is lost if he is caught off guard and replies, "About quarter past eight, I think." This is bound to lead to accusations, imprecations, quarrels, tears, slamming of doors, etc.

I know a few husbands who simply evade the whole problem by giving up reading. They just don't read anything any more. It seems to me that this is cowardly.

Capital Punishment

A HIGH-RANKING Army officer, who was much more at home on the battlefield than in the War Office, was asked by a hostess at a party one evening how he liked life in the capital.

"It's tougher than the war," admitted the officer. "Then your enemies wore identifying uniforms!" —D. B.

Gone to the Dogs

OVER THE years I've found playing the stock markets a reasonably profitable pastime. So when a friend expressed a desire to earn some additional income, I advised him on what stocks to buy, what to stay clear of, etc. In my list of "pointers" was the fact that he should invest only small sums. But my friend must have thrown caution to the winds, for six months later I received this post-card message: "So much for your darn *pointers*. Now send me some *retrievers*."

—Contributed by Frank McCarthy

It was during the reign of Emperor Sher Shah that India's famous national highway—the Grand Trunk Road—was built. To tend the needs of the traveller and his horse, *sarais* or rest houses were built at an interval of two *kos* (roughly four miles) along the entire stretch of the road.

Today, there is a network of roads covering the country, and still more are being built to convert the nation into a neighbourhood. It is along these roads that merchandise can move to the remotest village or hamlet in the country. They are the highways to economic progress.



As a new source of supply of a versatile road building material, the newly commissioned asphalt plant of the Stanvac Bombay Refinery will be a big help to India's road-building programme. Completed in ten short months at a cost of 102 lakhs of rupees, this plant can turn out in one year enough asphalt to surface 12 parallel roads, each 12 feet wide, running all the way from Delhi to Calcutta. Furthermore, the plant has increased the foreign exchange savings generated by the Company's Refinery —the first large modern one to be built in India. Since its completion in 1954 more than 73 56 per cent of all the petroleum products sold by Standard-Vacuum in India has been refined here.
The initial cost of the Refinery was Rs. 1,193 lakhs. Of this total initial investment Stanvac advanced Rs. 793 lakhs and Indian sources provided another Rs. 400 lakhs. Since 1954, Stanvac has made additions totalling Rs. 401 lakhs for plant expansion and improvements. It now provides more than 20 per cent of India's total needs for refined petroleum products.

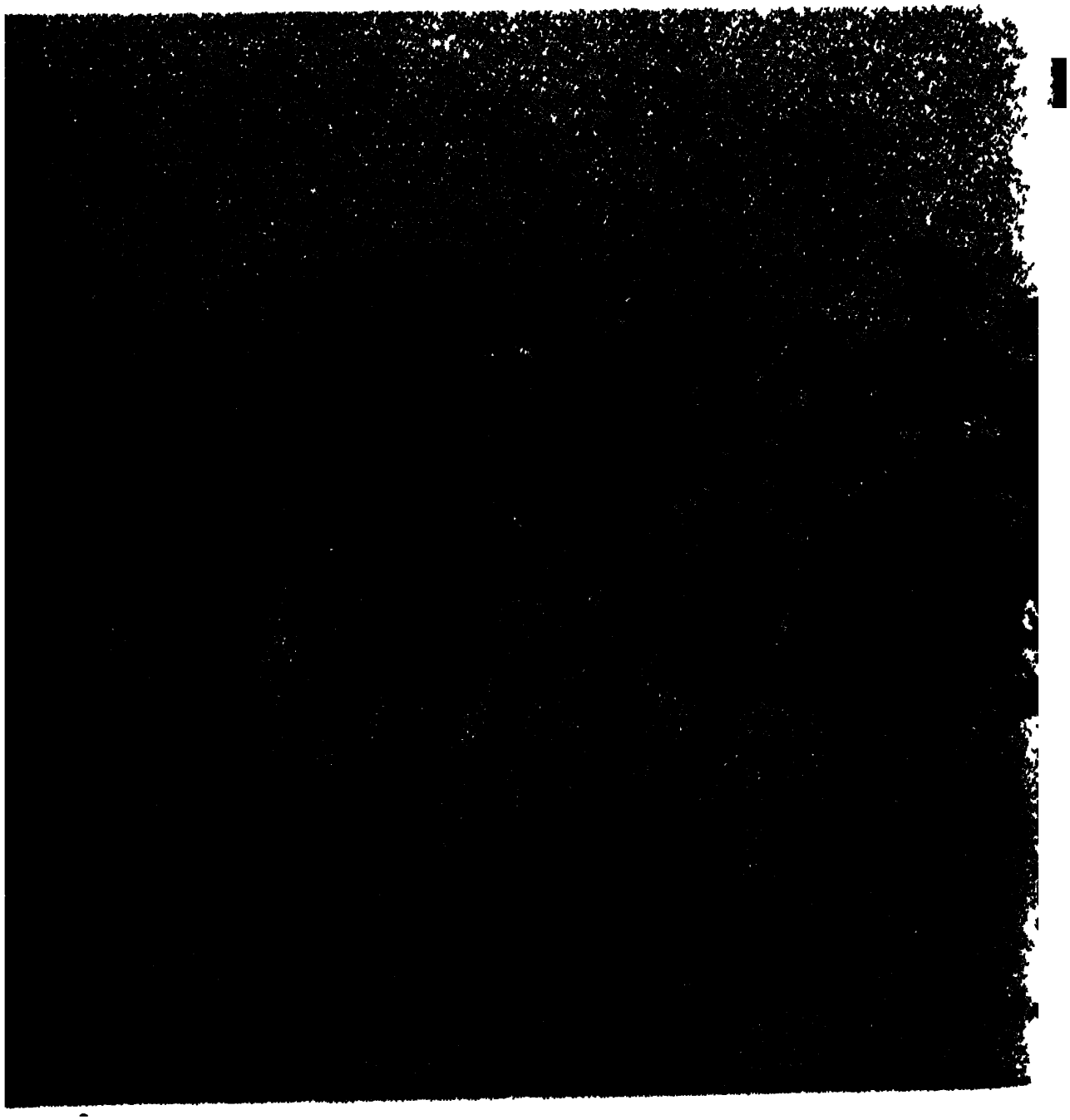
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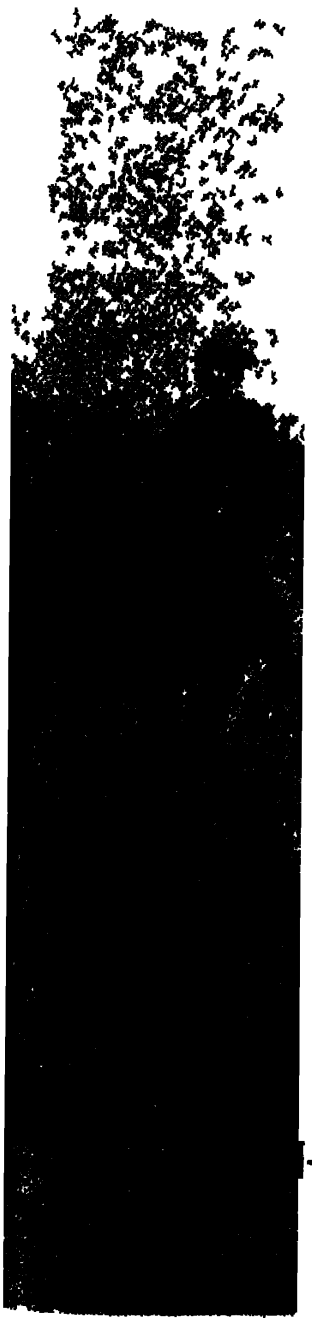
Frederic Remington went West to make his fortune—an



THE WILD WEST

brought back an undying record of life on the vanishing frontier

By Malcolm Vaughan



When 19 year old Fred Remington headed for America's golden West in 1880, he had but one aim to make enough money to marry his sweetheart On pony back, with only a saddle blanket to cover him at night, he pressed on across the Nebraska prairie, the scrubby bad lands of Dakota, and made for Montana, looking for a chance to strike it rich As he rode through the rough, raw country he encountered memorable scenes a herd of buffalo on the move, home seekers plodding beside a covered wagon, a flurry of Red Indians in feathers and war paint, cowboys trailing a cattle thief

Some people back at home in New York State thought that young Fred had artistic talent—he'd even studied briefly at the Yale Art School—but his father had died and he decided to leave school Then he'd fallen head over heels in love with a girl named Eva Caten But when, jobless and purposeless, he asked for her hand, Eva's father said no Rebuffed, Remington started West to make his fortune

One evening in Montana he happened upon the campfire of an old timer who offered him supper, then held him spellbound with tales of Red Indian scalping raids, of deadly thirst, of fights for a water hole – in short, the taming of the Old West The old timer sighed "It's all but gone already," he said "In a few years the railroad will come, and there'll be no more frontier '

That night Fred Remington came to a decision and

◀ *Experts consider this one of Remington's finest works Painted in 1890 it is called* Dismounted The Fourth Troopers Moving, *and shows a U S Army manoeuvre in which horses are led out of the line of fire as their riders form a skirmish line against Red Indian attack*

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The Mountain Man *one of Remington s bronze statues portraying a u hite trapper of the Old West (from the collection of The Corcoran Gallery of Art Washington)*

found his destiny he would some how immortalize this vanishing frontier life "I began to record the facts around me," he said "And the more I looked, the more the panorama unfolded" Meanwhile, he worked as a cowboy and shop assistant, he tried scouting, gold prospecting, the estate business and sheep herding

He was a muscular fellow At times he rode with posses after des peradoes in the blinding dust of prairie and desert, and with the U S. Cavalry in the Rocky Mountains. He travelled the West from Canada to Arizona and south into Old Mexico. Danger and adventure came his way, but never enough capital to support a wife.

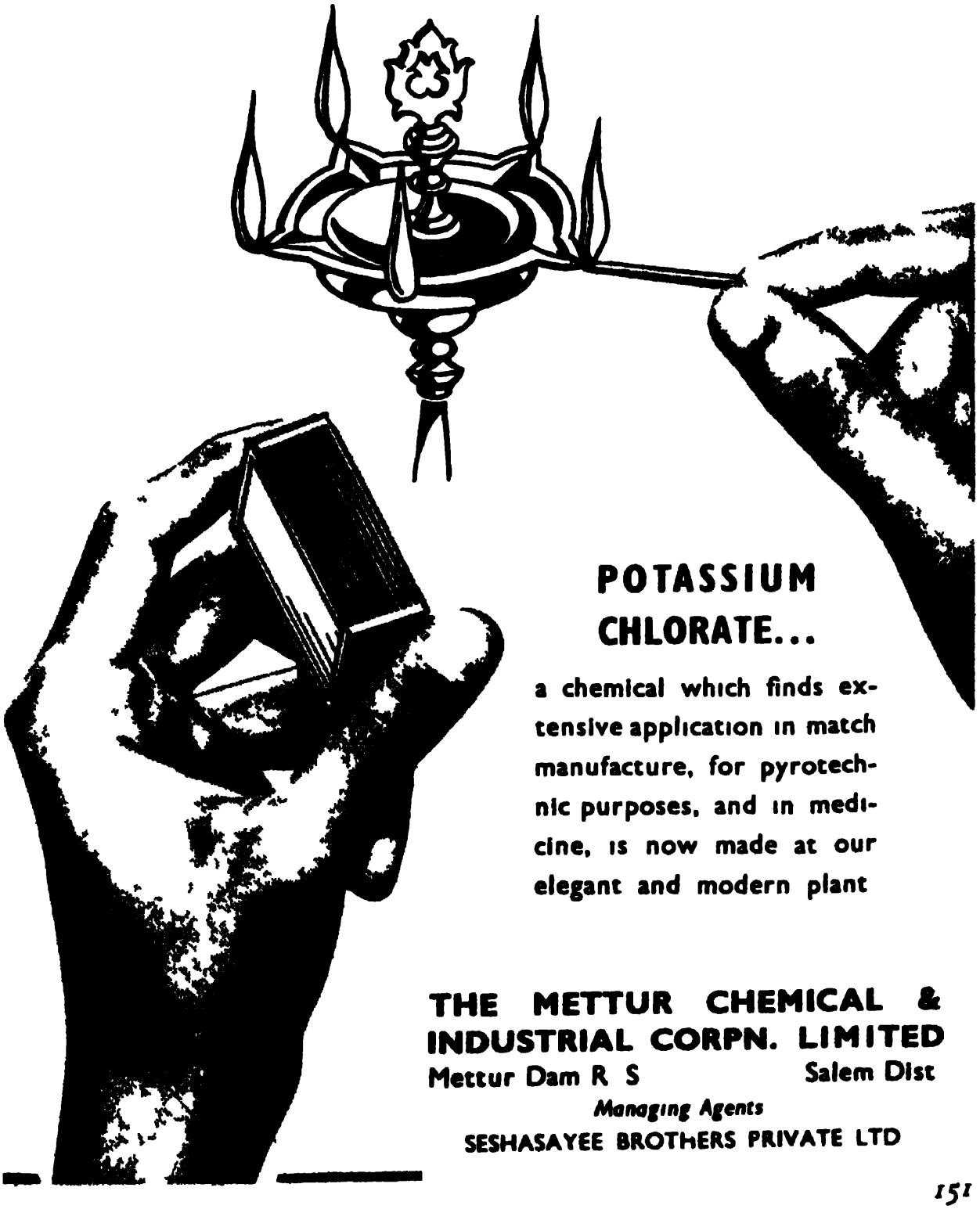
He liked the hard riding, straight shooting men he met—"men with the bark on," he called them. He made friends with Red Indians, learned to read bear and panther tracks, the faint traces of a mocca sined foot, the hoofs of an Indian pony And every day he pulled out a pad of paper and sketched the scenes he'd witnessed or heard about They were graphic action scenes, yet when he sent them to magazine editors they always came back

Once *Harper's Weekly* did ac cept a sketch on crumpled wrap ping paper, before it was published, however, the editors had it redrawn by a city artist

After four years in the West, Remington was heartsick to see his girl, so he went back to New York He was still penniless, but both he and Eva were now of age and they got married anyway. He had brought East many of his Western sketches He couldn't sell one. The young couple moved to Kansas City, where they endured such privation that within a year Remington had to send his bride home to her father to rally her health. Still Remington would not admit defeat. He was determined to capture the vanishing West on canvas. He scraped up a few dollars, went back to New York and persuaded his uncle to back him.

Living in a Brooklyn boarding-house, the young artist and his wife started life afresh. Remington took

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art lessons and started pushing his way into editors' offices. They glanced at his cowboy clothes, but few of them looked at his sketches.

After months of this, he at last sold a picture to *Harper's Weekly* for ten dollars. Then a book publisher bought two at the same rate, and *Outing Magazine* took several. In a year he was paying his way.

Up to now, nearly all Remington's paintings had been in black and white oils. Now he began to paint in colour. The public liked these virile Western scenes and asked for more. Eventually, he was able to get 1,000 dollars for the illustration rights to a painting—and then sell the original canvas.

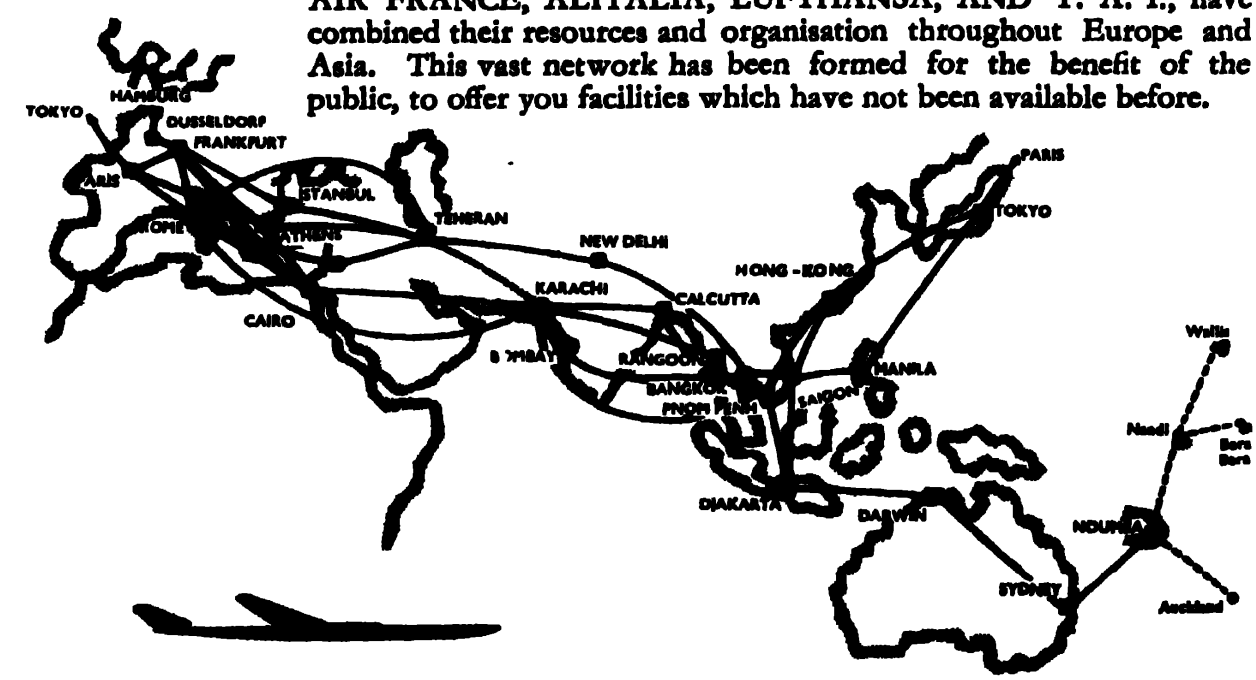
He bought a house in the suburbs and built on a studio wing big enough for men on horseback to ride into. Here he would settle down to his painting ten hours a day—smoking, or cheerfully whistling or singing—then stride out for a five-mile hike to work off a little steam.

For additional relaxation he took up sculpture. His first attempt, the bronze *Bronco Buster*, was a masterpiece of thrilling action.

Man on a horse was the theme of most of his sculpture and nearly all his painting. His knowledge of horses extended from the fiery Arabian to the pinto or "painted" pony of the desert.

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His epitaph, Remington said, could be, "He knew the horse."

The accuracy of everything he painted won him respect from all who knew the West. Whether his subject was stampeding cattle, a surprise cavalry attack, redskins tomahawking pioneers or bandits holding up a stagecoach, every last detail was true to life.

Rudyard Kipling admired his genius and became one of his friends. Success brought him assignments to Africa, Europe, Russia, and to Cuba as artist-correspondent in the Spanish-American War of 1898.

He went West almost every year to gather fresh material for his pictures, but he rarely painted on the spot. His eye was so keen and his memory so retentive that his finest paintings were done in his studio 2,000 miles away.

There he worked surrounded by trophies and Western trappings. Chests and drawers were filled with practically every kind of pistol, knife and hand tool used in conquering the frontier.

Western life so fascinated Remington that he also began to write about it--robust, popular stories as full of action as his pictures. In the 25 years of his career he wrote 13 books and illustrated 142 others, besides producing hundreds of magazine illustrations, some 2,800

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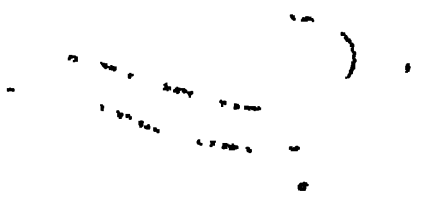
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paintings and drawings, and 25 bronze statues.

At 48 he was stricken with acute appendicitis, and was gone. The woman he'd loved since the day they met gathered together his paintings and drawings, his collection of Western Americana, and presented them to his home town, Ogdensburg. There they are on display in a special museum. Year after year Frederic Remington's fame increases, and today his pictures fetch up to 50,000 dollars. Throughout the world, he is recognized as *the* picture historian of the old Wild West.



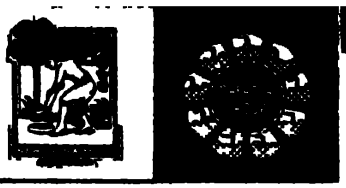
John Kelly's Will

WHEN John Kelly, wealthy bricklaying contractor, former Olympic rowing champion and father of Princess Grace of Monaco, died in June, he left an unusual will—a 12-page document signed in green ink in deference to his Irish background.

Determined to make his will understandable, he said at the start, "Kids will be called kids and not 'issue,' and it will not be cluttered up with 'parties of the first part,' 'per stirpes,' 'perpetuities,' 'quasi-judicial,' 'to wit' and a lot of other terms that I am sure are used to confuse those for whose benefit it was written." After the usual observation that he was drafting his will with sound mind, he continued: "Some lawyers will question this when they read my will; however, I have my opinion of some of them, so that makes us even."

With two minor exceptions, Kelly's wife and children were the beneficiaries. He cut off his three sons-in-law. "I don't want to give the impression that I am against sons-in-law. If they are the right type they will provide for themselves and their families, and what I am able to give to my daughters will help pay the dress-shop bills which, if they continue as they have started out, under the able tutelage of their mother, will be quite considerable." A chauffeur was left 1,000 dollars with the stipulation that he be kept in the family employ "as long as he behaves himself, making due allowances for minor errors of the flesh."

"As for me," Kelly wrote in conclusion, "just shed a respectful tear if you think I merit it, but I am sure that you are all intelligent enough not to weep all over the place. The thoroughbred grieves in the heart. So just remember, when I shove off for greener pastures, or whatever it is on the other side of the curtain, that I do it unafraid and, if you must know, a little curious." —*N.Y.T.*



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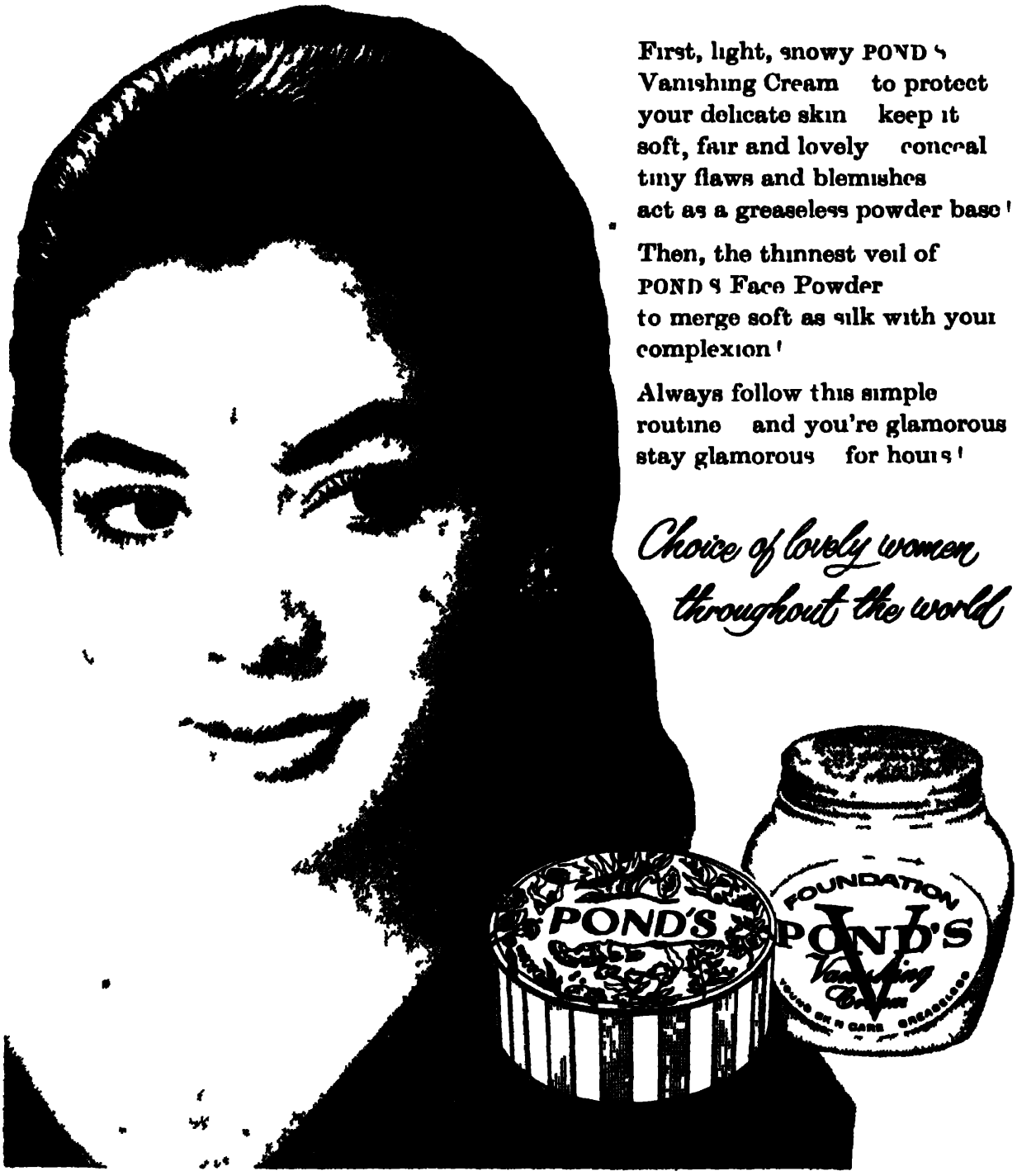
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Points to Ponder

G. K. Chesterton was once asked to serve on a jury. Afterwards he wrote:

Our civilization has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. When it wishes for light upon that awful matter, it asks men who know no more law than I know, but who can feel the things that I felt in the jury box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of Christianity.

—*Tremendous Trifles* (Methuen, London)

Simeon Stylites:

Any venture in life towards a high goal has a "flying trapeze" quality about it, and one of the most stupendous such leaps is marriage. The partners stretch out their hands in the faith that the other will be there to grasp them. And they fly through the air with the greatest of ease. Of course, it *is* a venture.

Lloyd's of London will insure anything (almost) in the heavens above (aircraft) or on the earth beneath (cars) or in the waters under the earth (submarines). They will even insure good weather on Christmas Day 1960, if you will pay the premium. But not even Lloyd's will insure the success of a marriage. It takes the man and the wife and God to do that. But it is a great spring through the air, and the glorious uncertainty adds to the zest.

Gustave Flaubert:

The most glorious moments in your life are not the so-called days of success, but rather those days when out of dejection and despair, you feel rise in you a challenge to life, and the promise of future accomplishments.

George Wald, an authority on the chemistry of vision:

Years ago I used to worry about the degree to which I had specialized. My studies involved only the rods and cones of the retina, and in them only the visual pigments. But it is as though this were a very narrow window through which at a distance one can see only a crack of light. As one comes closer the view grows wider and wider, until finally one is looking at the universe. It is like the pupil of the eye, an opening only two to three millimetres across in daylight, but yielding a wide angle of view, and manoeuvrable enough to be turned in all directions.

I think this is the way it always goes in science, because science is all one. It hardly matters where one enters, provided one can come closer, and then one does not see less and less, but more and more.

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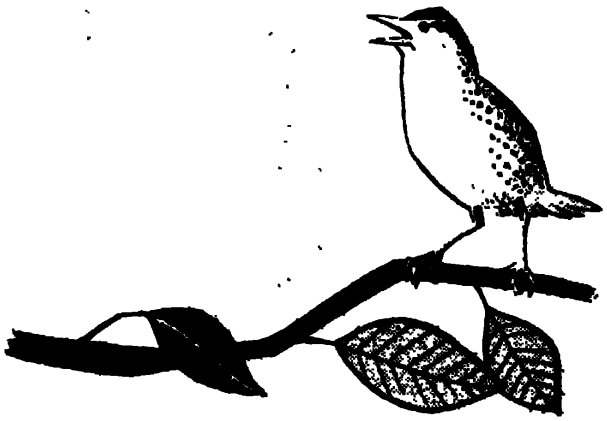


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Try Being An Early Bird

It's as easy as falling out of bed

By Gerald Walker

When my wife and I started an eagerly anticipated motor tour last summer, our plans were simple. We would drive through the country until we came to a spot that looked interesting, and leave when the nomadic spirit moved us. Beyond that, I had little in mind except to soak up nine hours of sleep a night.

But I reckoned without Mother Nature. We spent our first night in a cottage on the shore of a lake. At 5:30 in the morning I was awakened by a twittering chorus of birds, close and loud. I tried to ignore them. I couldn't.

So while my wife slept on, I dressed and went outside. The sun had not yet risen. Long swirls of delicate, lace-like mist drifted in off the lake. Near by, an astonished rabbit twitched its nose and bounded to cover. Then the birds and everything else fell suddenly still for a long moment, and the sun rose. It was exciting in a quiet but deeply satisfying way. Afterwards, I tramped through the woods for two hours and returned with a breakfast appetite I hadn't known for years.

That is how I rediscovered the lost art of getting up early. For a leisurely month I rose to take early-morning rambles through forests of birch trees, pale and ghostly at first light, or along deserted strips of glistening, untracked beach. In a fishing village, I'd pick my way through the morning fog to the waterfront and watch the fishermen in oilskins load their nets and set out for the day's catch.

Whatever I did, the world looked different to me during those early-morning hours. Besides giving me a feeling of oneness with nature, my

walks provided the opportunity and the stimulus for reflection and self-evaluation so rare these hurried days. I resolved to continue my early-bird routine when I got back to town and my work.

Like most people, I had always found my days too short for doing all the things I wanted to do. There was never time beyond the hours demanded by my magazine writing, for example, to work on books and plays. I soon discovered that an hour in the early part of the day is worth at least two hours later on.

I am by no means the first to make this discovery. Harry Truman has been an early riser all his life. The late Bernard Berenson, the art historian and critic, awoke regularly at 6 a.m.—right up to his death in 1959 at the age of 94. A promising young sales executive I know gives the entire credit for his present success to early rising. According to him, it takes most people hours after waking up to start working efficiently.

For this reason, he's always at his desk early to think and plan his day before pressure and phone calls begin. By 10 a.m. he is well launched, with the bulk of the business day still ahead of him.

A school friend of mine, now a mining engineer, writes to tell me that he, too, gets up early—to work on a correspondence course he is taking. "But sometimes," he said, "I use this uncluttered time to read the Bible and ponder about life."

Dawn has always been a special hour for meditation and worship. Clergymen give two reasons for this. First, there is something symbolic about communing with God at the exact instant when day is breaking over the land He made. The rising sun naturally leads one's thoughts to fresh beginnings, new hopes. Second, early rising requires a special effort. By making it, you are reminded of the value of discipline and given an instantaneous reward for good behaviour.

The rewards take various forms. I know one housewife who slips out of bed an hour and a half before it is time to start breakfast for her husband and three children. Her main reason: to have a little extra time to herself. "I believe everyone ought to have a little private corner of the day," she told me. "Waking up early is my way of getting it."

Others have found that early rising is a means of enriching family life. One suburban couple spends the early part of the morning with their two youngsters. The father, like many other busy men, doesn't get home in the evening until after the children's bedtime. "For a while," he says, "I was only catching sidelong glimpses of my offspring as I hurried through shaving, sped through breakfast and raced out of the door to drive to the station. Then we hit on the idea of setting the alarm clock earlier for the whole family. Children are natural early birds anyway, so they

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didn't mind, and we soon got used to it ourselves. Putting the 'children's hour' in the morning has given us a new and rewarding relationship."

Of course, not everyone finds it adventurous or even agreeable to get up at dawn. In his autobiographic *Act One,* serving as spokesman for those "dawdling souls who lumpishly resist the golden glow of dawn," playwright Moss Hart wrote:

"The testimony of such loiterers as myself on the enduring joys of late rising carries little weight with folk who are up and about at dawn, busily improving those shining early hours. They continue to have my blessing, from the depths of a warm and sceptical bed."

There may be late risers who want to reform and find it difficult to get started; if so, there is a truly painless way of breaking in. According to a little-known English writer named A. C. Buckland, who in 1818 wrote a quaint and interesting volume called *Letters on the Importance, Duty and Advantages of Early Rising,* the secret is to conquer by degrees.

"Rise five minutes earlier every morning," Buckland sensibly advises, "till you have arrived at the hour which appears to you most eligible. The daily subtraction from sleep will be so trifling that it will not occasion that drowsiness which the sudden change from rising at eight to rising at five must necessarily produce. The last day in each week will be half an hour longer than the first and, at the termination of a month, you will have become an early riser."

The View From the Lake

WHEN the weather gets hot, Pa rents a cottage by a lake and gives Ma her annual holiday away from the washing machine, vacuum cleaner and television set.

Up at the lake Ma rises at six to get a big breakfast for Pa and her three hungry boys. Then she hurries to wash up the dishes in time to do some laundry in the sink before she makes the beds and sweeps the place with a good old-fashioned broom. After doing some more laundry, she prepares lunch.

At three o'clock before starting to prepare the dinner, she flops down in a chair on the cottage porch and fans herself. From a rowing-boat out on the lake Pa sees her, waves and says to one of his sons, "It does me good to see your mother sitting there enjoying herself." —Bill Ireland

Mankind's Golden Rule

By Lewis Browne

Through the scriptures of seven of the world's leading religions runs a single theme, expressed in astonishingly similar form:

Brahmism: This is the sum of duty: Do naught unto others which would cause you pain if done to you. —*Mahabharata 5:1517*

Buddhism: Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful. —*Udanavarga 5:18*

Confucianism: Is there one maxim which ought to be acted upon throughout one's whole life? Surely it is the maxim of loving-kindness: Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you. —*Analects 15:23*

Taoism: Regard your neighbour's gain as your own gain and your neighbour's loss as your own loss. —*T'ai-Shang Kan-Ying P'ien*

Judaism: What is hateful to you, do not to your fellow man. That is the entire Law; all the rest is commentary. —*Talmud, Shabbat 31a*

Christianity: All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. —*Matthew 7:12*

Islam: No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself. —*Sunan*

Condensed from "The World's Great Scriptures," © 1946 by Lewis Browne

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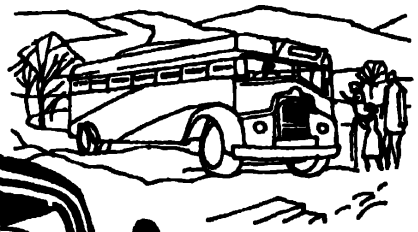
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Count Marzotto, Italy's Tempestuous Tycoon

A human volcano erupting ideas, this extraordinary businessman makes them pay off for the good of all

By J. D. Ratcliff

The contract for the office building had just been signed. The buyer's eye caught the maxim carved in stone over the entrance: He lives well who takes the world as it comes. In a deep, gravelly voice he ordered: "Rip that out. It's bad advice. Only lazy people take the world as it comes." The speaker was Count Gaetano Marzotto, one of Italy's richest men, who has spent 40 years trying to *improve* things.

There is no other industrialist

quite like him. He combines business skill with an unusually sharp sense of social responsibility. Even the Communists admire his ability. Says one, "If we take over we won't shoot him. We'll make him commissar of industry."

Most businessmen conduct detailed studies before launching a new project. Count Marzotto acts on impulse. One evening in the late '40's he was driving through southern Italy, and nightfall caught him in a small town with a single hotel —a filthy, bug-ridden place. Disgusted, Marzotto drove on all night, fuming and making plans for a chain of clean, bright, inexpensive hotels. Within a week he had architects busy drawing plans.

Today there are 51 of his Jolly Hotels (he chose the name himself) strung from one end of the country to the other, providing maximum service for minimum price. And—the Marzotto touch—they are sited in smaller communities, particularly in the agricultural south, where they were badly needed to attract industry and tourists.

Another of Marzotto's enterprises in the public interest is his 5,400-acre show-place farm at Portogruaro, between Venice and Trieste. Struck by the poverty of peasants living in this area, the Count bought a vast tract of malarial swamp and converted it into a £7 million (about Rs. 9 crores) marvel of scientific agriculture. It now provides well-paid jobs for almost 2,000 people and has brought prosperity to the whole area.

Marzotto was 27 when, in 1921, he took over management of his family's woollen mills in the small town of Valdagno (population 27,000), in the Alpine foothills north of Verona.

"Money under the mattress only creates misery and discontent," he decided, and started on a spending spree that has continued ever since. First, attention went to modernizing his mills, improving their efficiency and developing foreign markets—policies which have helped to raise employment in Marzotto enterprises from 1,300 to 17,000.

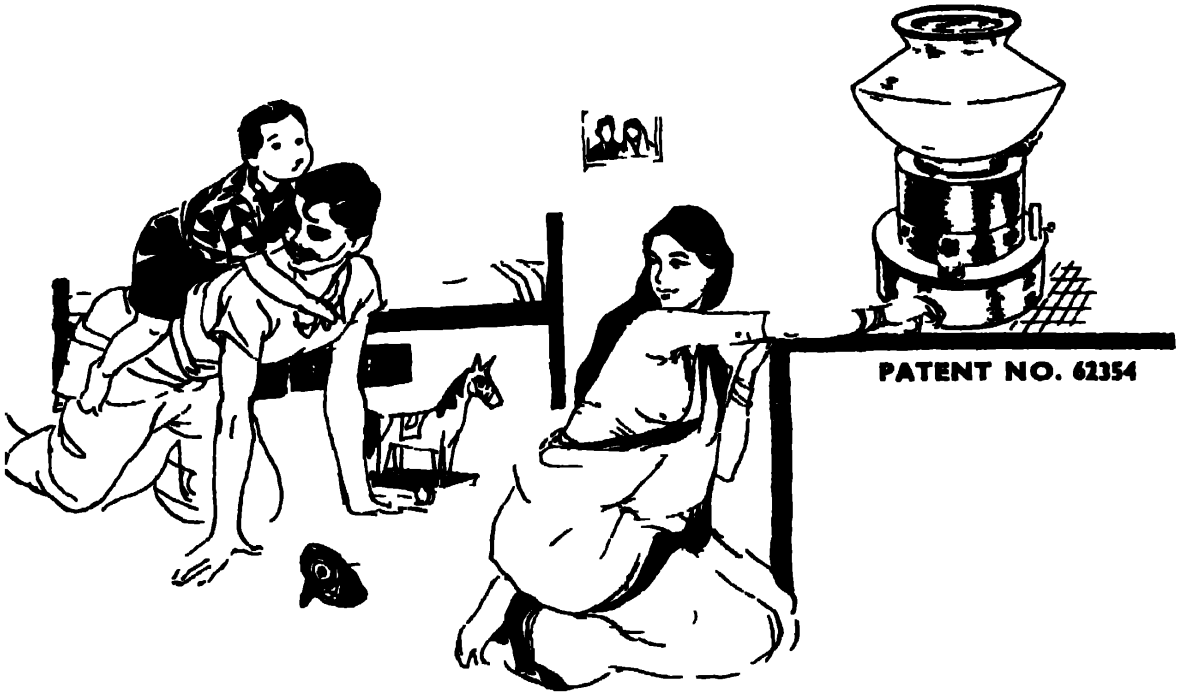
Next he set out to transform Valdagno. He built a 4,000-seat stadium, an ultra-modern theatre, gleaming nursery schools and kindergartens, tennis courts, swimming pools and a workers' club. A seaside resort on the Adriatic offers workmen and their families holidays at a basic charge of 10*s*. (about Rs. 7) a day per adult, less for children. There is a Marzotto hospital where 500 babies are born each year. Charge for delivery, plus eight days of care: £9 (Rs. 120).

For piecemeal work Marzotto was able to raise his workers' pay more than 20 per cent above the national average, with added bonuses for employees in high-production mills. Partly as a result of such policies, production per man has doubled in the past ten years. Many Italian industrialists who snorted at the high

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pay scales and social frills have ended up by copying Marzotto's ideas.

However, the Count concedes, "It is possible to carry paternalism too far. We built 1,700 homes at a time when workmen were unable to build for themselves. Now we are selling these properties off. It's best for a man to own his home."

How do Marzotto employees react? In Italy, Communists and fellow-travelling socialists usually poll about 35 per cent of the vote. In Valdagno they get a meagre seven per cent.

Marzotto's proudest achievement is his farm. To 2,900 run-down acres, bought in 1934, he added another 2,500 acres of swamp in 1940. His basic plan: build small factories to utilize agricultural production and provide jobs for farm workers in slack periods. Linen and sugar mills went up; factories to make wine and dairy products; a soap works and a bottle-making factory.

Work got under way after the war, converting the dismal swamp into an agricultural wonderland. Great draglines scooped up swamp mud, to make fertile islands interlaced with canals. The canals are used as fish farms, the land for premium crops: sugar beet, artichokes and grapes. Tens of thousands of fruit trees went into the ground, in neat rows so that other crops could be grown between them. War-surplus landing-craft cruise the canals, spraying trees on the islands.

Scores of innovations set the farm apart. In a land where dairy cattle are often poor, Marzotto has accumulated a 1,700-animal herd consisting mostly of prize Holstein-Friesian cattle—paying up to £3,500 (about Rs. 47,000) for outstanding bulls. Silage from one of Europe's largest silos is conveyed to cowsheds, and manure is carried away by automatic machinery. Milking machines are connected by direct pipeline to the dairy.

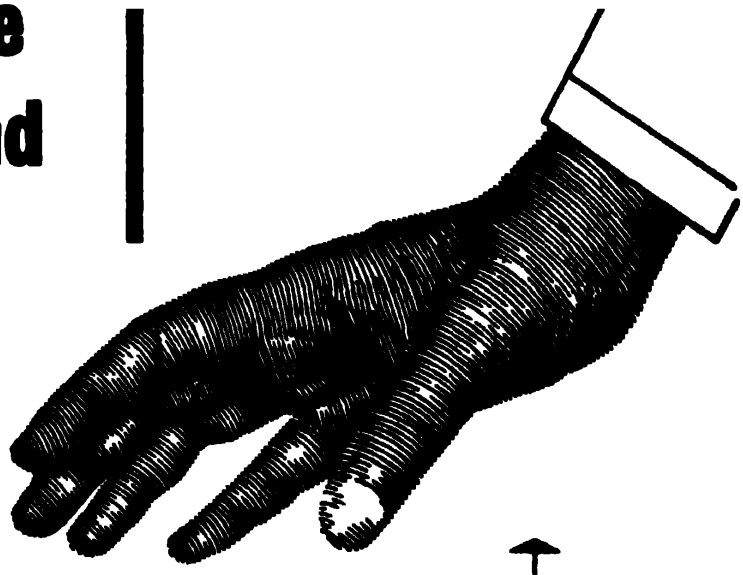
Some farm workers are employed on a round-the-calendar basis; others share-crop the land on a 50-50 basis and take occasional winter jobs in the farm factories. Unlike most Italian farmhouses, those at Portogruaro have gas, electricity, bathrooms and tile floors. Television aerials, a symbol of prosperity, sprout from the roofs.

Seeing all the lavish expenditure, critics predicted bankruptcy for the entire operation. They were wrong. Still a long way from full production—fruit trees have yet to mature fully, for example—the farm and factories are currently producing £5 million (about Rs. 7 crores) worth of products a year. Marzotto is planning to sell off part of the farm in 10- to 15-acre plots to individual farmers. He believes that, trained to modern methods, they can bring a new prosperity to rural Italy.

Another area where Count Marzotto's business skill has benefited everyone is in the field of clothing. Until 1952 virtually all men's clothing in Italy was hand-made, and a

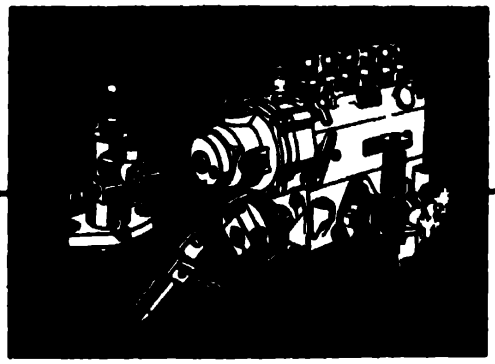
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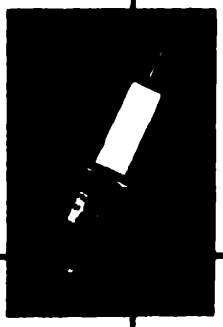


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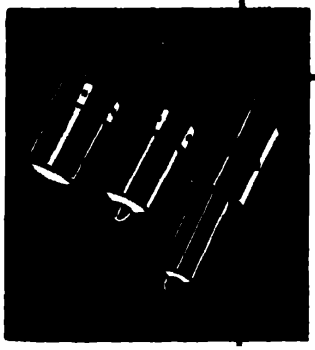
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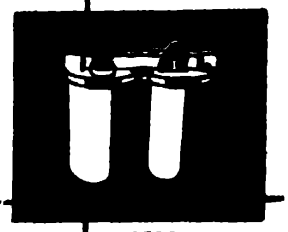
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suit often cost a farmer or labourer almost a month's wages. The Count imported modern garment-making machinery and began turning out a full line of inexpensive, but well-made, men's clothing. Today his completely mechanized garment factories are among the most efficient in the world, producing 11,000 suits a week; and a giant new factory in Salerno will help to raise the figure to 24,000. Each year he sells millions of pounds' worth of cloth abroad.

His agents in Australia, South Africa and elsewhere buy a respectable one per cent of total world production of wool to feed Marzotto mills. The Count himself is an almost legendary expert on wool, recognizing dozens of grades by their feel. He can't keep his fingers off the lapel of a visitor's suit.

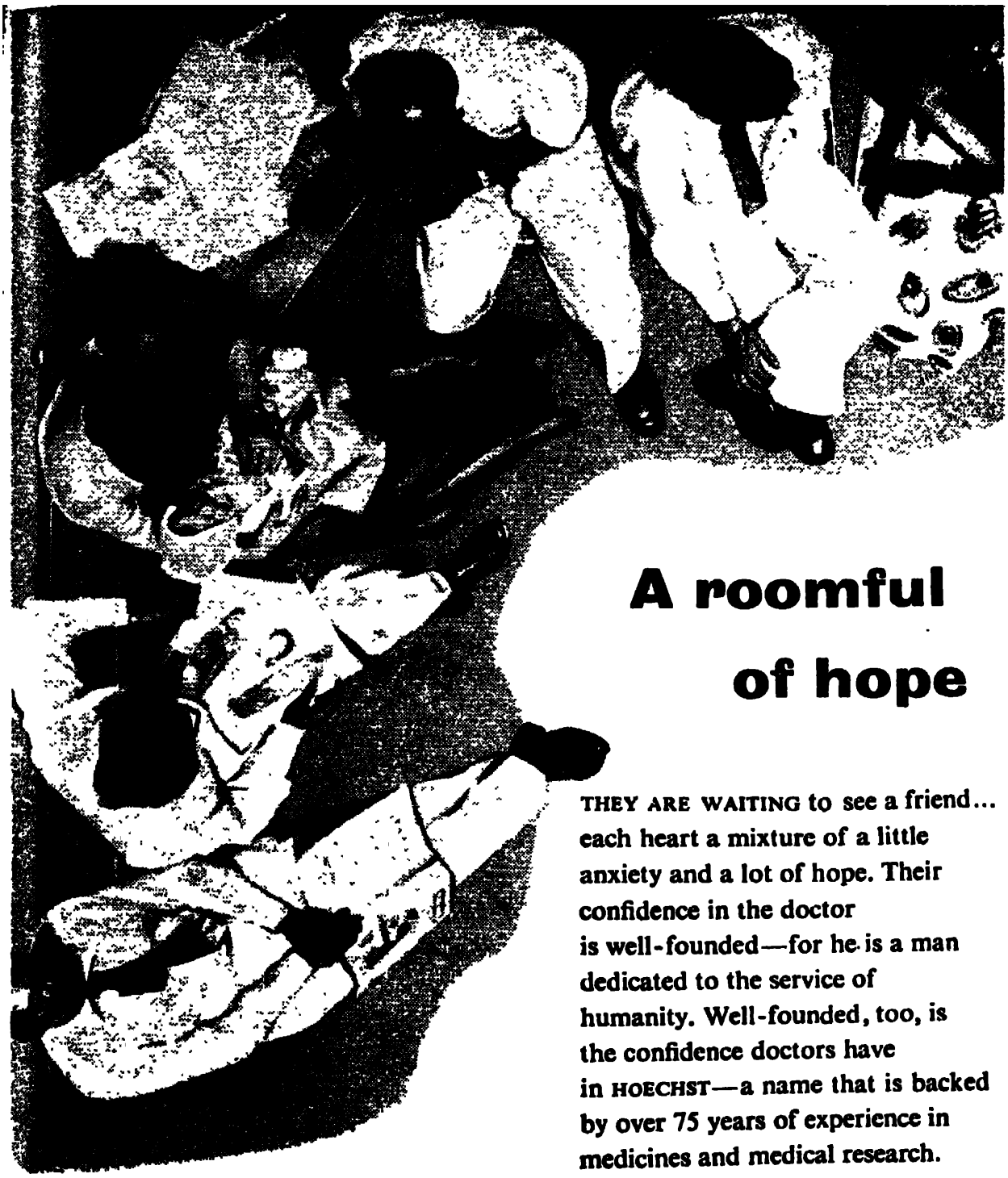
When not in one of his residences in Milan, Rome or Sicily, or aboard his 883-ton yacht, Count Marzotto lives in ducal splendour in a 30-room palace on a Valdagno hillside. Six feet tall, he weighs 17 stone and has a nose of heroic proportions. He likes to preside at boisterous banquets, surrounded by family, friends and business associates. A tempestuous man who glides easily from towering rage to infectious happiness, he expects others to share his enthusiasms and his phobias.

It was a strain on family relationships when his four eldest sons took up motor racing—and were as successful at it as their father has been in business. One year the four boys drove in what was perhaps the world's toughest race, the Mille Miglia. Raging to a friend while listening to a radio account of the race, the old Count threatened to disinherit the lot, never to see them again. When the race was over and son Giannino had won, the storm clouds cleared. "I *knew* they were great drivers," he beamed. But so awesome is their father's temper that, despite their status as national heroes, it was a week before the boys dared to go home.

He is a man who likes grand gestures—indeed, he wouldn't know how to make a small one. Several years ago, son Paolo suggested a Marzotto prize for literature and mentioned £1,750 (Rs. 23,320) as an appropriate sum. Delighted, the old Count soon extended the programme to other fields and increased the prize money to a total of £17,500 (about Rs. 2·3 lakhs).

Ideas flow from his head in a steady stream. Not long ago he completed Europe's most modern cold-storage warehouse, to supply fruit all the year round to Common Market countries. Mass distribution of frozen vegetables is next on the agenda. And he is planning a line of ready-made clothing for women and children as well as for men.

"If we had a thousand men like Count Marzotto," observes one of Italy's most prominent business leaders, "this country's economic problems would be solved."



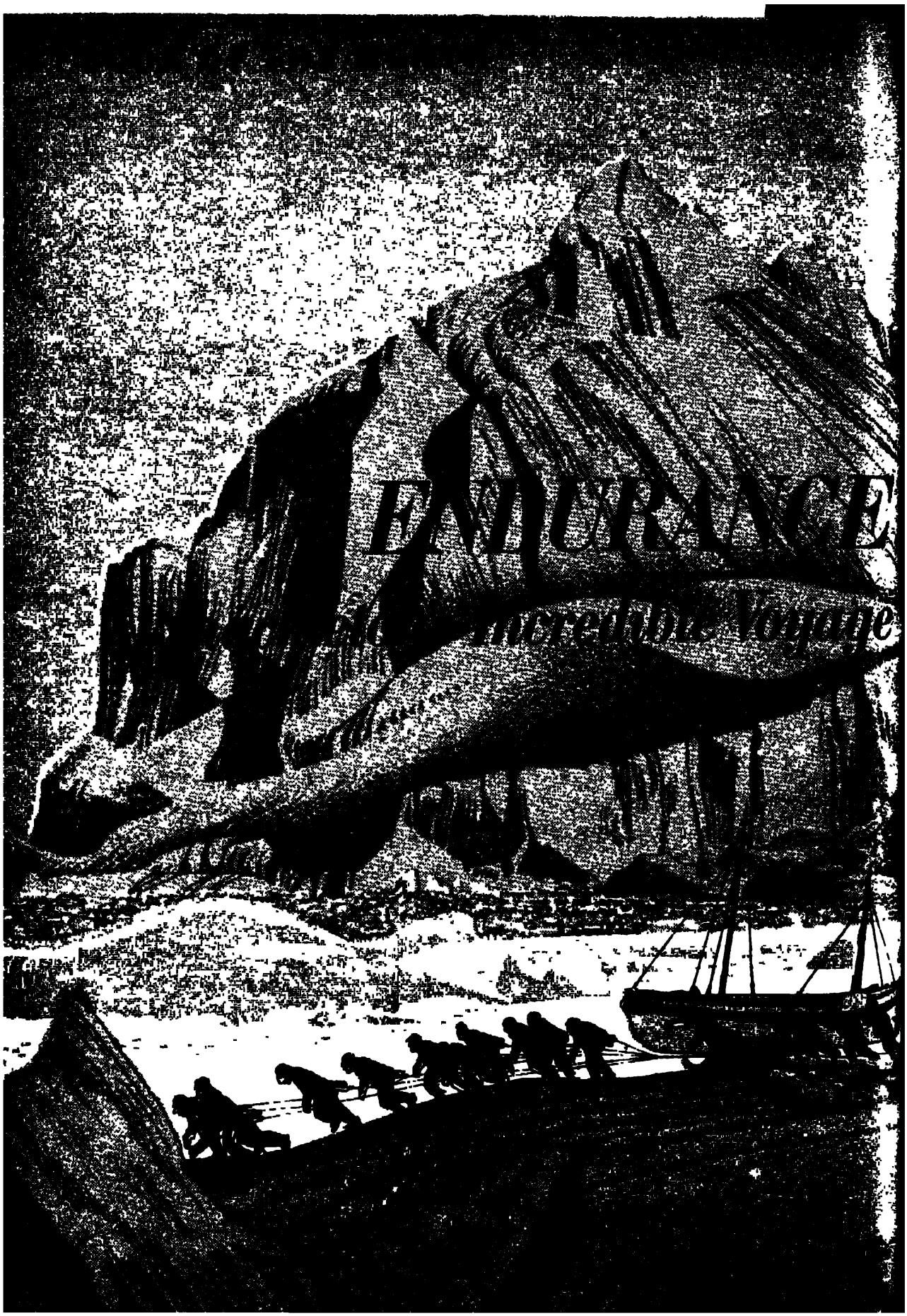
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ENDURANCE
Incredible Voyage

From the book by

ALFRED LANSING

THIS IS one of the greatest adventure stories of all time. In 1915 Sir Ernest Shackleton and the 27 members of his polar expedition had to abandon ship in the middle of the largest sea in Antarctica. The disaster seemed complete and irretrievable. But it is men who make events, and Shackleton was at his superb best when the odds were hopeless. The epic fight for survival that he directed was inspiring, terrifying and utterly unbelievable —save that it actually occurred. Alfred Lansing has written a distinguished and compelling book which does full justice to this classic story of the heroic age of Antarctic exploration.



HEN THE order to abandon ship was given—at 5 p.m. on October 27, 1915—the 27 members of the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition received it almost with relief. Days of exhausting work at the pumps had reduced them to apathy; and the reluctant decision of their leader, Sir Ernest Shackleton, did not surprise them. By then every man aboard knew that the ship was doomed.

For nine long months the *Endurance* had been caught in the pack ice that extended to the horizon on every side; frozen in, as one of the men described it, "like an almond in a bar of chocolate." The spring that followed the three months' night of the polar winter had not brought the hoped-for break-up of the pack, to release the imprisoned vessel. Instead it had piled up heavier floes which crushed against her sides with ever more cruel, more intolerable pressure.

The *Endurance,* a 144-foot auxiliary-powered barquentine, was probably the strongest wooden ship ever built. Her hull planking of oak and mountain fir was in places two and a

"Endurance: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage," © 1959 by Alfred Lansing, published by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

half feet thick, and was protected from the ice by a sheathing of greenheart. The *Endurance* lived up to her name. With magnificent staunchness, she held off the encroaching ice for months; but the pressure was relentless and finally irresistible. Her immense timbers creaked and groaned as the killing pressure mounted. And when they could no longer stand the strain, they broke with a report like artillery fire. The decks buckled, the stern was thrown upwards 20 feet and the rudder and sternpost were torn out of her.

Frank Wild, the second-in-command, passed Shackleton's order on to the crew: "Time to get off!"

Within two hours all essential gear had been transferred to the ice, as well as three lifeboats and the expedition's 49 dogs. A camp of sorts was established on a solid floe close by.

Sir Ernest Shackleton could not share his men's feeling of release, for the responsibility was his, and the situation could hardly be more desperate. They were alone in the Antarctic, marooned on the icy wasteland of the Weddell Sea, midway between the South Pole and the nearest outpost of humanity, some 1,200 miles to the north. The closest known land, the Palmer Peninsula, was 210 miles away and uninhabited. They had no radio transmitter and nobody in the outside world knew that they were in trouble. It is doubtful whether rescuers could have reached them in any case.

Thus their plight was naked in its simplicity. If they were to get out, they had to get themselves out.

SHACKLETON had already decided that they would march over the frozen ocean towards Paulet Island, a tiny spot of land 346 miles to the north-east, where stores of food were known to be cached. Eventually, he felt certain, they would come to open water, so they would undertake to drag the three lifeboats with them on sledges.

The men who faced this prodigious task could hardly have been a more heterogeneous collection of individuals. They varied from Cambridge University dons to Yorkshire fishermen, and included one stowaway who had slipped aboard at Buenos Aires. But sharing the long polar night aboard the *Endurance* had welded them into a cheerful, close-knit unit. Although they were now camped above 2,000 fathoms of water, on a piece of ice barely six feet thick, there was a remarkable lack of discouragement. It was quite enough, just then, merely to be alive.

Shackleton, too, appeared cheerful and resolute, for he was an explorer in the classic model—utterly self-reliant, romantic, a little swashbuckling. He was now 40 years old, a stocky, iron-jawed man who thoroughly believed the motto of his County Kildare family, "By endurance we conquer." This was his third Antarctic expedition. He had

accompanied Scott in 1901, and in 1907 had led his own expedition to within 113 miles of the Pole—an achievement for which he had been knighted, widely lionized, and decorated by many countries.

After they had spent 36 hours on the ice, Shackleton called all hands together and talked about the journey which lay ahead. It was imperative, he explained gravely, that all weight be reduced to the barest minimum. Each man would be allowed the clothes on his back, plus two pairs of mittens, six pairs of socks, two pairs of boots, a sleeping-bag, a pound of tobacco—and two pounds of personal gear.

When he had finished speaking, he reached under his parka, took out a gold cigarette case and several gold sovereigns and threw them into the snow at his feet. Then he opened the Bible that Queen Alexandra, the Queen Mother, had given the expedition, ripped out the flyleaf containing her inscription ("May the Lord help you to do your duty & guide you through all dangers by land and sea") and also the page containing the 23rd Psalm. Then he laid the Bible in the snow and walked away.

It was a dramatic gesture, but a calculated one. And as the afternoon wore on, it appeared that Shackleton's example had been effective. The amount of non-essentials dumped in the centre of the tents grew steadily. It was an "extraordinary collection of stuff," Reginald James, the physicist, reported—chronometers, an ophthalmoscope, saws, socks, jerseys, chisels, books, pictures and personal keepsakes.

Shackleton also ordered the four puppies among the sledge dogs to be killed. There was food only for those who could pull their weight. And that night, on the eve of undertaking the journey to Paulet Island, he wrote in his diary:

"I pray God I can manage to get the whole party safe to civilization."

Next day, October 30, they started off, with Shackleton and a pioneering party leading the way to search for the most level route. The dog teams came next, pulling heavily laden sledges. Then, under the command of Frank Worsley, who had been captain of the *Endurance*, came the last and most difficult operation—moving the boats.

This was killing toil. The boats, drawn one at a time by 15 men harnessed in traces, weighed over a ton each. They sank deeply into the soft snow, and to move them the men had to strain forward in their traces until they were, at times, leaning almost parallel with the ground. Every few hundred yards they had to chop a miniature mountain pass through pressure ridges. On particularly towering ridges a ramp of ice and snow had to be built up one side and down the other.

During the first day they covered a distance of one mile. It snowed heavily that night, and the next day progress was even less. Shackleton

decided that it was not worth while going on. They were then camped on an unusually strong floe, ten feet thick and a third of a mile in diameter; and Shackleton announced to all hands that they would stay there until the drift of the ice carried them closer to land.

The dog teams were dispatched to the original camp, a mile and three-quarters back, to bring up all the food, clothing and gear possible. A party of six men under Wild was also sent back to the ship to salvage whatever of value they could. They found her bow shoved far down into the ice, her mainmast broken and her rigging so entangled that every step aboard was a danger. But by hacking a hole through the galley roof they were able to get at the stores, and for several days they continued to salvage supplies and sledge them to Ocean Camp, as the bivouac was eventually called.

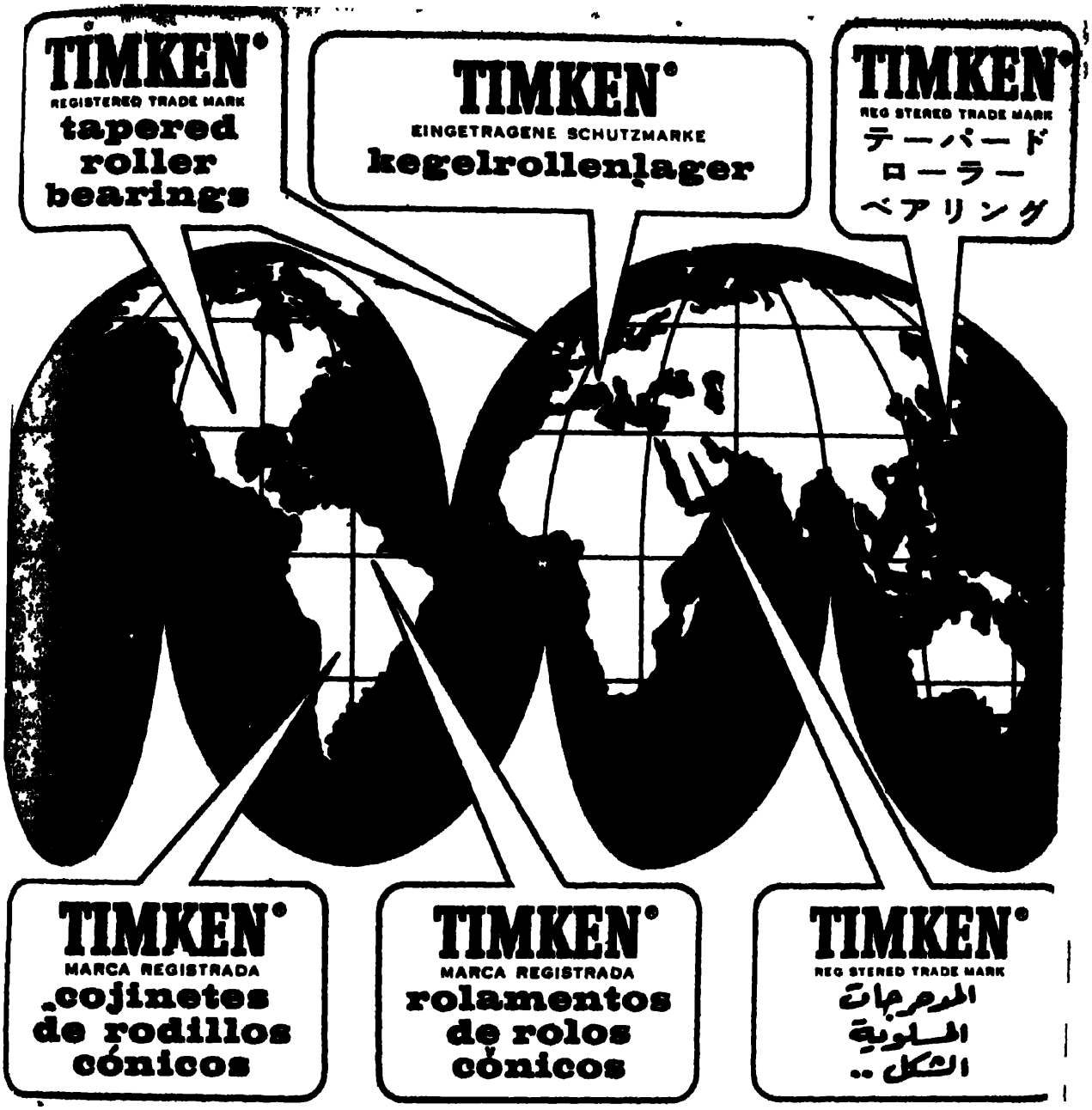
On November 21 the *Endurance* sank. At 4.50 Shackleton noted her unusual movements and shouted, "She's going!" A moment later all hands were out of the tents and scrambling for a vantage point. They watched silently as the *Endurance's* stern rose into the air, hung there for a moment with her motionless propeller held aloft. Then the vessel disappeared beneath the ice, leaving for a few moments a gap of black, open water to mark where she had been. Henceforth, there was nothing but endless ice.

Everything now depended on the drift of the pack. The ice might continue to go generally north-west, carrying them towards their goal, Paulet Island. Or the drift might be arrested for some reason, and they would remain more or less in the same spot. Finally, there was the chance that the pack might veer east, carrying them away from land. But nobody cared to think about that.

THEY remained at Ocean Camp for almost two months. Crammed together in inadequate tents, with little to place between their sleeping-bags and the bare ice, they soon adjusted themselves to the inescapable cold and wet. At mealtimes they ate out of aluminium mugs, called pannikins, into which everything was dumped at once. For utensils they each had a spoon, a knife—and their fingers. In time, the well-ordered life aboard the *Endurance* seemed infinitely far away.

As one day blurred into the next, they waited vainly for the ice to open up. When it did not, they consoled themselves with the knowledge that at least the pack was moving northwards at about two miles a day. But in mid-December even this changed, and the drift became quite definitely to the east—away from land. Moreover, since they had by now finished repacking the stores and fitting out the lifeboats, they had little to do, and an air of tenseness, of patience pushed too far, settled on the camp.

Shackleton was concerned. Of all



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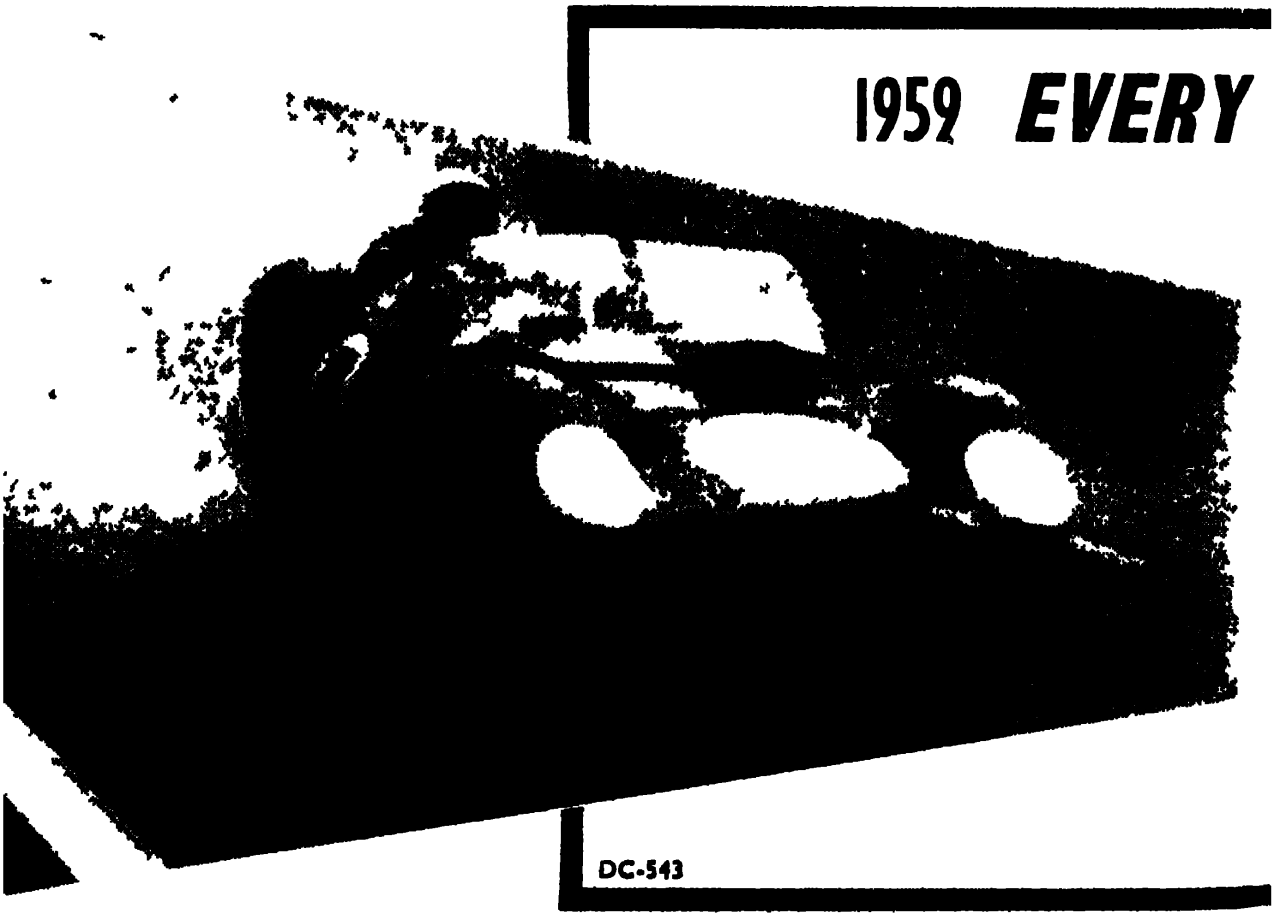


enemies arrayed against them—the cold, the ice, the sea—he feared none more than demoralization. And sinking spirits could be bolstered only by action.

On December 21 he called all hands together and informed them that they would start trekking across the ice again two days hence. They intended to travel mostly at night when temperatures would be lower and the ice surface firmer. Furthermore, he said, since they would be on the trail over Christmas, they would observe the holiday before leaving, and all hands could now eat everything they wanted. A great deal of food would have to be left behind anyway. The Christmas "gorgie" began immediately and lasted almost all the next day.

At 5:30 the following morning they started over the ice. After making slow progress all day, Shackleton summoned Frank Worsley, handed him a corked pickle jar containing a note, and instructed him to take it back to Ocean Camp and leave it there. The note said that the *Endurance* had been abandoned and that the members of the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition were proceeding to the west across the ice, in the hope of reaching land. It was, in effect, a message to posterity explaining what had happended to the expedition in 1915.

Shackleton had deliberately



refrained from leaving the note until after the party had left the camp, for fear it might be found and interpreted by the men as a sign that their leader was not sure that they would survive.

On Christmas Day Shackleton noted briefly in his diary: "Curious Christmas. Home thoughts."

It was curious indeed, for they were on the trail, and many of the floes were rotting and saturated. The frozen, snow-covered surface, however, appeared deceptively sturdy. At each step it would seem capable of supporting a man. But just as he shifted his weight entirely, he would burst through the crust. The shock was jarring, the water numbingly cold and usually knee-deep. The men pulling the boat sledges could take only about 200 yards of such punishment at a time. After five days, during which they advanced nine miles, Shackleton decided that it was hopeless to continue; many of the men had reached a point of complete exhaustion.

Their position, if anything, was worse than it had been. For they had abandoned a goodly quantity of food stores in moving, and they were now camped on a waterlogged and unreliable floe. For the moment there was nothing they could do.

For three and a half months, with

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starvation threatening, they were doomed to stay on this bit of ice, aptly named Patience Camp. As the weary vigil dragged on, the supply of blubber for cooking dwindled so alarmingly that Shackleton ordered the ration to be reduced to one warm beverage a day—a helping of hot powdered milk at breakfast. But Providence never failed them altogether. They always managed to kill enough seals to maintain a bare subsistence ration. And on February 19 thousands of migrating Adélie penguins suddenly appeared on the floe, frolicking in the water and making a frightful racket generally. During the next three days the men were able to kill some 600 of them for the camp larder.

The search for food sometimes led to strange dangers. One day Orde-Lees, the storekeeper and a persistent hunter, was ski-ing across the



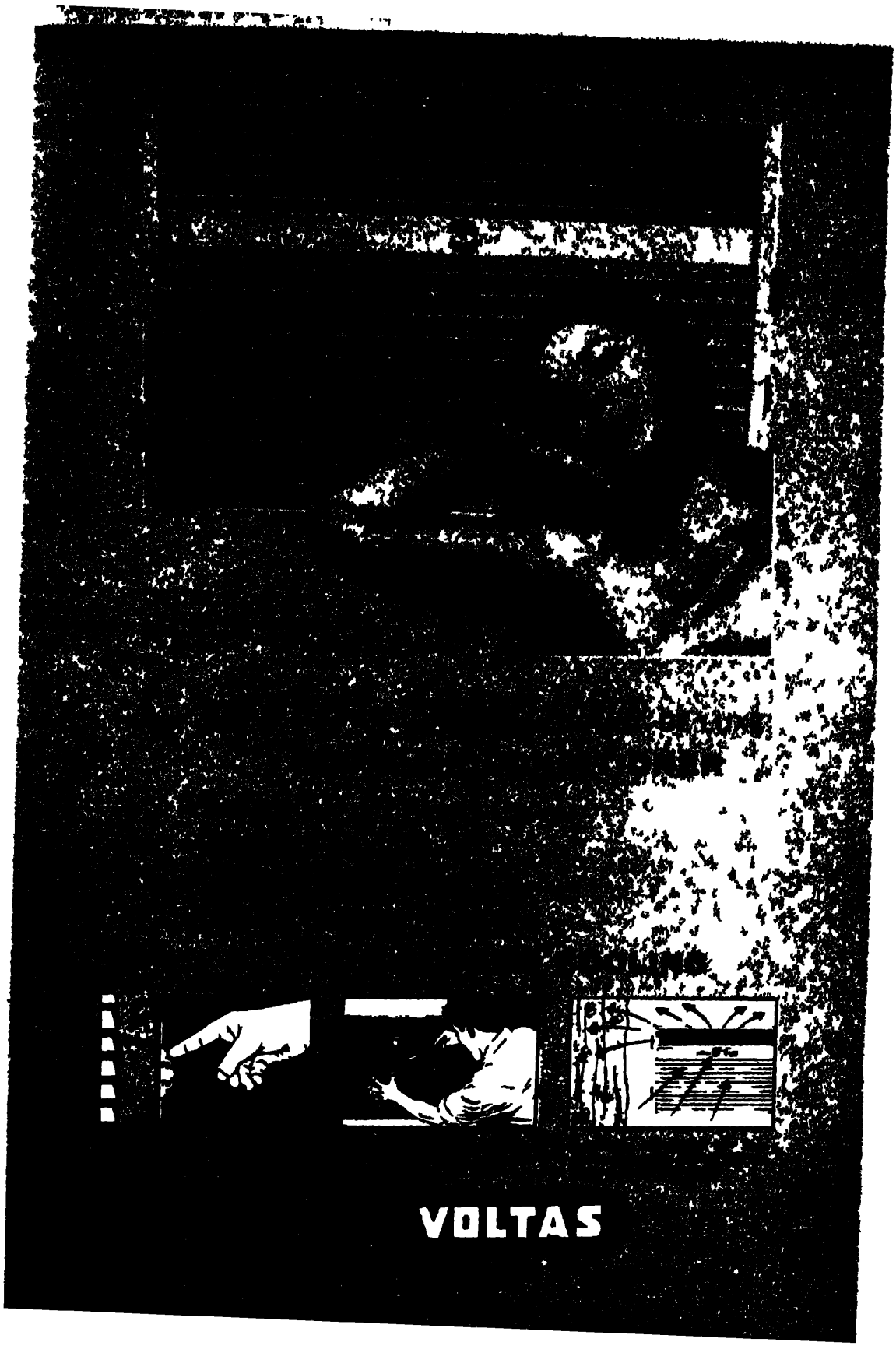
rotting surface of the ice, returning from a seal hunt. Suddenly an evil, knob-like head burst out of the water just in front of him. He turned and fled, pushing as hard as he could with his ski sticks and shouting for Frank Wild to bring his rifle.

The huge animal—a sea leopard—sprang out of the water and came after him, bounding across the ice with the peculiar rocking-horse gait of a seal on land. The beast looked like a dinosaur, with a long serpentine neck. After half a dozen leaps it had almost caught up with its prey, when it unaccountably wheeled and plunged again into the water.

By then, Orde-Lees had nearly reached the opposite side of the floe and he was about to cross to safe ice when the sea leopard's head exploded out of the water directly ahead of him. The animal obviously had tracked his shadow across the ice. It made a savage lunge for him, its open mouth revealing an enormous array of teeth.

Orde-Lees' shouts for help rose to screams as he turned and raced away from his attacker. The animal leapt out of the water again in pursuit just as Wild arrived with his rifle. The sea leopard spotted Wild, and turned to attack him. Wild dropped to one knee and fired again and again at the onrushing beast. It was less than 30 feet away when it finally dropped.

Two dog teams were required to bring the carcass into camp. It was


VOLTAS

12 feet long and weighed half a ton. Actually, it was a predatory species of seal, and its only resemblance to a leopard was in its spotted coat—and its disposition. Eventually two more such sea leopards were killed at Patience Camp.

LATE IN January, a gale blew up from the south. It was so violent that it almost swept them out of camp, but they endured it gladly since it carried them towards their hoped-for destination. It took them 84 miles in six days; and, as the drift continued roughly in the direction of Paulet Island, the men began to look northwards with renewed hope.

On March 9 they felt the swell—the unmistakable rise and fall of the open ocean. They gathered in little groups, excitedly pointing out to one another what was obvious to everyone — a gentle, lazy movement across the entire surface of the pack. But how far away was open water? After long discussions everyone was satisfied that it lay, at most, 30 miles away.

Shackleton alone seemed to sense, in the presence of the swell, a new and far more dangerous threat than almost any they had faced till then. The one situation from which he knew there would be no escape was for the swells to increase while the pack remained closed. The action of the sea would then crack and break the floes and ultimately grind the ice to bits on which they could not camp, while the boats would be crushed instantly if launched.

To make matters worse, the problem of food was becoming acute. All the dogs except two teams had now been shot. More than two weeks had passed since they had killed a seal, and the meagre amount of blubber provided by the penguins was nearly gone. On March 16, the last of their flour was used up.

There were sarcastic attempts to make jokes about cannibalism. "Greenstreet and I," wrote Worsley, "amuse ourselves at George Marston's expense. Marston (the expedition's artist) is the plumpest man in the camp, and we become very solicitious about his welfare and condition, making a great show of generosity by offering him old penguin bones that we have gnawed till there is nothing left. We implore him not to get thin and even go so far as to select chops, etc., off him and quarrel about who shall have the tenderest part. Finally he gets so disgusted with us that whenever he sees us approaching he turns and walks away."

It was a poor attempt at humour, because there was an element of half-truth in it.

ON THE morning of March 23, Shackleton, who was up early, saw a black object far in the distance. He watched it for a few minutes, then hurried from tent to tent shouting, "Land in sight! Land in sight!"



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Some of the men at once bounded out of their tents to see for themselves. Others, however, refused to stir from their sleeping-bags. They were cold and discouraged, and tired of distant icebergs being mistaken for land.

But this was not a distant iceberg or a mirage. It was one of the tiny Danger Islets near the tip of Palmer Peninsula, identifiable by its table-top bluffs rising steeply out of the water. It lay exactly 42 miles away in a westerly direction.

"If the ice opens," wrote Frank Hurley, the expedition's photographer, "we could land in a day."

But the pack showed no disposition to open and enable the men to launch the boats. Consequently, the sight of land was but another reminder of their helplessness.

The truth was that there was precious little land left that they had any chance of reaching. They had drifted to the absolute tip of the Palmer Peninsula, and the possibility of reaching land there was now hopeless. Thus, between them and the terrifying open seas—the most storm-torn ocean on the globe—all that remained were two lonely, sentinel-like outposts of the Antarctic Continent: Clarence and Elephant islands, about 120 miles to the north. Beyond these—nothing.

Every day, almost every hour, their situation became more precarious. On April 3, their floe, which had once measured almost 600 yards across, was now less than a third of that, and constantly menaced by swells and collisions with other floes. Their position showed that Elephant Island now lay 68 miles due north of them. Though they appeared to be making generally towards it, they were constantly concerned about the gradual westerly direction of their drift, which threatened always to sweep them past it and out to the open sea.

"Pray God we may find a landing here," wrote Macklin, "and so be off this drifting uncontrollable pack, taking us we know not where."

At about 6.45 on the evening of April 8 Harry McNeish, the carpenter, was writing in his diary: "There has been a large swell since yesterday, but it is doing us no harm now (since) our floe is broken up so small. It rises and falls with . . ."

He never finished the sentence. There was a heavy thump, and the floe split.

Worsley was on watch, and he shouted for help. All hands dashed from their tents. Two of the lifeboats and some of the stores were on the separated portion of the floe. They were hurriedly dragged back across the widening crack.

The floe was now a triangle of ice whose sides measured roughly 100 by 120 by 90 yards.

Towards mid-morning, lanes and pools of open water spread through the pack and widened out.

At 10.30, Shackleton's booming voice rang out: "Strike the tents and clear the boats!"

The men jumped to their tasks. Crack!

Again the floe had split in two, this time exactly through the spot where Shackleton's tent had stood some minutes before. The two halves of the floe drew rapidly apart, separating one boat and a large amount of provisions from the party. At once almost everyone leapt over the widening breach, shoved the boat across and managed to save the stores.

Then they waited, torn between the overpowering desire to launch the boats, regardless of the risk, and the sure knowledge that once they did so, there could be no turning back. Small as it was, theirs was the only decent floe in sight. If they abandoned it, and the pack closed up before they reached another camp-site, there would be no escape.

The men looked at Shackleton. For the moment the pack was open —but how long would it remain open? And yet, how long could they stay where they were? The immense floe that had once been Patience Camp was now an irregular rectangle of ice hardly 50 yards across.

At 12.40 Shackleton gave the order.

"Launch the boats," he said in a quiet voice.

THE FLOE came alive with action as they hurried the three boats into the water and loaded them It was 1.30 in the afternoon when they scrambled aboard, put out every available oar and pulled with all their strength for open water. But even as they drew away from Patience Camp, the ice began to close

The first few minutes were crucial —and they were maddening. The oarsmen did their best to pull together, but they were clumsy and out of practice, and hampered by their own anxiety. The encircling ice fouled the oars, and collisions were unavoidable. And yet, to their surprise and almost in spite of themselves, they made headway.

In 15 minutes, Patience Camp was lost in the confusion of ice astern.

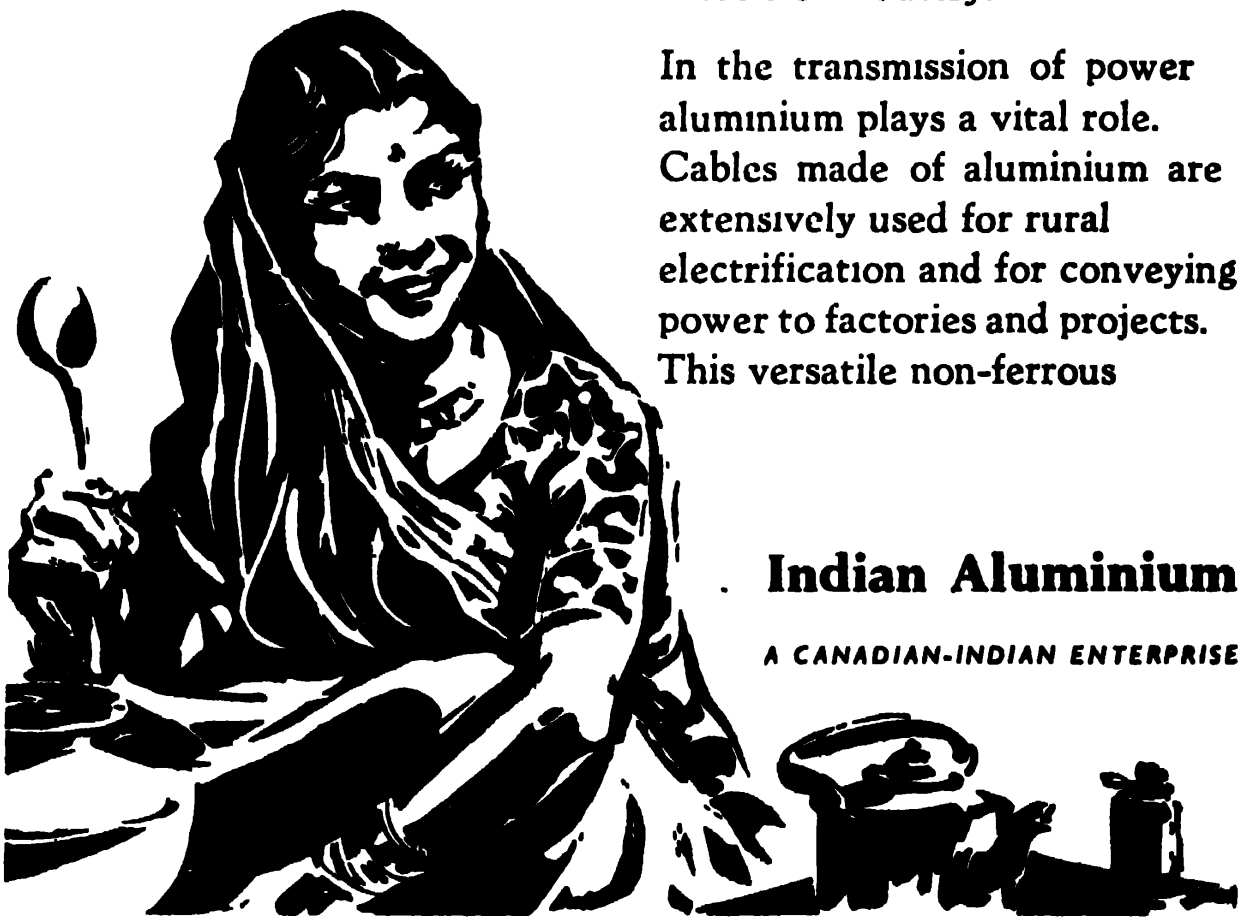


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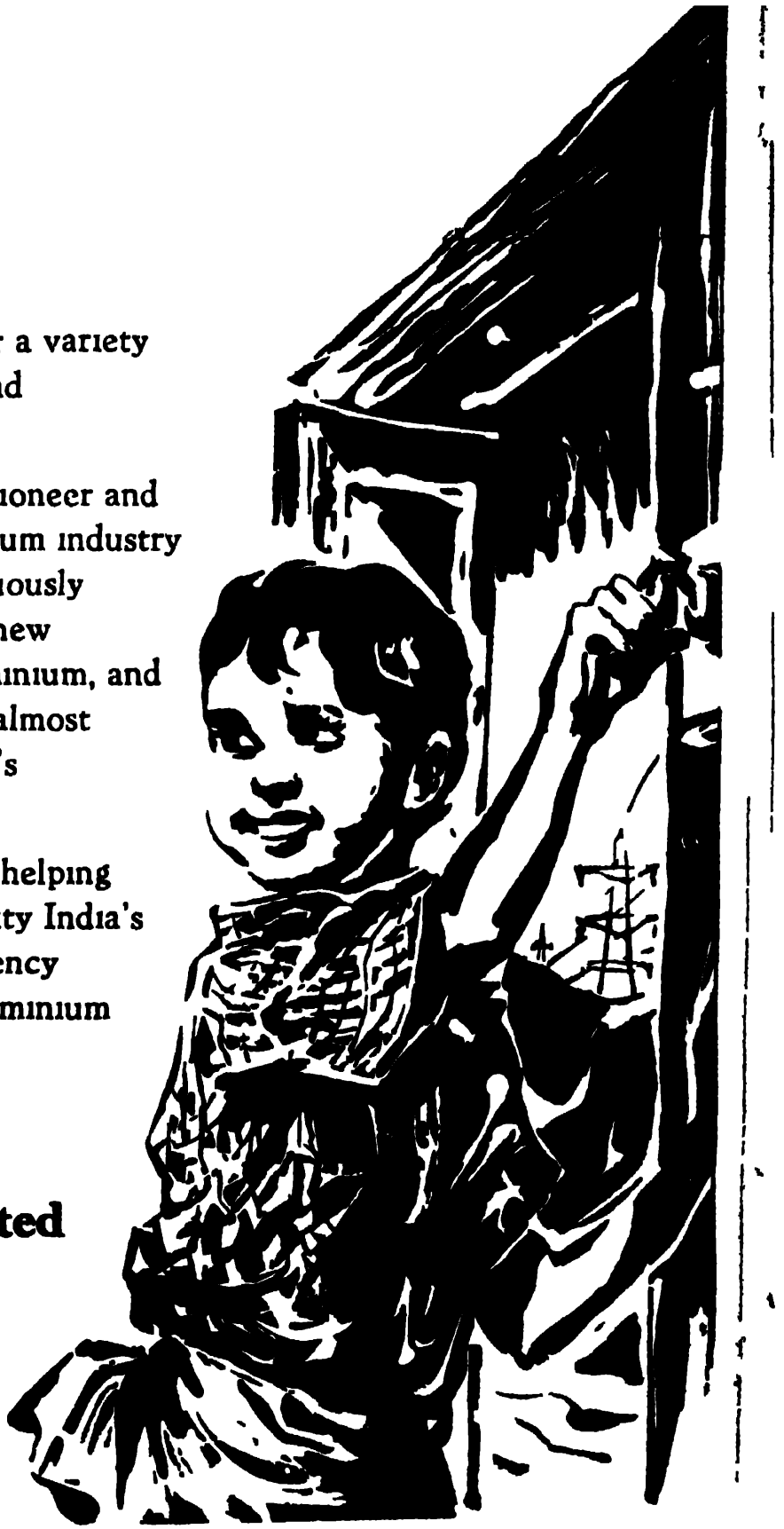
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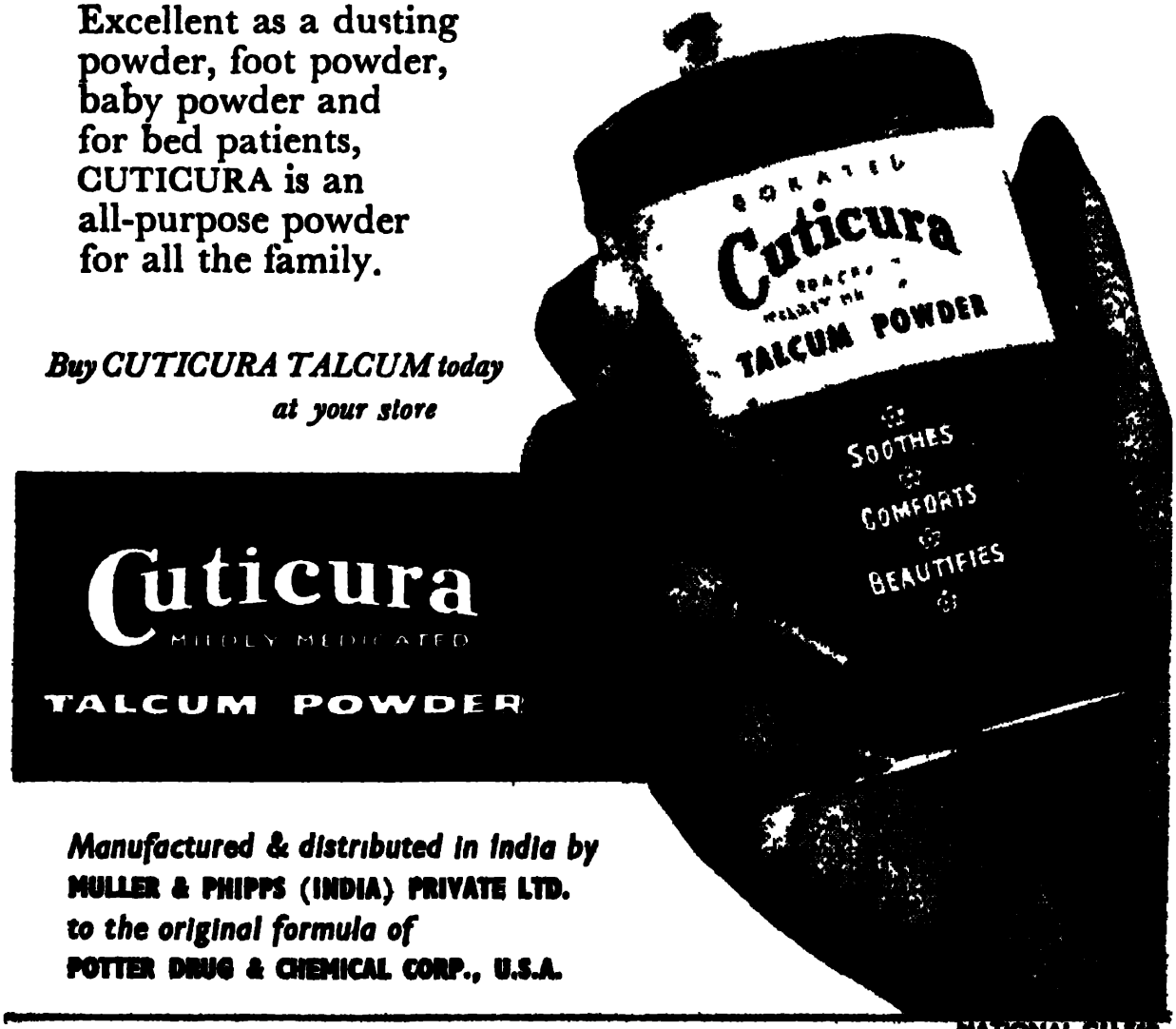


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But Patience Camp belonged now to the past. They were in the boats, and that was all that mattered . . . row . . . get away . . . escape.

Throughout the afternoon they made excellent progress. There were belts of ice that were fairly thick, but none so dense as to block their way. At about 5.30 the light began to fail, and Shackleton decided that they would camp for the night. Fortunately they found a flat, heavy floe which appeared quite sturdy.

The boats were hauled up; then Green prepared some stew while the remainder of the party pitched the tents. It had been a tiring but rewarding day, during which they had made seven miles to the northwest, by Worsley's estimate. They were thus seven miles closer to their destination—either Clarence or Elephant Island, whichever they might happen to reach.

Everyone except the night watchman turned in immediately after supper; but towards 11 o'clock, Shackleton became strangely, almost intuitively uneasy, so he dressed and went outside. He noticed that the swell had increased, and a moment later there was a deep-throated thud as the floe split in two beneath his feet—and directly under the tent in which the eight fo'c'sle hands were sleeping.

Almost instantly the two pieces of the floe drew apart, the tent collapsed and there was a splash. Seven of the men scrambled quickly out from under the limp canvas.

"Somebody's missing one of them shouted.

Shackleton rushed forward and began to tear the tent away. In the dark he could hear muffled, gasping noises coming from below. When he finally got the tent out of the way, he saw a shapeless form wriggling in the water. It was a man in his sleeping bag.

Shackleton reached down and got hold of the bag Then, with one tremendous heave, he pulled it out of the water. A moment later, the two halves of the broken floe came back together with a violent shock.

The man in the sleeping bag turned out to be Ernie Holness, one of the firemen. He was soaked through, and there simply weren't any dry garments to give him. In order to prevent Holness from freezing, Shackleton instructed that he be kept moving until his own clothes dried. For the rest of the night, the men took turns walking up and down with him. His companions could hear the crackling of his frozen garments, and the soft tinkle of the ice crystals that fell from him.

The journey was resumed at eight o'clock the next morning. Three hours later they came to a long, dense boundary of pack ice, through which they finally found a passage. Almost at once they realized that at last they were in the open sea.

IRONICALLY, here was the moment they had dreamed of ever since the days of Ocean Camp; but,

as so often happens, the reality was vastly different from the dream. As soon as the boats emerged from the protective barrier of the pack, they were struck by the full force of the wind and a high-breaking sea. Freezing spray burst over the men, and the boats shipped water perilously.

The three boats, the *Dudley Docker,* the *Stancomb Wills* and the *James Caird,* were named after the expedition's principal backers. The first two were heavy, square-sterned cutters, 21 feet long, while the *Caird* was a double-ended whale-boat, 22 feet in length. All were sturdy enough but hardly up to such waters. Shackleton kept them pounding head-on into the seas until about two o'clock, then ordered a retreat behind the protective line of the pack. The exhausted men manoeuvred alongside a floe, scrambled on to the ice and pulled the boats up after them. They had hardly slept for 36 hours; and Hurley recorded the one thought uppermost in their minds: ". . . pray to God (this floe) will remain entire throughout the night."

By some miracle it did. But a north-east wind rose and brought great quantities of pack down on them. At dawn it extended unbroken to the horizon in every direction, and rollers 30 feet high swept through it at half-mile intervals. Thus their floe was pounded from every direction, and the swell was steadily undermining it.

Finally, shortly before two o'clock, some freak of current cleared a navigable passage; and anxious hands seized the boats and pitched them into the water. Warned by their experience, the men did not again attempt to camp on the ice at night. Indeed they never left the boats once during the next four days.

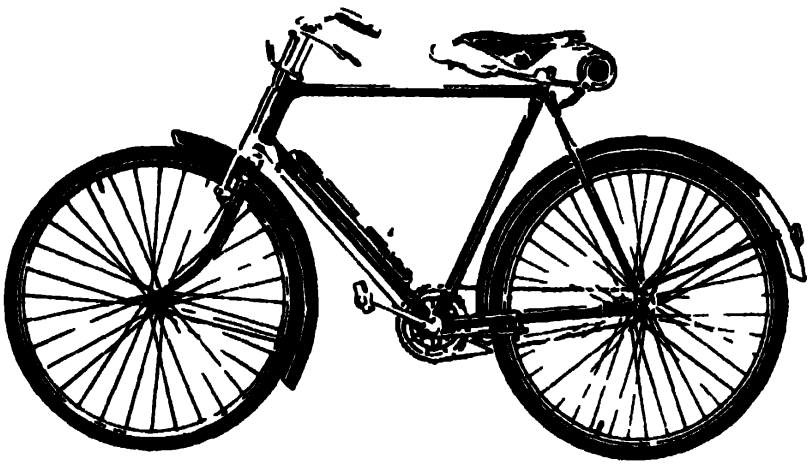
As they sat crowded together, often drenched by freezing spray in near-gale conditions, the days were just endurable, for then at least there was progress (or the illusion of it). But the nights, which they spent hove to lest the boats become separated, were all but endless. Their gear and supplies left no room in which to stretch out, and sitting upright and nearly motionless in below-zero cold invited dire consequences. Not a man escaped frostbite, and at least three were the victims of frozen feet. Their water ran out and their thirst grew so intense that they chewed raw seal meat in order to swallow the blood.

On the fifth day they sighted the peaks of Elephant Island off the starboard bow—the Promised Land, no more than 30 miles away! In the joy of that moment, Shackleton called to Worsley to congratulate him on his navigation; and Worsley, stiff with cold, looked away in proud embarrassment.

They would land by nightfall—provided not a moment was lost. Hour after hour they rowed, and the outline of Elephant Island slowly

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grew larger. Exposure had drained much of their vitality, but they leaned on their oars with the desperation of men rowing for their lives.

By 2 p.m., the snowy, 3,500-foot peaks of Elephant Island rose steeply out of the water, probably no more than ten miles off. But an hour later, the island was still in the same position. It seemed to hang there, no closer and yet no farther away. Row as they might, they were obviously standing still, apparently caught in a strong offshore tidal current. In addition, the wind now shifted to the north and increased to gale force.

They fought the never-slackening gale all through still another night and into the next day. Afterwards they could never understand how they did it; but, exhausted as they were, they held their own. And finally the storm abated.

With the last remnants of their strength, they drove the boats on to the bleak shore of Elephant Island. For the first time in 497 days they were on land. Solid, unsinkable, immovable, blessed land.

ELEPHANT Island proved to be a singularly inhospitable place. There were plenty of seals and penguins for food; otherwise it was utterly bleak and forbidding. All along the coast hostile cliffs rose like an enormous wall thrown up against the sea.

The cliffs at the head of the narrow beach on which they had landed bore the marks of high tides, indicating that the entire spit was frequently swept by seas. Obviously it was tenable only in good weather and while the tides were moderate. Nine hours of scouting in one of the boats disclosed only one possible safe





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haven on the island. This was a fairly sheltered spit of beach, 150 yards long and 30 yards wide, seven miles to the west. Shackleton lost no time in moving the whole party there; but he realized that if they were to be rescued, someone would have to go for help at once.

After their third day on the island Shackleton announced that he would take a party of five men and set sail in the *Caird* for South Georgia—800 miles away—to bring relief from one of the whaling stations there. He would leave as soon as the *Caird* could be made ready for the trip. Worsley, McNeish the carpenter, and the sturdy seamen Vincent, Crean and McCarthy would be the crew.

Worsley, of course, was an indispensable choice. The goal was an island no more than 25 miles wide at its widest point: to guide an open boat 800 miles, under conditions which were frightening even to contemplate, and then to strike a pinpoint on the chart, was a task which would sorely tax even Worsley's skill as a navigator.

McNeish went to work at once to fashion a canvas decking over the *Caird*. Hundreds of pound of rocks were gathered for ballast, and Orde-Lees melted ice to fill two casks with drinking water. A month's supply of food was assembled, together with all the spare clothing possible. Nine days after they first came to Elephant Island, arrangements for the trip were complete.

On April 24, a farewell breakfast was prepared, for which Shackleton permitted two extra biscuits and a quarter-pound of jam per man. Jokes were cracked and all hands made a determined effort to appear lighthearted. But at 12.30 when the *Caird* cast off and Worsley swung her bow towards the north, both groups knew they might very well never see one another again.

As ELEPHANT Island receded astern and the waving figures on shore faded from sight, Shackleton was strangely uneasy. He was a land explorer, and he felt somewhat out of his element at sea. But the 22 men he was leaving were at that moment as helpless and isolated as if they were on another planet. Their plight was known only to the six men in this tiny boat; and the sea was the only highway to their deliverance.

Within two days this turbulent highway had introduced them, one by one, to the seemingly endless miseries of their life aboard the *Caird*. First there was the all-pervading, inescapable water, from the spray flung astern by the wind to the solid seas, dipped up by the bow that poured aft, green and foaming, rolling across the decking and splashing into the cockpit.

Nor was discomfort limited to the men on watch. Sleeping had a special brand of unpleasantness all its own. The sleeping-bags were kept in the bow, nominally the driest part of the boat. To reach them

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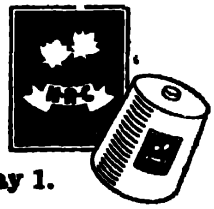
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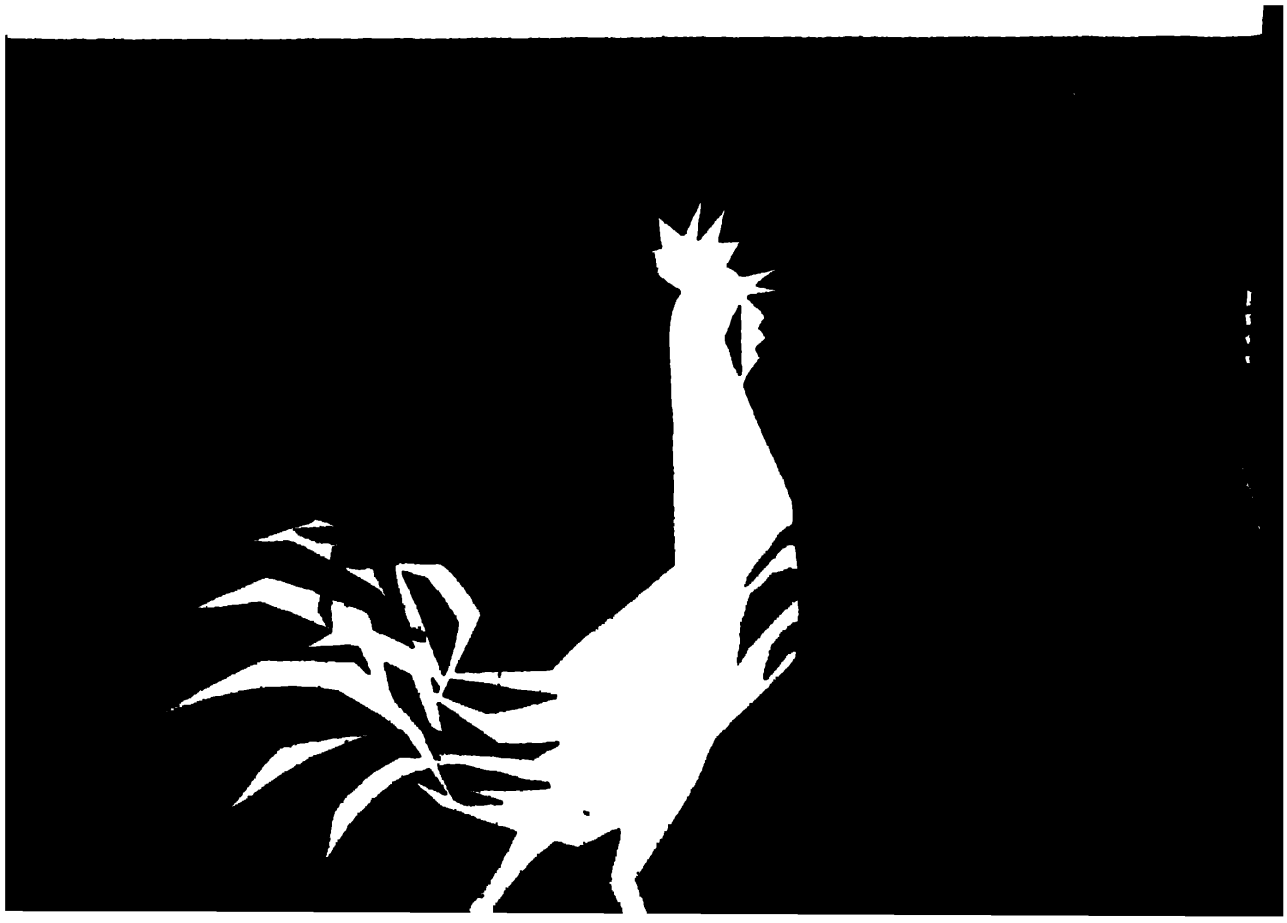
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involved a tortuous crawl over the rock ballast, first on hands and knees, then on the belly in the restricted space. And as the men tried to sleep they were at times heaved bodily upwards, only to fall down on to the sharp rocks again.

Running before almost gale winds, they logged 128 miles in two days. They were in the Drake Passage, where it seems nature has been given a proving ground on which to demonstrate her ultimate powers.

Here, where the sea girdles the globe, uninterrupted by any mass of land, the winds have driven the seas clockwise round the world since the beginning of time. The waves thus produced have become legendary among seafaring men. Their height sometimes exceeds 90 feet, and their speed reaches 30 knots.

From the tiny *Caird,* such Cape Horn rollers seemed terrifying. There was no sound to the relentless advance of the leviathan cliffs of water except the hiss of their foaming brows when they rose to such a height that they became off balance and their crests tumbled to the force of gravity. Once every 90 seconds or less the *Caird's* sail would go slack as one of these gigantic waves loomed astern, possibly 50 feet above her and threatening, surely, to bury her under countless tons of water. But then, by some phenomenon of buoyancy, the boat would be lifted



higher and higher up the onrushing swell until she found herself caught in the turmoil of foam at the summit and hurtling forward. Over and over again, a thousand times each day, this drama was re-enacted.

Nine days out from Elephant Island, however, they were granted a respite. The wind dropped to a breeze, and huge, glorious patches of blue sky appeared overhead. Worsley's sight at noon put their position at 403 miles out, about midway to South Georgia. The battle was half won.

They started to dry their gear, festooning the rigging with threadbare clothing and dripping sleeping bags. After two days of warm skies and reasonable winds, however, the weather again turned vicious. The task of navigation was almost superhuman. Often the violent action of the boat was such that Worsley could not support himself while taking sights. Instead he knelt in the stern while McCarthy and Vincent held him round the waist His navigation books had been reduced to a state of pulpiness by the seas, so that their pages had to be carefully peeled apart.

If Worsley miscalculated they would certainly miss the island. And beyond South Georgia, the South Atlantic Ocean is a void for 3,000 desolate miles.

They thought that they were now



getting close. The last fix showed that the extreme western tip of South Georgia lay only 91 miles away. Soon there should be signs of land—seaweed or a piece of driftwood.

But there were none that night or the following day; and, by the evening of May 7, they were becoming apprehensive. They should have been only 50 miles off the coast, but Worsley's calculations were admittedly crude. The men peered into the darkness with salt-rimmed eyes looking for the shadowy image of a headland, straining their ears for the sound of pounding surf. They saw only foggy mists, heard only the sea and wind moaning through the stays.

Dawn came, and yet no trace of land. At eight o'clock, Shackleton's watch was due to take over. But nobody thought about watches. Instead all hands crowded into the cockpit, searching, hoping, fearing.

At 10.30 Vincent spotted a clump of seaweed, and at 12.30, when the fog began to lift, McCarthy called out triumphantly: "Land!"

And there it was. A black, frowning cliff dead ahead, with patches of snow clinging to its sides. It was just visible between the clouds, possibly ten miles away. Shackleton was the only one who spoke.

"We've done it," he said, and his voice was unsteady.

By 2.30 the *Caird* was only three miles off the coast, and it was possible to see patches of green lichens and yellow-brown tussock grass showing through the snow on the headlands—the first growing things that they had seen for over 16 months. As they drew closer, however, the deep rumbling sound of breakers reached them, and presently they could see great seething combers hurtling shoreward, to destroy themselves on uncharted reefs.

Although the shore lay so near, it was ironically denied them. There could be no thought of a landing here. The boat would not have lived for ten seconds in such breakers.

At 3.10 Shackleton gave the order to come about. They headed seawards once again to lay off until morning in the hope that they could then find a way through the reefs. Hardly a man now spoke, as individually they fought to control their disappointment.

Their situation was soon to become far worse, however, for a violent storm arose. It lasted all night, all day and all the next night, with winds up to 80 m.p.h.

To prepare food was out of the question, but they had no appetites anyhow. They had used up all but about a pint of their fresh water; their tongues were swollen with thirst, their lips were cracked and bleeding.

At last the gale ceased, South Georgia came into view again, and they began seeking a place to land. The wind died away so completely that they had to row to come close enough to find a safe passage

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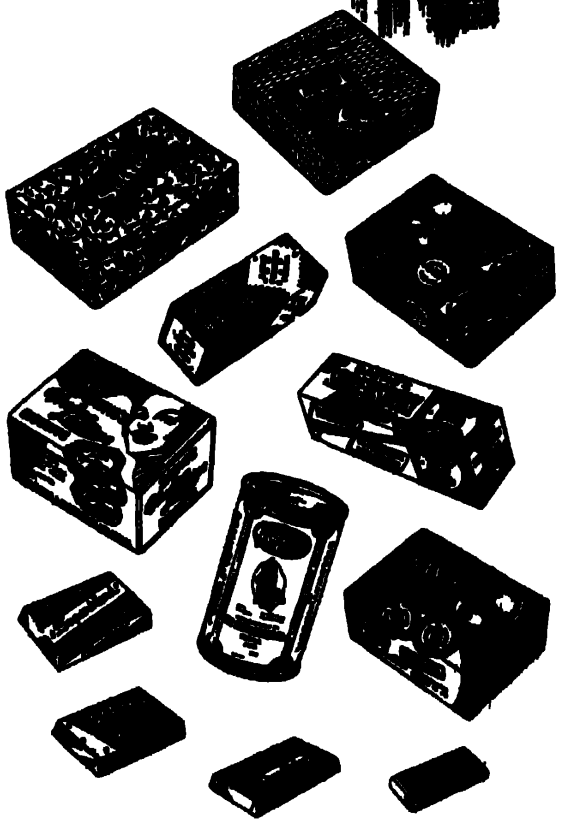
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through the reefs. Once inside, they spotted a steep, bouldered beach protected by a small cove. It was just 5 p.m. on May 10, 1916, when the *Caird's* keel ground against the bank.

UNFORTUNATELY, they were on the wrong side of the island. The four whaling stations, and the only inhabitants, were on the opposite coast. By sea, it was some 150 miles away, and the *Caird* was now hardly equal to the journey.

That left only one alternative to cross the island overland. In distance it was only 29 miles; but the interior of South Georgia has been described by one expert as "a saw toothed thrust through the tortured upheaval of mountain and glacier that falls in chaos to the northern sea." Nobody had ever crossed it

Shackleton, however, told the party that he and Worsley and Tom Crean would make the attempt. And after nine days, during which they recuperated from the boat trip and waited for a full moon and the best possible weather, the three set out at 3.10 a.m. on May 19.

Thirty-six hours later they had reached the other coast—achieving what no man has ever been able to do again by that route, though some have tried.

"I do not know how they did it," wrote Duncan Carse 39 years later, after he had led a well-equipped British survey team across by an easier route—the only other party ever to cross South Georgia at all. "I do not know how they did it except that they had to—three men of the heroic age of Antarctic exploration with 50 feet of rope between them —and a carpenter's adze"

The crossing first involved a long,



exhausting ascent, culminating in a range of small mountains, a series of ridges and spurs—four altogether, like the knuckles of a tightly clenched fist. It took them seven hours to gain the first summit, only to discover that on the other side was a precipitous drop, ending in a chasm 1,500 feet below.

For five hours they worked their way laterally along the ridges, seeking a way down. Darkness was almost upon them when they reached the final gap, and a thick fog was creeping in and threatening to obliterate everything, leaving them blinded and trapped atop the razor-back. Furthermore they had sacrificed everything to speed; they had neither sleeping-bags nor tents. They had to get lower—Shackleton estimated they were then at 4,500 feet—or freeze to death.

Working furiously, Shackleton began to cut steps down the face of the cliff with the carpenter's adze. But after 30 minutes he stopped short, realizing the futility of this foot-at-a-time descent. He called the others and said that it was imperative that they get lower—and with all possible haste.

So he suggested that they slide. Worsley and Crean were stunned—especially at such an insane solution coming from Shackleton, the soul of caution who never took an unnecessary chance. But he wasn't joking; he wasn't even smiling. What if they hit a rock? Crean asked. Or if there were another precipice?

Shackleton was unmoved. Could they stay where they were? he demanded impatiently.

Obviously they could not, and so the decision was made. Shackleton said they would slide as a unit, holding on to one another.

Quickly they sat down and untied the rope which held them together. Each of them coiled up his share to form a mat. Worsley locked his legs round Shackleton's waist, and put his arms round Shackleton's neck. Crean did the same with Worsley. Shackleton permitted no time for reflection and, when they were ready, he kicked off.

IN THE NEXT instant their hearts stopped beating. They seemed to hang poised for a split second, then the wind was shrieking in their ears, and a white blur of snow tore past. Down . . . down . . . faster and faster!

A hundred seconds later they shot forward on to the level. Their speed slackened and then they came to an abrupt halt in a snow-bank. They'd done it!

The three picked themselves up. They were breathless and their hearts were beating wildly. But they found themselves laughing uncontrollably. What had been a terrifying prospect possibly two minutes before had now become an exciting accomplishment.

They looked up towards the darkening sky and saw the fog curling over the edge of the ridges, now far



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above them, and they felt that special kind of pride of a person who in a foolish moment accepts an impossible dare—then pulls it off to perfection.

But the journey was far from over. They had, in fact, covered only nine of the 29 miles they had to go. The slope they were on involved a tortuous 4,000-foot climb, then another range of ridges, a precipitous descent down a snowy cliff almost as steep as a church steeple, and finally a drop through an icy waterfall—into which they had to lower themselves by their rope.

Never once were they sure that they would make it. But they were sustained by the hope that they would soon be among friends. The *Endurance* had been a month at South Georgia on her way out, and Shackleton and the others had come to know the men at the whaling stations well.

At 7 a.m., after they had been on the trail 27 hours, they heard a sound which sent their spirits soaring — the first sound from the outside world that they had heard for 17 months. Shackleton had just climbed a small summit to look ahead when he was startled to hear what he thought was a steam whistle. He gathered the others around him to listen anxiously. Then, through the thin, cold air, the second hoot of the factory whistle at Stromness Whaling Station reached their ears. They looked at one another and smiled, and then, without speaking, they all shook hands.

AT FOUR o'clock that afternoon Mathias Andersen, the station foreman at Stromness, was overseeing a group of men unloading boats at the dock. Something caused him to look up, and he was surprised to see the figures of three men walking slowly towards him. They were strangers and obviously bowed down with



weariness. And, puzzlingly, they were not coming from the docks, where a ship might come in, but from the mountains, the interior of the island.

As they drew closer he saw that they were heavily bearded, and their hair was long and matted and stiff. Their clothing was peculiar, too. It was not the sweaters and boots worn by seamen. The three men appeared to have on parkas, though it was hard to tell because the garments were so filthy and torn.

As he stepped forward to meet the strangers, one of them addressed him softly in English.

"Would you please take us to Anton Andersen?"

The foreman shook his head. Andersen was no longer at Stromness, he explained. He had been replaced as station manager more than a year before by Thoralf Sørlie.

The Englishman smiled. "Good," he said. "I know Sørlie well."

The foreman then led the way to Sørlie's house and knocked at the door. Sørlie himself opened it.

When he saw the three men, he stepped back and a look of disbelief came over his face. For a moment he seemed to be shocked, and there was a long interval before he spoke.

"Who the hell are you?" he said at last.

"My name is Shackleton," replied a quiet voice.

Again there was a lengthy silence, and some said that Sørlie turned away from the men and wept.

THAT NIGHT, after a hearty dinner, Worsley boarded a whaler and set out for the other side of the island to pick up the three men left there. Nor did Shackleton waste a moment in relaxation. By a combination of promises, pleas and charm, he obtained the loan of a large wooden whaler, the *Southern Sky*, in which to return to Elephant Island to rescue the 22 castaways there. She set sail 48 hours later.

However, the forces of nature which had providentially allowed the *Caird* to slip through were unwilling this time. Three days out, the *Southern Sky* encountered ice, and though Shackleton tried desperately to find a way through, they never approached Elephant Island closer than 70 miles. A shortage of fuel forced them to return to the Falkland Islands.

Shackleton made two more abortive attempts, first in a small ship supplied by Uruguay, then in a vessel obtained in Chile. On August 25, however, he set out in the *Yelcho*, an aged sea-going tug lent by the Chilean Government. This time the ice was willing.

On August 30 Worsley logged:

"11.10 . . . land faintly visible.

"1.10 p.m. Sighted the Camp to SW.

"1.20. Stopped & sent boat in. 3 cheers from shore to Sir E . . .

"2.10. All our 22 men aboard, once more we are complete."

The rescued men, who had been waiting four months and five da

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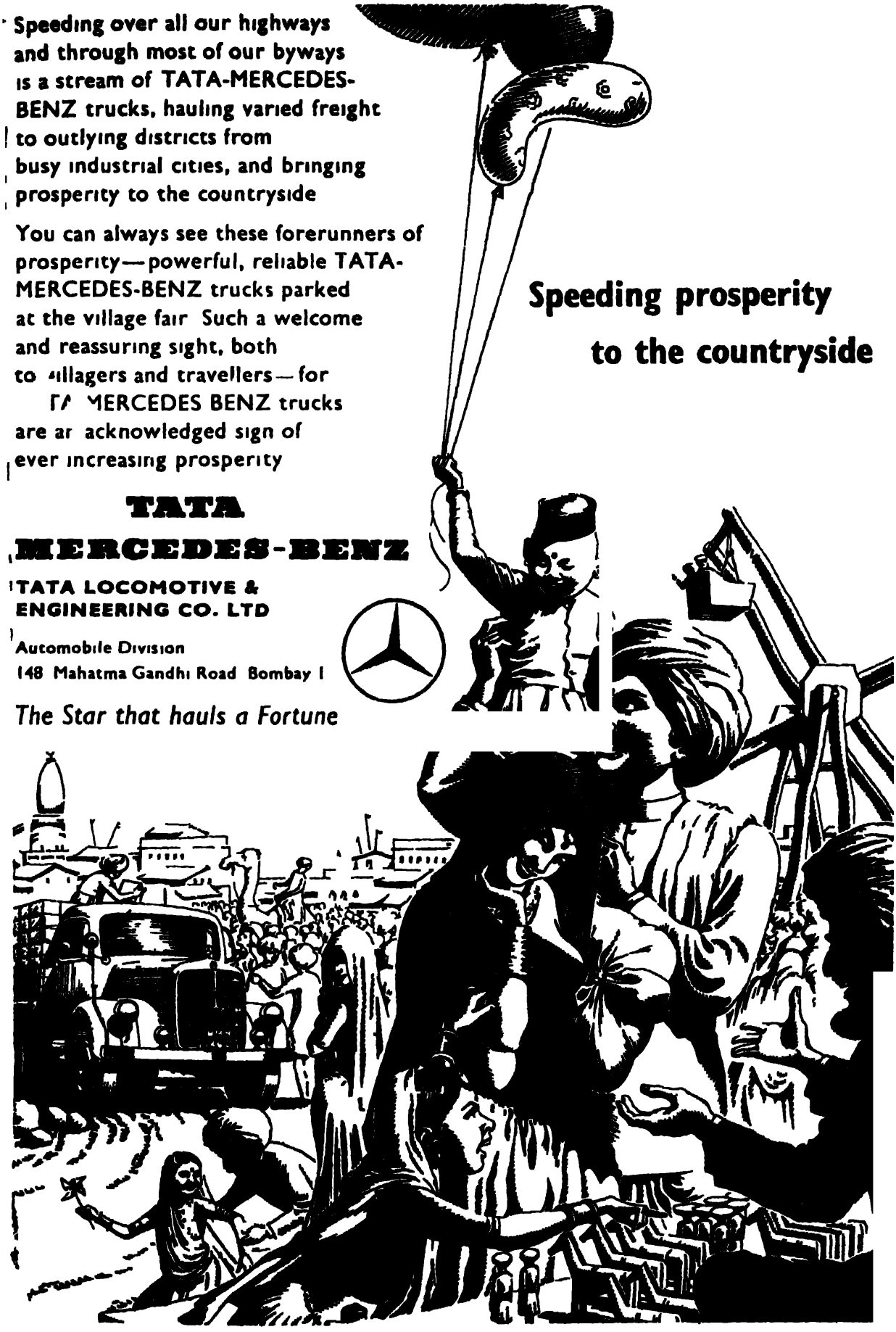
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since the *Caird* set out, were in surprisingly good condition. They had improvised a hut by upturning the two boats, and had subsisted primarily on penguins. Most of their other supplies—powdered milk, nutfood, the sledging ration and, worst of all, tobacco—had run out. But morale had remained high, there had been no serious quarrels, and the only major incident was the amputation of five toes. (Blackboro, the stowaway, had his foot frozen on the boat journey to Elephant Island.) The men had nearly given up all hope of rescue, however, and were then making plans to reach civilization on their own.

Shackleton's feat in saving every man in his expedition is the most extraordinary in polar annals. Indeed polar historians agree that what Shackleton set out to do—which was to cross the Antarctic Continent on foot—was far surpassed by what he did instead. THE END



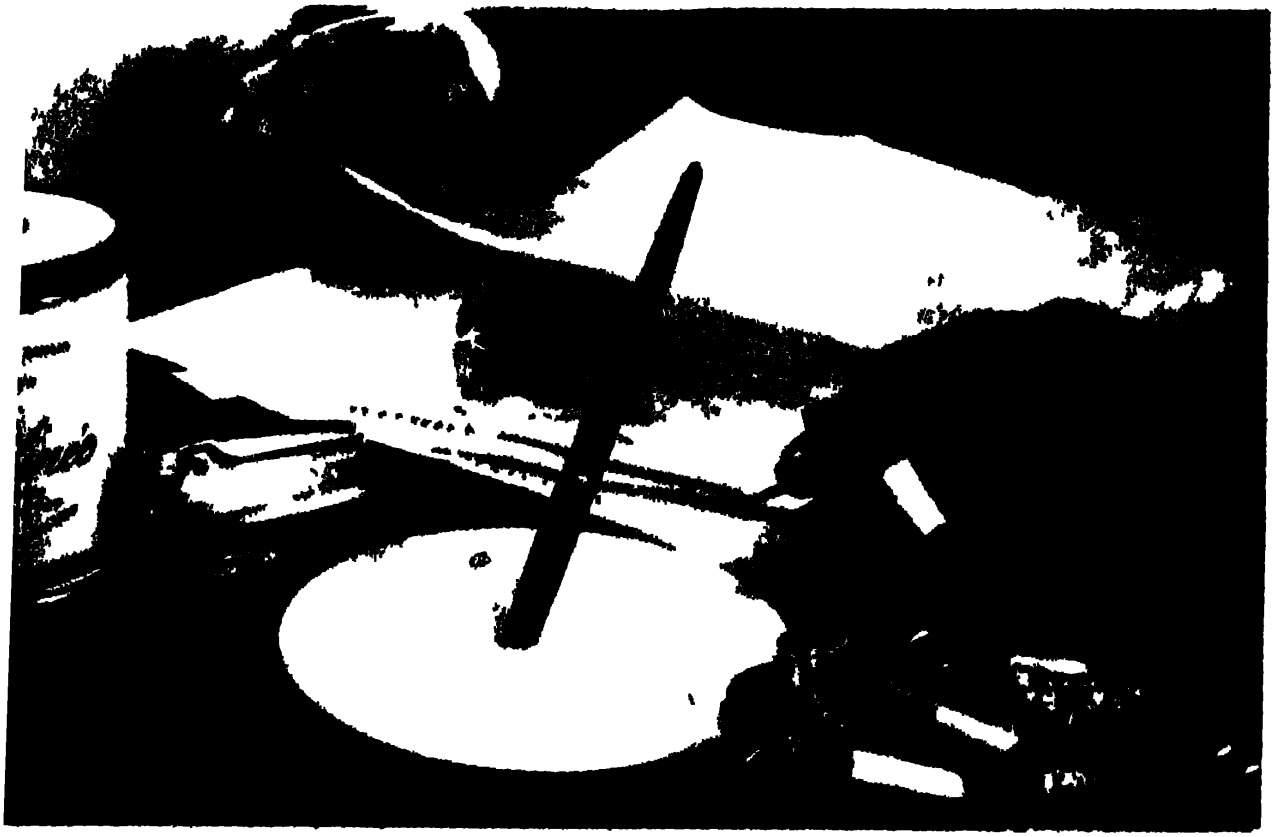
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Sales soared, but as the count proceeded it was obvious that the Popcorn Poll was a failure. It said that Harry Truman was going to win, and everybody knew *that* was impossible. When Truman won, Blevins announced to the world: "Popcorn eaters are the voice of America!"

In 1952 he ran the poll again. It predicted the results correctly in all but one state. In 1956, when 25 million popcorn crunchers predicted the result exactly, a news agency thought it important enough to forewarn the public. This year Blevins estimates that almost 50 million people will vote in the Popcorn Poll and predictions based on it have been issued every two weeks since August. —G. B.

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